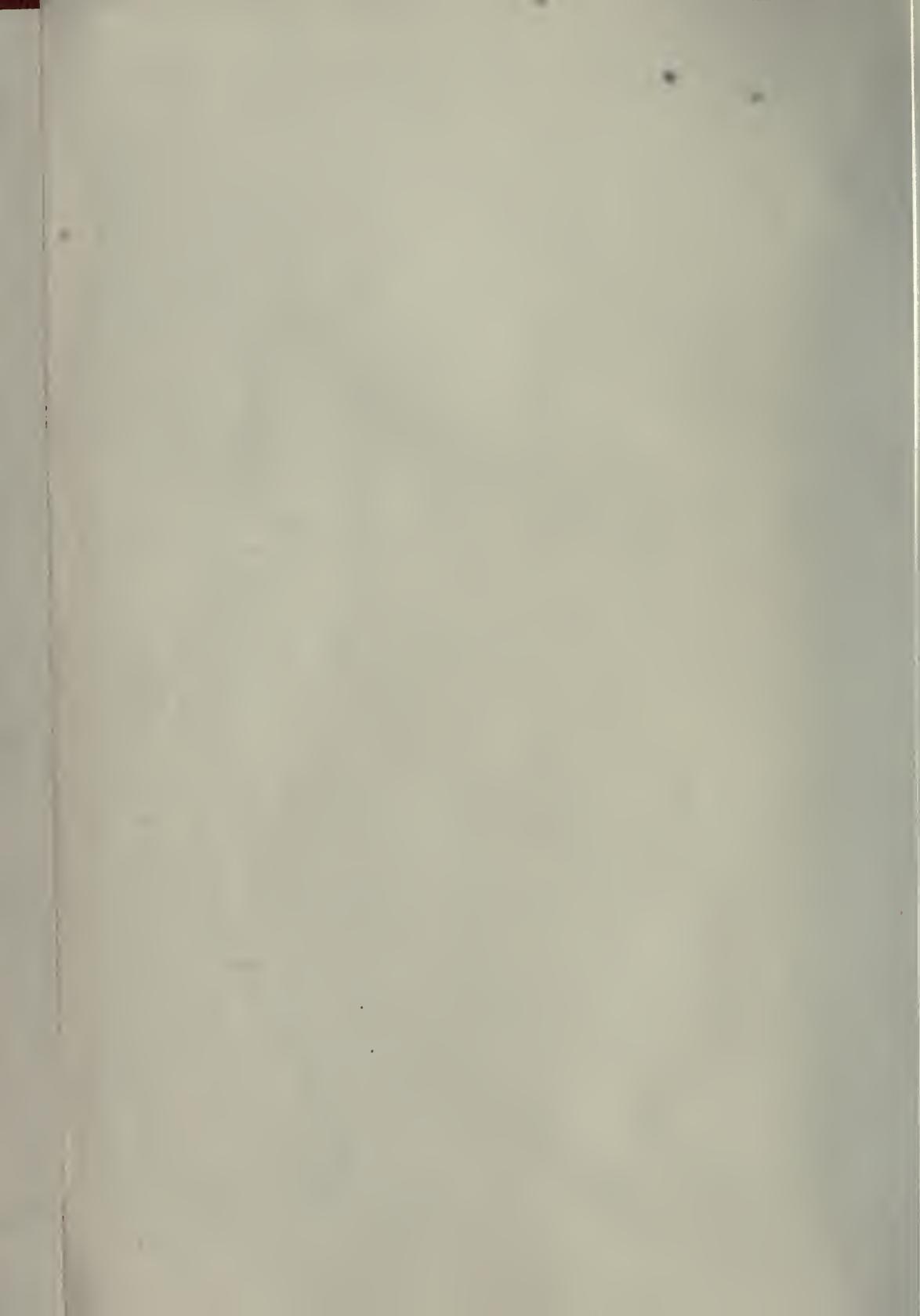
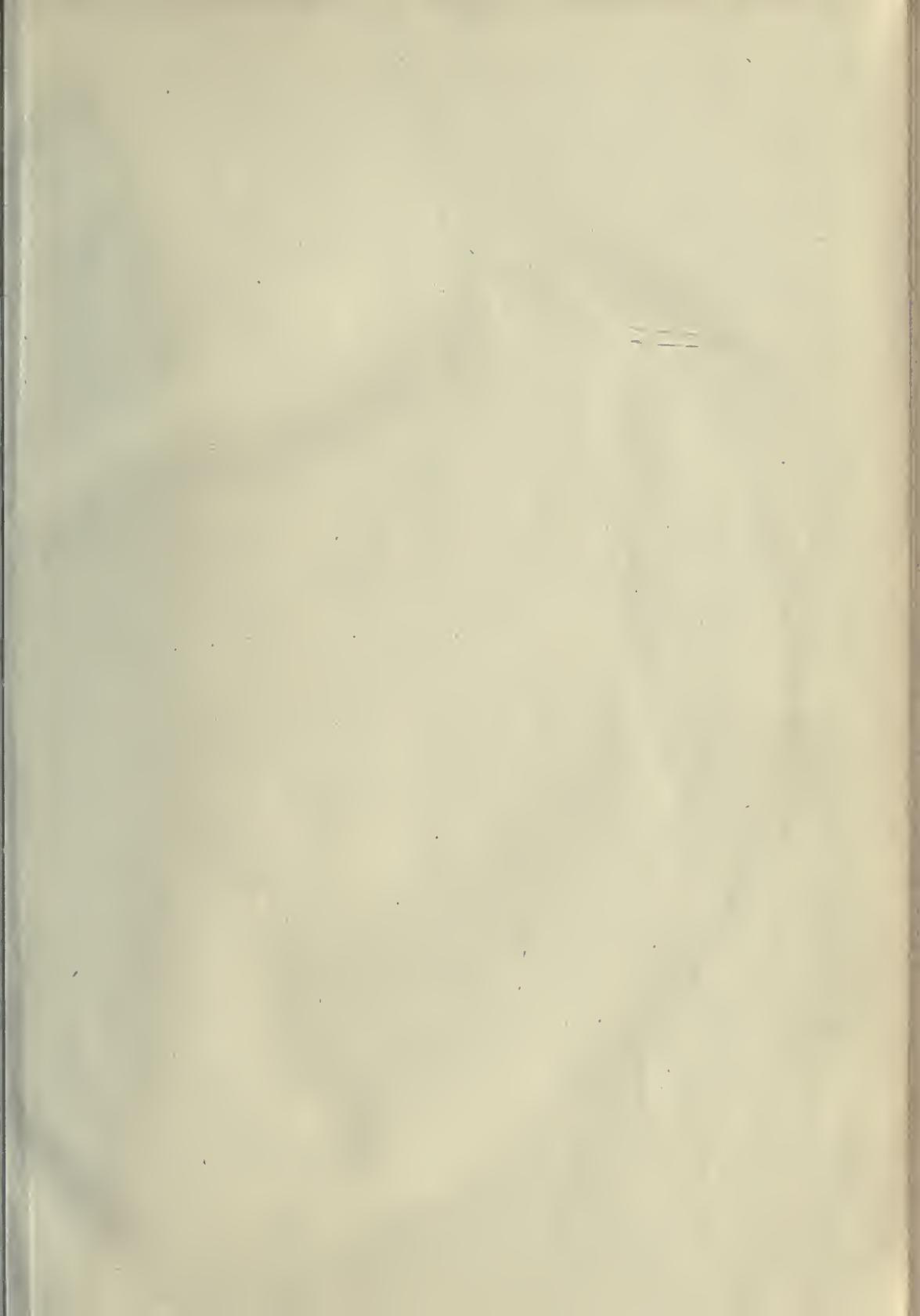
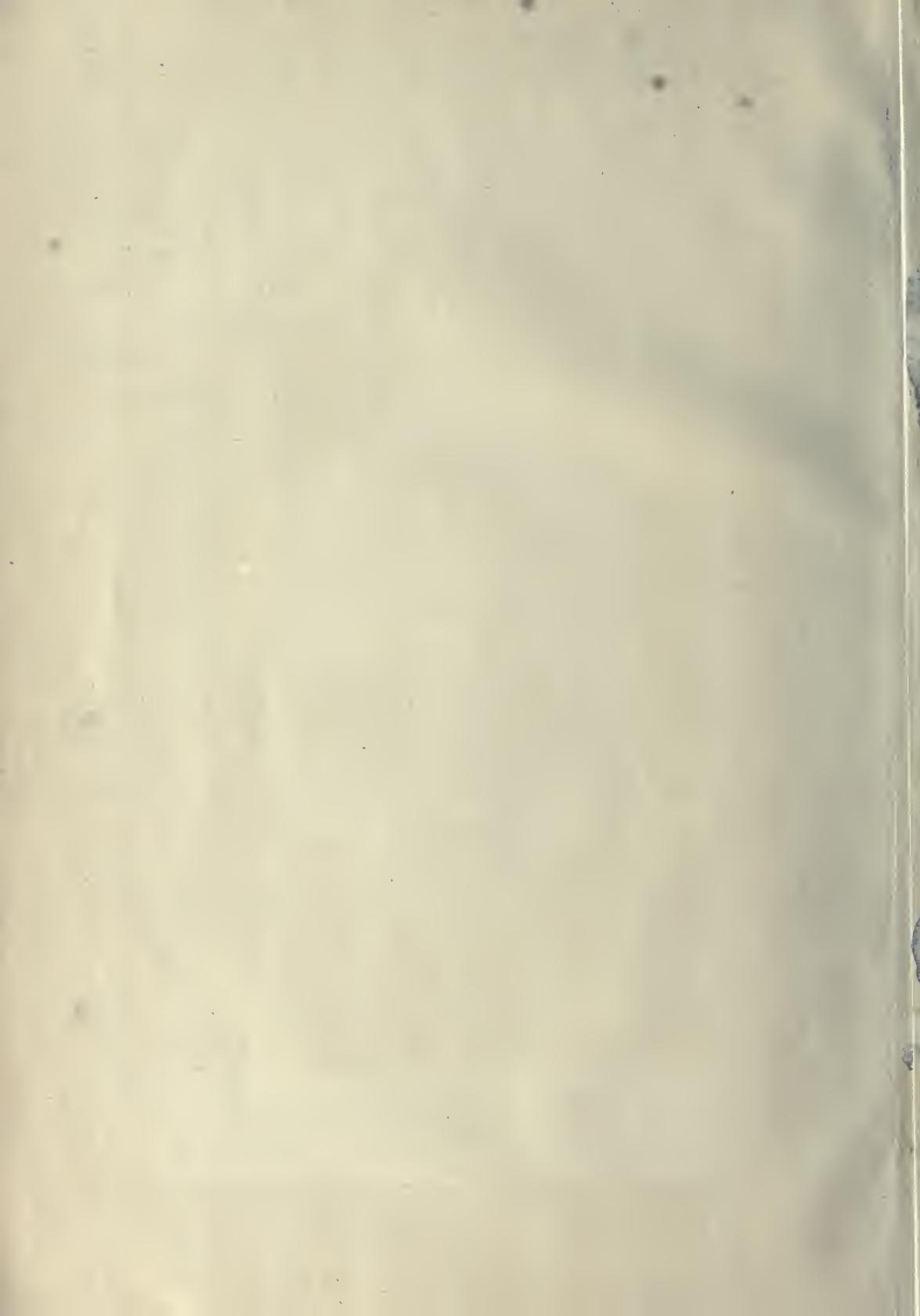


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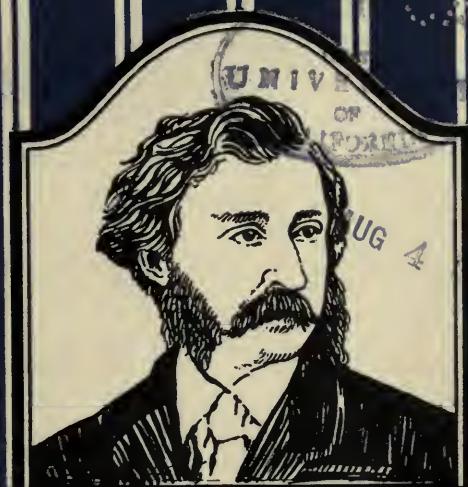
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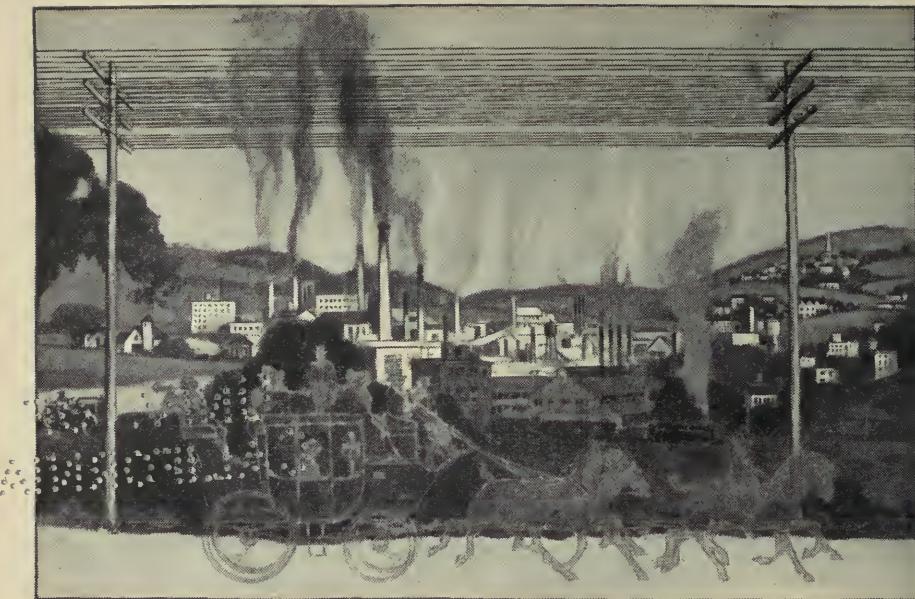
OVERLAND



FOUNDED IN 1868 BY BRET HARTE



AUGUST, 1921



"... places far apart are brought together, to the present convenience and advantage of the Public and to the certain destruction, in time, of a host of petty jealousies, blindnesses and prejudices, by which the Public alone have always been the sufferers."

From Charles Dickens' Preface to *Pickwick Papers*.

The Advance of Understanding

Even romance of sixty brief years ago could not imagine the great advance heralded by the passing of the stage coach. The railway and telegraph were coming into their own; but the telephone had not been so much as dreamed about.

Yet the wise men of that day saw the imperative need. They saw the value of every step which brought people into closer communication with each other. They

knew this to be the one way to increase understanding; and to eliminate the "host of petty jealousies, blindnesses and prejudices, by which the Public alone have always been the sufferers."

Then came the telephone. And with its coming time and distance are swept away and a hundred million people are made neighbors.

Places far apart are brought together by 34,000,000 conversations a day over the Bell System.

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VOL. LXXVIII—FIRST SERIES

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“Balboa” Dream Place of the Southwest

By KATHERINE ELSPETH OLIVER

SET in a seam of the busy maritime town, on one side the swarming bay life—clang of gong, voice of steam whistle, hum of down town traffic—on the other, the scarred chaparral desert with the residence heights beyond in flank movement against the wild, and still beyond, the desert again and the near hills and far mountains—this is the place of Balboa Park, chiefest adornment of San Diego, and treasure of the Southwest.

Six years back when this dream place, the incomparable setting of the Panama-California Exposition, sprang from the chaparral with the audacity and wonder of a flower bouquet in a conjurer's hat, men lacked words adequate for its praise. It captivated, it enthralled them—this peerless replica of old Castile—this marvelous classic of a dead age made to live again, materialized in the heart of the so new West—this poem from an architect's hand! A lustrous memory had been transfixed—the genesis chapter of the West coast—a chapter of high deeds and mighty accomplishments—of romance and story memorialized in forms of beauty that lifted the heart with delight and filled it with reverence.

But that was before the landscape architect's work had come to its own. Six pregnant summers, and winters that hold no arrest for semi-tropic bloom, have passed over the park since then and left it a thing of wonder.

The spell of the place reaches out and lays its hand on us as we turn down the broad Puente de Gabrillo between the walls of gray-

green shrubbery. This is its welcome, this strange thrall of rest and remoteness that immediately makes the world we left at the car line to recede far into the past, and, as we move along the stately Cabrillo bridge over the great gorge, draws us deeper and deeper into another world where our former self is lost, and a new self wakes to wonder and delight.

We have passed under the beautiful Ocean portal into the Plaza de California. We are in this new world with the gate shut behind us. The slant sunshine of the early morning falling on the gray pavement is the sunshine of another day. The mission doves that set wing from their perch on the head of the Discoverer and Fra Junipero Serra, and float down to encircle our path with amorous coaxing, are birds of another time and clime. They will rise soon, and clearing those saffron walls alight in some distant cloister to mock with their love-making the celebates there. The cathedral building with its classic facade and sky-lifted tower rises dream-like before us. With eyes on the portal we wait to hear the sound of the cathedral bells, and see the priest and procession of monks emerge, and descending the steps cross the sunny square and disappear into the darkness of the colonnades. They do not come—perhaps it is not the hour and they are busy at their tasks, in work shop or refectory, or in their cells, absorbed in morning devotions. We will wait till we hear the assembly bell.

We move softly along the shaded portals hung with winter bloom and fragrance of the



Along the Old Camino Real

morning. The lawns, without, are dew spangled and gleaming, the prado beyond, is spotted with sunshine and colorful with the crimson of poinsettias and emerald sheen of shrubbery.

We find the broad Plaza de Panama. In one corner is the inevitable soda-fountain and picture post-card stand, on one side is the red triangle over the naval hospital's "Y" hut, but we see neither. We walk in a trance, we are obsessed with the spirit of the place—immersed in the romance into which we are plunged at the gate-way. We are breathing legend and poetry; we see only the sun-bathe pavement, the zenia beds, unbelievable in glory, the sumptuous "palacios" set in masses of foliage with back-ground of naked, towering eucalypti, sunny vistas at the end of dim colonnades where the cool of morning and twilight darkness linger, vine-festooned portals, ornate and curtained porticos from which we know must look faces of dark and Southern beauty. We will walk cautiously lest we come unaware upon a lover and his guitar under one of those rose hung balconies. The sound of the gardener's spade on the pavement is the click of a ribboned steed mounted by a brave toreador after whom, from their porticos, the señoritas toss surreptitious roses. There are sunny lawns and shady bowers and a lover's seat down by the lily pond, and rose hung balustrades where Carlos and Maria will wander tonight in the moonlight with jealous Pablo skulking in the shadows.

It draws to noon. A vista beyond an arched gateway invites, and we pass down a fragrant path and are in one of the sheltered patio gardens. Here is the very heart of that solitude and calm that has been wooing us—the sun has had its way all morning and warmed this remote nook to midsummer heat, but the grass is dappled with shade and a breeze with the caress of the sea steals in through foliage walls. The slender shafts of the young eucalypti mount skyward and spangle the bit of blue above with fairy lattice. The distant sounds of the city reach us now in a dreamy medly that enhances the seclusion of the place. The bird-men are the only visual evidence of our former world that come within our ken, here. With wings aslant they wheel swiftly into our vision and disappear, like gleaming moths, caught in the lacework of our roof shelter. We are alone in this cove of enchantment and the world is lost. Then suddenly, across our drugged senses moves the sound of music; delicate, haunting, tempered to an exquisite pianissimo—the soul starts with wonder and delight; it is a breath, a spirit the voice of this loveliness—beauty vocalized; it is the music of the great out-door organ on

the plaza—the improvisations of some desultory hand.

The sound of bugles and bands, these are familiar out-of-door music, but the voice of a great organ loosed to the open, it is ethereal—an ineffable union of visible and audible beauty that lifts the soul to the heights of the infinite.

After lunch in the quiet tea garden, we seek the organ plaza for the afternoon concert. The quiet of the square is changed now by the presence of scores of sightseers, moving down the promenades to the concert seats. These are quickly filled and the adjacent curbs and lawns hold informal groups, chatting animatedly as they wait, while beyond, the plaza is lined with automobiles, the occupants of which will enjoy the music in their seats.

It is a typical program given by the organist, Dr. Humphrey J. Stewart, one of the eminent musicians of the coast. The salary of the artist, in addition to the gift of the magnificent organ, is provided by the generosity of two brothers, John D. and Claus Spreckles, millionaire residents of the city. Every day, weather permitting, Dr. Stewart begins his recital at the announced hour. On Sundays and gala days the concert space cannot hold his audience and distinguished guests and even occasional members of royalty are among the listeners. On week days there may be but a bare dozen in the seats—a few mothers and picnicking children, some lads from the naval station, a tourist or two and a "hobo" resting his blanket-roll while he eases his shoulders, but it matters not at all to the organist—he gives his best for an hour, the classics, unfailingly, either of grand opera or ballad and the program invariably closes with the national air.

It is a sight to quicken the blood—the audience rising at the first note, like a wave, all the little relaxed groups on the grass suddenly on their feet at attention. There are no slackers to that call—the boy scouts playing hockey on the square spring to attention, arms raised in stiff salute; a group of marines, wheedling a couple of pretty girls are so immediately transformed from dallying gallants to symbols of the Republic, that the faces of their amorettes change from gratification to surprised reproach, but catching the familiar strains, they, too, spring eagerly to their feet, frivolity changed to reverence. And close by us a gardener, who must hear these programs daily, pauses, with foot on the ready spade and stands bared in the sunshine, while the great hymn raises its magnificent crescendo to the sky. What a sight—what a pregnant hour and assembly! What symbolism in this hymn, raised on the voices of

this congregation! The confirmation of those things to which, desperately and victoriously, up the contested heights—across the thunderous fields of France, our American youth—sons of the Republic—of this loved Southland, pushed the case of freedom—secured to all men the right to live, to accomplish and enjoy—to communities like this, assembled here, to continue their pursuits of peace and happiness. For this they spilled their young blood lavishly—that at home the things planted and nourished by devotion and vision should endure and that no plundering bandit feet might stride across the Homeland, no bandit hands pluck up and destroy her peace, her beauty and accomplishments. This was their gift—even this hour we now enjoy—this serene park with free unclouded sky above and its privileges, nourishing the soul and quickening the body.

The hour and its inspiration were climaxed and we should have taken our leave at the end, but we were eager, now, to see this other phase of the service of this great park, to the people of the community, as demonstrated by this representative throng and the evidence we had received before. At the tea garden we had begun our lunch alone and been shortly joined by numerous individuals and groups—men with books under arm, women carrying bags and impediments of note, taking and report making; a party, near by, earnestly discussing some enterprise on hand. We had heard the cheerful whistle of Boy Scouts as they moved sturdily along the promenades and had seen the Camp Fire girls, robust and buoyant, moving to some rallying place near at hand. We already knew that the Park housed the naval hospital and barracks, where during the war ten thousand men were mobilized. These beautiful “palacios” housed not only romance and history, but clubs and societies, exhibits and collections, libraries and recreation places. This was a community center in the broadest sense of the word where men and women and boys and girls and little children met in all forms of cultural and pleasurable pursuits; where civic interests were discussed and civic enterprises launched and community problems discussed and solved.

We were bent on looking into this thing. In doing so we followed the purely erratic course of the uninstructed visitor to the park for the first time. The first door we opened let us into one of the artist studios where an accomplished young woman was instructing in the art of leather decoration.

Above, up stairs, was a little class in weaving under an expert instructor. We sat and watch-

ed the ingenious pattern shaping under the deft manipulations of the weavers’ fingers and pondered the inducements that have called women from these ancient and beneficent arts of the home to the feverish competitions of the public and the world.

We passed through an art craft studio and into the Indian Arts Building where three large rooms, devoted to rare relics and replicas of Indian life assembled here for the late Southwest exposition offered hours of absorption, but we hurried on. Up a pair of stairs we found the studio of two busy workers in clay modelling, with a balcony work-room overlooking a dream garden beyond the prado. We crossed the latter and plunged into the opposite “palacio” known as the Science of Man Building and stood appalled at that into which our desultory and impulsive feet had led us. Here was a place of study and observation for many months, this elaborated history of Man from his beginning, illustrated in these splendid technical collections. Because we felt wholly inadequate at the moment, we availed ourselves of but one small privilege. We “dolled up” a trifle in front of the glass case containing man in the cave state, waved thanks and apologies to our ancestor and made for another studio loft. These “palacios” are infested with them—artists take to these balconies and porticos like sea gulls to the masts. It is no wonder, for inspiration is carried here, on every breeze. Subjects for brush and pencil meet one at every turn. One has but to look at the beautiful profile of one of these lovely buildings for a study in form—at one of these sunset lighted turrets for a ravishing color theme.

A portrait painter had her easel in this balcony and her artist lares and penates on its walls. A teacher of decorative art in another balcony showed us charming things.

Below, prehistoric man had yielded one side of his precinct for the studio of still another artist.

In a structure of genuinely mission period, facing the noble California Building on the California Plaza, we found the exhibition of Mr. Charles A. Fries, the much loved Southwest painter, and pioneer artist. The “cubs” that have come to this country in the past ten or fifteen years have been transformed by the inspiration of the Southland from dilettants to artists, cannot hope to crowd this much beloved “old timer” from his warm and esteemed niche. He paints the land he knows, and the people know he knows and love his work accordingly.

We had left to the last the archeological exhibit. Some hesitation was felt by us here. To

one whose life business had been tracking "live news matter" the theme failed to invite. The gossip of the Chaldean stock market of the late victory of Tiglath Pileser, in an "extra" brought out some six thousand years ago, or even the fair recovered form of the Princess Hathor in the dress in which she made her debut at the court of Rameses the second, never had appealed to us as particularly exciting.

However, this was a "made in America" brand of archeology—the exhibit of the ancient Guatemalan art. So we decided to try it.

We crossed the plaza and entered the great building. The shadows of the late afternoon filled the place. There was no one within. Our lightest step sent weird echoes careening to the

masterpieces—and abide, to humble and instruct the Americans of today, great in the boast of material accomplishments.

While I meditated, with a new valuation of things, archaic, a camera man convoyed by a short alert young man pushed into this sanctum of Ancients.

"There is no place sacred from the foot of the Movie Man," thought we, and waited for the entrance of a bespangled company to swarm within and defile with sportive antics this sanctuary, but they failed to appear, and the convoying young man was speaking:

"Here, this is what I want—this square here. Have you light enough? Badly effaced, you see—that's why I want these photographs."



A Small Catch of Fish

lofty dome above. Somewhere, on stir case or hall, others were moving and talking, but their voices were caught up in the tower and reached us deflected, incoherent. We were alone, removed again in time and place from the present, but farther, by the associations, here, than by the sensuous beauty and symbolism that had charmed us without. We were in a far world, indeed, set back to the dim age of these mysteries of ancient stone and sculpture, the replicas of which loomed strange, and inscrutable, in the half-light. Carved monoliths and stelas, the massive Turtle and squat, inert Man Tiger—the innumerable grotesque images, the undecipherable designs, the myriad symbols, speaking the insatiable industry, and devotion, the spirit of wistfulness and interrogation with which the primitive heart sought to know and interpret God. And they have survived—these

He was moving from one replica to another, scanning with absorption, standing back to focus with critical eye this bit of carving, intent on that half effaced tracement, an ancient Mayan's conception of his god.

He had, for these relics of a dead age the same quality of enthusiasm as the driver, for his car, the racer for his plane, the speculator for his newest success. It was Mr. Lovin's the California artist, who has sensed the significance of prehistoric American art, to the art world, and has set himself the task of interpreting that art.

"In a way it is a patriotic task," said the artist. "We Americans never had a national art. Our motifs have been borrowed ones—borrowed from the early classics, from the French and Italian schools, the Dutch and the Japanese. We have done our best with these

second-hand ideas, but we realized that we created nothing—that we were in no sense original. Now we have made a great discovery—no less a thing than an art of our own, the art of the primitive Americans, as expressive, with motifs as rich and varied as those of the classics—more rich and expressive than the motifs of the Egyptians and Chaldean. It is to make the value of this new wealth of ours known to the American school that I am trying. Not that I don't realize the presumption—that I should undertake to interpret this majesty of thought and form! It grows on one as he works—the richness of the imagination that conceived

"It's reclamation work, you see. Much is spoiled—lost beyond recovery, but after one has studied the surviving forms he senses what was there—imagines—rebuilds! It is the most fascinating work I have ever tried to do. And when it is done it means the enrichment of contemporary art with motifs of beauty, of expression and worship, unknown before and unsurpassed. It will mean more—it will be causing these men to live again—the men we dispossessed, to live again in the highest forms of our present-day culture and to reposess in a spiritual sense their own."

From Mr. Lovins I learned of the big artistic



An Old Adobe Construction

them, the industry involved in their execution—God knows how they did it! With the crudest of stone implements—but what delicacy, what perfection! See this intricate line work—these images everywhere woven into the design. What a people they were for figures—everywhere deities, in heroic size, in miniature. You wouldn't dream that a god lives in this network of interwoven lines, but watch!" The artist's fingers moved along the broken surface like the diagnosing hand of a surgeon feeling, tracing, reconstructing, and behold! A deity—one of the squat repellent but strangely impressive gods of the Mayan imagination.

adventure just opened to him whereby he will have the opportunity to exemplify this new, old art, in this young shrine of art here in the new West. By the grace of that personality that heads this great cultural enterprise, Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, the artist is to accomplish something unique—the making of a great decorative frieze for the museum library, composed of these Mayan images, wrought into a logical motif that will splendidly embody the finest of prehistoric art. Already Mr. Lovins has completed tentative designs in colors that demonstrate the ambitious character of the work, as well as the

infinite care, labor and study that will be involved.

It will be a matter of interest, especially to feminists, to know that, while Mr. Lovins is the first colorist to appreciate the value of prehistoric motifs in present day art, the first artist utilizing these motifs is a woman, Mrs. Jane Beezman Cook Smith, whose frieze in bas relief on the mezzanine floor of the museum, is a most creditable and distinguished piece of work.

We pushed at last into the open again. The mission doves were snuggling into their favorite niches for the night, a custodian shook his keys at us and the night breeze reminded us that it was late, but we had one more place to go. We wanted to know how this huge cultural venture was managed—how administered and financed.

We had our curiosity satisfied by Mr. Wallace, the gentle and gracious editor of "El Museo" in his sanctum in the Indian Arts building.

"The park consisting of fourteen hundred acres belongs to, and is maintained by the city," said Mr. Wallace. "The San Diego Museum was incorporated in 1915 and opened to the public January 1st as a permanent extension of the Panama-California Exposition.

"The Exposition directors transferred to the San Diego Museum Association, in trust for the people, the priceless scientific collections that were acquired with the assistance of the Archaeological Institute of America and the Smithsonian Institute.

"An expansion of these collections is provided through exchanges of material with museums in the United States, Canada, and Eu-

rope, through field expeditions and through the use of its building as a depository for valuable private collections. The former exposition buildings already granted to the museum are those you have visited—the History of Man building, the California building, housing the exhibit of ancient American arts and temples, the Fine Arts building, the Indian Arts building, the structure devoted to the Fine Arts and the Pueblo Indian communal houses of the Painted Desert, the latter being converted into a children's museum and union playground, with a dozen juvenile organizations participating.

"The assets of the Museum, including building collections, et cetera, amount to a sum totaling \$800,000. We expect other buildings to become available for correlated purposes that will bring the total to \$1,000,000."

On the first page of "El Museo" which the editor had given me I noticed the names of twenty affiliating societies, including every manner of social and civic activity, adult and juvenile.

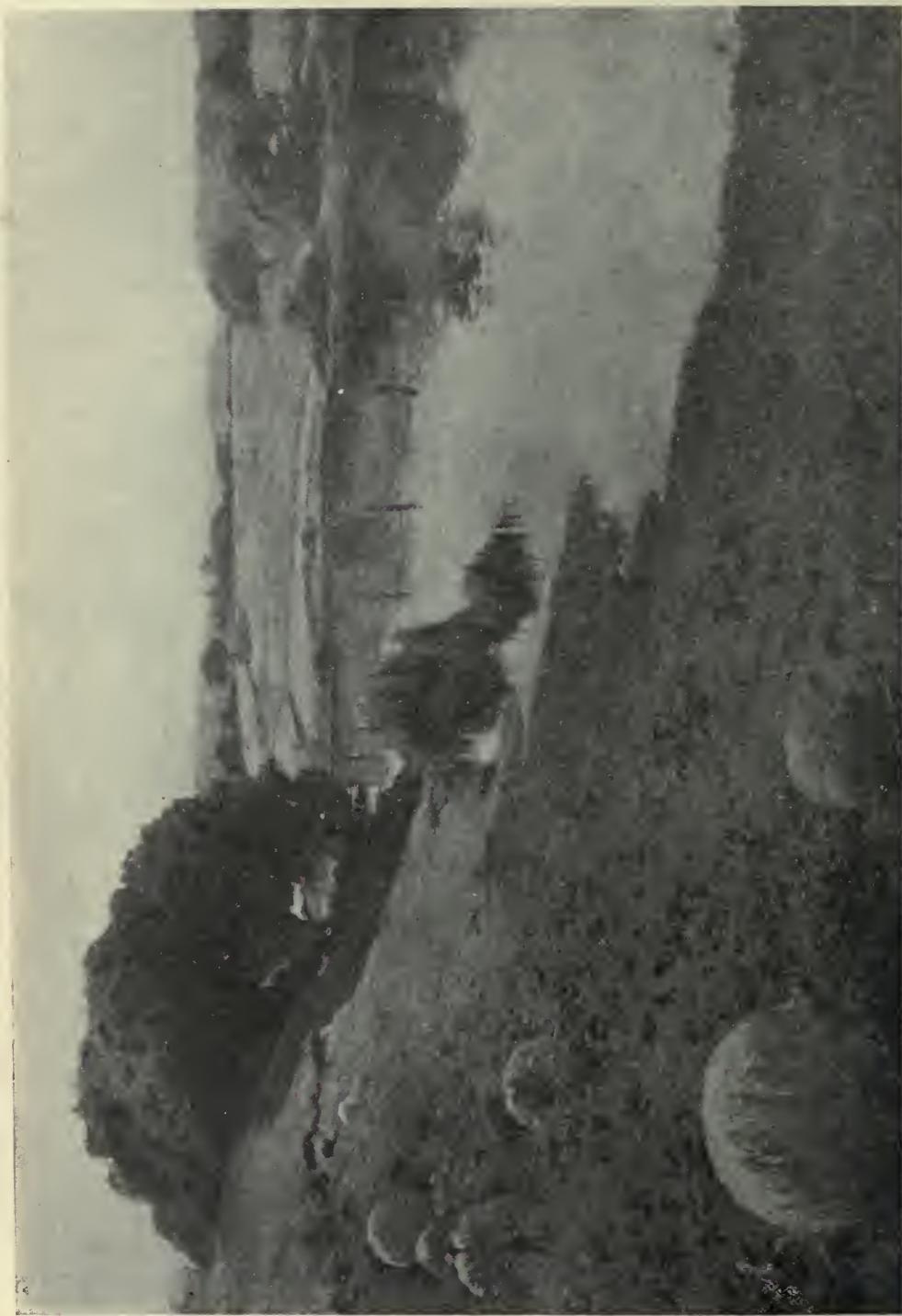
"And these organizations help in the maintenance of the museum? Of course, by paying for the privilege of their club rooms and grounds?"

"There is no charge for any of the privileges extended them except possibly for lighting on rare occasions when they use the rooms for night assemblies."

"But their members are, of course, members of the museum association—all who avail themselves of the privileges you extend here must



One of the Oldest Buildings in San Diego



After the Early Rains

be glad to help maintain this splendid enterprise that means so much to their city!"

"So far we have only 374 members," smiled the editor.

"And you mean to say that this thing—this tremendously ambitious enterprise you have here, the like of which is nowhere west of the Mississippi or anywhere else, for that matter—you mean to say that this is maintained by 374 members only?"

Mr. Wallace assented.

"And the folks that visit this place daily—mere stoppers like ourselves, who have dropped in for an hour's diversion and have had their bodies refreshed, their minds quickened, their imagination feasted and their souls fed—you tell me that they are going to be allowed to go away without being asked for a cent in return for all these benefits—no admission at the gates, no collection taken inside, not even the ubiquitous milk-bottles set out at the point of exit where one may drop in his thank offering?" The editor admitted that such was the case. We sat down and shook our finger at him:

"Man, you are making cultural indigents of your people—of all of us. We ought to pay for these benefits—the townspeople—the people of the Southwest. This is too big a thing for one small association with all its pluck and ambition. The people of California should be made to know what asset this place is, a noble denial of the reputation, so long sustained, as a country of real estate boomers and tourist baiters, who exploit for gain their relics and traditions and capitalize their climate and sunsets. But you, are changing the name and character of the State to that for which it is so marvelously fitted: a true art center, a center for the exploitation of native treasure, of the incomparable outdoor beauty, the traditions of the romantic past and relics of a marvelous prehistoric people."

Here Mr. Wallace, like his associate, Mr. Pate of the museum department, like Mr. Lovins, the artist, like the other artists in their studios, the custodian in the lobby and the janitor in the halls, while acknowledging our appreciation referred our eulogies to that absent but all pervading personality and dominating spirit of the enterprise, Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, museum director. Just now it seemed, Dr. Hewett was in New Mexico superintending the recent fiesta at Santa Fe which, for historical value, pictorial beauty and inspirational worth has not been approached by any similar celebration. Just prior to this the Doctor had been in Washington, D. C., there to be made one of

the vice presidents of the American Federation of Arts. It was Dr. Hewett who, as head of the school of American Research, directed the excavations at Quirugue, Guatemala, where twenty acres of a prehistoric ecclesiastical city were unearthed of which relics the San Diego Museum contains the valuable replicas. When not at home here in his office in the art quadrangle the Doctor may invariably be found abroad, we were told, on some junketing trip of world renown type. It was plain to be seen that Dr. Hewett was not a one-town man. But not at this time being acquainted with the facts concerning the director (on account of our formerly mentioned prejudice against his profession) this universal praise from babe and sage alike had begun to irritate us.

"When the director returns," we assured Mr. Wallace, "we will devote an entire day to him if so be that we find grace in his sight, for as far as we can hear there isn't anything in this institution from the Mayan gods in the Museum Building to the hooks in the cloak-room for the accommodation of visiting dames that his foresight hasn't provided." We will say right here since relieving our feelings in this matter to the gentle and unreproachable Mr. Wallace we have had the privilege of meeting Dr. Hewett and learning something of the quality of his service to the people of the Southwest so that now, when anyone asks us anything, as we wander along our favorite prado we pause and open our mouth to say enthusiastically, "Oh, Dr. Hewett did it"—and stop only because we don't like to plagiarize.

So, pondering many things, we went out into the lavender night. The walls and windows, the towers and minarets of the plaza buildings were aglow with a peculiar, subdued radiance as though illumined from within, the zenia beds were unbelievable in this light, the doves nestled with pianissimo-voices into their sculptured shelters. Across the park expanses, from the naval barracks, the reveille sounded and the flag came slowly down. The radiance disappeared from the palacios and prados, as when an evening lamp is turned gently out. The purple dark came up and enfolded us, the night dripped fragrance and sleep.

The flowing curtains of the balcony windows stirred dreamily. We tip-toed past and moved noiselessly down the boulevards; we were afraid of waking the señoritas from their beauty sleep, the brown monks on their beds. We remembered them gratefully and the grateful day. At the gate we took the car for reality and the city.



An Old California Home



A YOSEMITE SUNSET

By Grace Evelyn Brown

The tender influence of summer lies
Lightly, yet vibrant over all the earth,
Along the valley's verdant stretch of green,
And on to where the firs and pines appear
Rising to jutting crags of mountain heights.
Tall rocky columns of rough massive strength
Cut sharply the soft depths of azure blue;
Their grandeur still is softened by the hand
Of nature in her tenderest of moods,
With varied groups of verdure, sunlight-flecked,
Of trees supernal, standing quite alone,
Like deities, presiding over realms
As mighty as their giant strength assures.
Accented, yet with not too loud a note,
They blend within that greater scene, a part
Of life's divine creative harmonies,
And thus reveal eternity to man.

The reign of summer reaches still above
And on to where the peaks of crags are white
With lingering snows, that dropped from winter's robes,
Remaining there, yet giving forth a flow
Of bounding streams, that fall and reach the stretch
Of valley, yielding strength to earth's fair bloom.
The sleeping spirit of the winter snows,
Loving the presence of the radiant day,
Pours forth her life, and though her sway has gone,
Still rules with summer, silent but a power.

Below, and just beyond, the valley grass
Shows tiny jewels of a thousand blooms,
The dainty fingers of the mosses rise
To intertwine with many of their kind,
Clasping each other's hands in mute good-night.
The violets close their sleepy eyes and nod,
And the red berries droop their heavy heads;
The quickly dropping sun sinks to recline
Behind the orange curtains of the west.
Warm radiance covers earth, the meadow-grass
Takes on the tinge of early-budding spring,
The rocks and crags grow brilliant, and the trees
Give yellow glints with purple depths of space.
The sunlight pales and royal robes of night.
Are thrown along the valley, floating up
To mountain heights, as earth's great yellow lamp
Swings low, then ruddy, as it sinks from sight.

Then over meadow, on to massive rock,
From river, to the silent sentinel pines,
A deep hush falls, which like unspoken prayer,
Gives benediction to the passing day.
The last sunlight still lingers on the heights
And pours forth bright and warmly-glowing rays,
Which glorify the darkening valley walls.
There, on the topmost point, cold glistening snows—
The last of winter—slowly ebb away,
As touched by warm and radiant beams of light,
They glow like jewels, against pale blue sky.
Turning to orange, then to red and rose,
The snows flash forth with living fire and flame,
And scintillate for one brief, glorious pause,
As dying winter meets departing day.

The spirit of the white and waning snows,
Passive and cold, with ever-ebbing strength,
Is stirred to life, to love and joy again;
For one brief moment, feels love's ecstasy
On her cold lips, responds with blushing glow,
As she receives the kiss of summer day,
Who pauses there a moment—then departs,
Taking all joy, the snow's cold brow grows grey,
Then her soul sleeps, and dreams of joys to come
In glad returnings of the dawn's first glow.



The Mystic in Myra

By IRENE HADLEY

MYRA Spigot sighed. There are sighs that denote worry, fear, doubt, negative sighs of the unhappy—but Myra's sigh was not of that brand. It was, on the contrary, a luxurious sigh, a token of mental and physical well-being.

Myra was at the beach—and the beach was in California. To get the significance of that statement, you must drift back a few years, thirty odd or so, back to the time of Myra's childhood in the mystic past.

Picture an owlish looking girl with darning needle legs, generous sized feet, and thin stooped shoulders, a curious girl full of sharp-pointed questions, and you will have Myra, the cocoon, whose one dream was to become glorified into a western butterfly.

The Myra of the present, that is the California one, spinster of the thirty odd years, lay contentedly upon her side basking in the golden glow of the western sun; now and then she would squirm luxuriously as a jumping sandbug took its morning gymnastics too near the boundary line of her feet: occasionally she would carefully tuck in the edges of her gray poplin skirt, for even in California one must observe some conventions, and Miss Myra Spigot, late of Poinsetta, Iowa, had no intention of allowing the exhilarating sense of the perfectly adorable freedom of a trip to California to make her forget that she was a modest home-body with a good up-bringing.

True, she had taken off her stockings; they reposed in the depths of her big cretonne bag, and the bag she was using as a pillow; for all around her women sported about, clad in bathing suits, and surely if western females could appear in public in such guise, she, Myra Spigot, could at least go barefoot.

As a compromise to her dignity, however, she had rented an enormous sunshade, a great yellow one with black stripes and a firm round handle. This she placed at her back so that, even if her feet were exposed, her face at least was shaded.

A magazine lay on the sand beside her and also a box of chocolates. The magazine had an attractive cover, a picture of a bathing nymph, poised ready for a dive, and Myra had purchased the magazine on the strength of this picture. Back home in Poinsetta she, no doubt, would have chosen a Gibbons' history or if she

wanted something lighter a nice ladylike magazine with a column on how to do tatting—the kind of a publication that teaches a housewife anything she ought to know, besides giving helpful hints on how to remove ink stains from linen stand covers, to pickle beets, make marmalade, break the baby from sucking his thumb, keep the husband home at night and cure the roup in chickens.

But Myra was in no mood for helpful hints; she wanted something more—er—breezy, hence the bathing-girl cover. Also back home when she wanted candy, she bought herself fifteen cents worth of mints, a dime's worth in white peppermints and the rest in pink wintergreens.

The West was different. She could no more have gone into the "Chocolate Den" and ask for fifteen cents worth of candy (in a paper sack) than she would have astonished old man Wiggins, back home, by asking him to fish out for her among his salt mackerel, cream cheese, yard goods, beans, etc., a perfectly usable dollar box of chocolates in place of the time-honored mints: it simply isn't done these days.

So Myra lay on the beach and sighed as she thought how beautifully her dreams had come true; like a child takes pride in living over again and relating the fascinating terror of the time when he got up courage to tie one end of a string to the door knob and the other end to an aching tooth. Myra liked to doze contentedly as she contrasted the pleasant charm of her surroundings with the threadbare existence of her past.

White-capped, coaxing waves danced in front of her. Frolicsome, then fretsome, they alternated between caressing the sandy beach and scolding it in their soft, sleepy undertone—like a crooning, chiding mother.

There were shadowy, blue-gray hills in the distance, cool looking, alluring hills, holding the promise of perfect rest; there were dancing sunbeams overhead; mischievous sunbeams that tried to change each drop of the ocean's spraying foam into a diamond tear; there were softly demure white clouds vainly trying to hide from view the naughty antics of the sun's spoiled children; there was magic, the charm of a perfect Western day, in the air.

Naturally California was not exactly as Myra had pictured it, for any tourist knows that the picture post cards one sees, back in Poinsetta,



"She Had Expected to See Strong Men Clad in Fringed Trousers"

Iowa, depicting life in the West, are a little off color, or to be more exact, a bit too colored.

For instance, the California sky was not quite so blue as the postal had led her to believe, neither was the grass so green, nor the fruit so golden, but even so it was a most wonderful country.

She had expected to see the orange and lemon trees growing right along on the beach and had imagined that the fruit hung in straight even little rows from the parent tree with much the same preciseness and mathematical accuracy that marked the display in Wiggins' store, but it seemed that the post cards had stretched their territory a bit when they included mountains, ocean, roses, oranges and snow all in the same block.

The hills seemed to be set back quite a piece from the sandy shore and Myra was just as well satisfied, for what would be the use of a future Paradise if California were one whit more perfect? No one would be interested in trying to get to Paradise, and the West would soon become overrun with those who doubted their chances of being admitted above and wanted to be sure of the next best right here.

Of course Myra had met with a few disappointments and she laughed at her own stupidity as she thought of the ripe olive she picked from the tree and attempted to eat—ugh!—she could taste it yet. The joke was on her, for when told that the olive tasted so terrible because it had not been cured, she had innocently asked "what was ailing it?"

Then, too, the California males (breathe it modestly) were not quite up to Myra's expectations! She had expected to see strong virile men, rugged chaps clad in fringed trousers, dark shirts and with spurs jinkling with every step.

So far she had not glimpsed a single spur nor revolver; the men seemed quite tame and docile, judging by appearances, and most of them walked leisurely except at street crossings; these they took by leaps and bounds, hurdle fashion, awakening from their pleasant doze with a start as the rush of multitudinous, honking machines bore down upon them.

But taking it all together Myra was very well satisfied as she lay there basking in the sun. Besides a few dollars in loose change, she was the proud possessor of a hundred dollar bill, the little fund which was to see her through her vacation.

She had planned on a two months stay and had allowed herself one hundred dollars for spending money, and by prudent foresight this

same bill now nestled securely in the inside pocket of her black satin petticoat.

Myra had heard all sorts of odd tales concerning the magic palm of the average Californian and had decided to take no chances. Hadn't the Women's Sewing Circle called upon her in a body, the day before she left Poinsetta, with tearful advice to hang onto her money and not let the westerners grab it?

Myra, though modest, had no idea of being held up for her hundred dollar bill. True, the men didn't wear spurs nor revolvers, still what was the good of an inside petticoat pocket if one did not use it?

Now came all too soon, at least Myra judged it must be about noon, as some of the people around her began to eat. Sandwiches, soda pop bottles, a curious thin wafer that went by the name of ice cream sandwich, came into evidence; the interesting odor of hot wienies assailed her and Myra decided that she must be hungry.

She arose half regretfully from her place on the sand and gathered her belongings together, including the sunshade which she returned to its owner at a near-by stand.

"Two-bits more, please," remarked the umbrella man as he stuck the black and yellow affair into the almost empty rack. "You kept it over the hour limit."

Myra blushed the modest, painful blush of a maiden lady who is compelled by circumstance to ask a strange man for information. "Two-bits," she repeated the odd words, timidly. "How much is that in English, please?"

The man smiled indulgently "You from the East?" he questioned in a sort of take-it-for-granted way, "two-bits is California for twenty-five cents," and Myra paid him and fled.

Her shoes were full of sand by the time she reached the street, so she sat down on an old overturned lifeboat and timidly removed the offending sand. As yet she had not sought a room; her baggage was checked and here was plenty of time to get located after lunch.

The main street of the town reminded Myra of a county fair or a circus day back home. Never in her life had she seen such an array of popcorn and peanut stands and lunch counters; never had she heard such a medley of music, laughter and chatter.

Right on the street there stood a man with a queer little wagon. He was passing out wiener sandwiches as fast as he could while his partner was frying liberty steak and onions on what looked, to Myra, like the top side of a stove, minus the pot holes.

There was a counter and great high stools

a little off to the left, and with a hasty glance, our spinster noted that the stool at the far end was empty.

A few moments later Myra was perched upon this same stool in utter defiance of all the etiquette she had ever learned in Poinsetta, Iowa; so much had California done in a few short hours toward breaking down her reserve.

"I should like one hot wiener sandwich, with coffee, please," she piped as the white aproned waiter peered at her from behind a steaming

or the beach in California, what matters it, America is always America and home to her children.

It was late in the afternoon before Myra dropped into a real-estate office to make known her wants to the agent.

She had set her heart upon a little cottage with a bit of back yard, for she had promised herself faithfully to get up early in the morning and take deep breathing exercises.

The agent, who was an old man with a long,



White-Capped Waves Dashed in Front of Her

coffee urn, and she gasped in horrified wonder as his shrill voice sang out, "One hot dog and java."

However, as the bun looked fresh enough and the wieners seemed just like the ones back home and as a lot of other folks were eating them, Myra thought she might safely venture. Somewhat to her own surprise she consumed the first and then the second with no bad after effects.

She took in the open-air band concert early in the afternoon, listening enchantingly to the wonderful music. A waltz that her father had so often played upon his violin before his death made tears come into her eyes, and for the first time she felt a bit lonesome, but as the concert concluded with "The Star Spangled Banner" Myra lifted her eyes with a smile.

Why should she feel alone? She was at home; she was in America! Poinsetta, Iowa,

flowing beard, listened in wonder as Myra described the kind of place she wanted, but as he kept repeating after her, the spinster thought he must be deaf. "You want a place near the surf—furnished—neat and clean—for not more than twelve dollars a month—?" he droned in an exceptionally slow manner. "Why, lady, I'm afraid you are going to be disappointed—."

A cold something clutched at Myra's heart, a dull fear of she knew not what. "Well I might be able to pay fifteen." Here she did some rapid calculating—fifteen from fifty—that would leave thirty-six—no, thirty-five dollars, for each month of her vacation—maybe she could manage it if she didn't send Aunt Jen' those leather cushions and book marks—"Yes, I could pay fifteen," she finally decided.

Perhaps it was because he could see the brave way in which Myra was trying to con-

tral the tremble of her lips—perhaps it was because he happened to be that rare oddity known as a "landlord with a conscience." At any rate the agent sought to "let her down easy."

"There isn't a house to be had at this beach, at anywhere near the price you expected to pay," he said slowly. You see, this is the busy season here and nearly everything is snapped up the minute it becomes vacated. Now if you had come in earlier, say at ten o'clock this morning, there was just the style house you wanted, but it's gone now."

Myra struggled with a reluctant tongue. "Do you mind telling me how much it rented for?"

"Seventy-five a month, including linen."

Myra gasped. "Seventy-five dollars for a little cottage—why, I thought mansions rented for that!"

At last the exact meaning of the Sewing Circle's advice was beginning to penetrate her inner consciousness and she experienced an odd sort of all-gone feeling in the pit of her stomach. "I guess I better try to find a little room fixed for housekeeping," she said after a moment's thought. "Maybe that would be cheaper?"

The agent looked doubtful. "Everything desirable is taken—it is very hard to find anything good in that line. Couldn't you stay right where you are and take your meals out?" he asked.

Myra shook her head. "I have not been to any hotel yet," she replied in a halting manner. "You see I just got off the train this morning—and it all seemed so new—so wonderful to me that I wanted to rest a bit and enjoy things first. I thought I would have plenty of time to get located before dark—"

She flushed and twisted the handle of her bag with trembling fingers. How unbusiness-like and ignorant she had been and how foolishly sure of herself! A wave of home-sickness surged over her, making her feel lonely and miserable.

"Well, now that is too bad!" remarked the agent, who seemed rather sympathetic, "but don't get discouraged—there is always a place for everybody—now let me see—" He tapped his wrinkled forehead in thoughtful silence.

"Ever been in business?" he asked at length.
"No," replied Myra.

"I was just thinking about a little store-room—I own the building myself and it fronts on a good business street right near the Pike. The place was furnished originally for a tea room, then a lady fortune teller had it, but she left last Monday. There is a living room in the rear—perhaps I could fix it up so that you could manage," suggested the man in a kindly

tone. "Want to go over and see it?"

A look of hope brightened the dull expression on Myra's face.

"If it isn't too much rent?" she replied questioningly.

The agent shrugged his shoulders. "I'll let you have it for thirty dollars a month if you take it for at least two months and I won't raise the price on you later. That is dirt cheap compared with the way other places are renting. Of course you would have to put in some kind of a business to make a go of it," he continued.

Myra nodded, a trifle confused. "Well, I'll go see it," she replied, "but I don't know what on earth I could do in a business way."

* * *

It would have been a surprise, indeed it would have been a shocking surprise, to any resident of Poinsetta, Iowa, had he been able, like the little bird that sees all, to peep in unawares upon Miss Spigot, the spinster, the following morning, for Myra had become a fortune teller!

Think of it, the terrible change that California can make in a person over night—for there was Myra all duly installed, ready to serve tea and wafers for a nominal sum, including the extra service of having one's future read in the tea leaves!

The kindly agent had helped her to get everything ready. They had figured the scheme out together and as Myra didn't know much of either the tea-serving business nor the fortunetelling, they had hit upon the novel idea of combining both, thus making a part knowledge of each one pass as a whole.

The signs of the former occupant were still hanging on the wall. "Know Thyself," "All Mysteries Made Clear," "Be Prepared." Neat little cardboards bearing these legends greeted Myra's eyes as she glanced about her new place of business, and though she felt somewhat embarrassed, still the flutter of excitement had brought a pink glow to her cheeks and a sprightly spring to her step.

The tea was all ready, piping hot and very good; this Myra knew to be a fact, for she had sampled it herself in place of her usual coffee.

Then, too, there were cute little crisp wafers, all done up in individual sacks to go with the tea, and what more could be wanted to make a refreshing repast?

Myra had expected to do a great business the first day, for she knew that lots of women like to have their fortunes read in the tea leaves and it seemed to her that everything was

favorable for her venture. However, she had underestimated the value of one of the most vital factors of business success—the power of advertising.

Noon came and still no customers. Myra could not understand it. Her tea was ready, the business was on a fairly good street, but why didn't the ladies come?

Across from her she could see people streaming in and out of the stores, yet no one seemed to notice her little place at all and her earlier feeling of exhilaration departed, leaving her with a curious sense of shame and incompetency and knowledge of her own unfitness.

At one o'clock came her first customer—a man! This was a contingency that had failed to enter the spinster's head, for in her plans she had somehow connected a tea-room with women exclusively and she found herself almost paralyzed when her client announced in an abrupt way: "Saw the sign at the door—want my fortune told."

Myra conquered a shudder before she could form a reply.

"I serve tea—" she began, timidly, "then I read the leaves—I am not a regular fortuneteller, you see. Will you have sugar and wafers with it?"

A flood of emotions had been passing over the man's face since he entered the door—curiosity, surprise, disappointment—and then a sort of quizzical amusement. For a moment Myra thought that he was about to walk out, then he seated himself at a tiny table and accepted the wafers and hot tea with quiet courtesy.

He drained the last drop of the beverage and seemed to enjoy the wafers, but as Myra offered to take his empty cup, he waved her aside. "Oh, let the fortune go," he remarked kindly as he paid her. "I'm not particular about it, and he walked out, leaving Myra staring after him in bewildered hurt surprise.

Two weary hours dragged by, then a couple of giggly school girls sauntered in, their arms wound around each other's waists. They seemed embarrassed themselves and Myra's nervousness passed unnoticed as she tried with painful earnestness to please them. However, as they made no comments other than half-whispered asides to each other and nods, she took it for granted that at least she had not given offense.

It was late in the afternoon when Myra's next customer arrived; indeed, had it not been for his uniform and the rather tired expression in his eyes, the man might have gone unserved, for the spinster was just about to close shop for the day.

However, she hustled around and got things ready; to Myra's idea, it was an honor to make fresh tea for a man who had been overseas for his country and she was all aflutter with excitement.

The man, for his part, seemed a trifle dejected. This Myra could sense from the slump of his shoulders and the look of defeat upon his face. Mentally she took note, as he sipped the tea, of his high forehead, the frank wistful eyes, the sensitive chin. He seemed to have the face of an idealist, a dreamer; and yet there was about his whole being that peculiar something which a discerning observer would class as lack of self-confidence: the mental aura of a man who has lost his grip upon himself and circumstances surrounding him.

He murmured a word of praise for the quality of the tea as he extended the empty cup toward Myra's outstretched hand; the wafers he had left untouched. Plainly he was interested in having his fortune read, and that only. "I saw your sign as I was passing," he offered as if he felt that some remark was expected and did not know just what to say.

Myra smiled encouragingly. "I'm new here—this is my first day," she said, with the idea of making him feel a little more at ease. Then in a tone of interest, as she looked into the teacup, "Oh—you are going to have good fortune—a splendid business venture, it looks like."

A flicker of interest came into the man's deep-set gray eyes. "Anything else?" he prompted as the spinster paused.

"Yes—you will receive a letter soon, probably a letter containing money—yes, I'm sure of it—and you are going to start in business for yourself—a business where you will meet many people," continued Myra in an enthusiastic voice.

The uniformed man drew a deep breath. "You see all that in those tea-leaves?" he asked in a peculiar tone. "Anything else?"

Myra studied the cup for a moment in silence. She ran her finger around the rim before replying, trying to analyze the thoughts which might be in her client's mind. Probably he had expected to hear something about his girl—a proposal—marriage—something vitally interesting, and she had dashed his hopes to the ground with her cold prosaic predictions of business. Yet he had looked so discouraged—Myra shook her head in doubt.

"There doesn't seem to be anything in the cup except a fine future—and money from business ventures—" Here she paused, then

added rather diffidently, "no love affairs nor anything like that."

The soldier waved an impatient hand. "Don't want love affairs." He spurted the words abruptly. "But the rest—the business and the letter—you do see it?" A note of wistful, yet eager inquiry vibrated in his voice.

Myra nodded and then even held up the cup so that he, too, might see. The soldier leaned forward and followed with anxious eyes her pointing finger. "That little cluster of leaves around the rim means a business venture—see the arrow-shaped leaf pointing toward it?—and the tiny speck of sugar? That would denote financial gains," explained the spinster.

"And the letter?" his question came eagerly.

"Oh, here it is—the little isolated leaf in the bottom! Those straight lines over to one side mean barriers—the letter was delayed in reaching you, but if you look closely, you will see leaves shaped like an anchor—so you are to keep up hope!" replied Myra with quiet conviction.

The man threw back his head. "Gee, I hope it all comes true," he cried boyishly. "It gives a fellow courage to think that he has a future before him!"

Myra set the cup down as he placed a coin upon the table and rose to go. "Of course you have a future before you," she remarked in rather a severe tone. "The memory of your past deeds,"—here her eyes wandered over his uniform—ought to be inspiration and foundation for you to do the best things of your life," she finished, surprised at her own audacity in so addressing him.

But the man seemed to see nothing unusual in her interest. "Thank you," he replied. "Perhaps you are right—at least I shall try to hope so," and a moment later he was gone.

To Myra's surprise, so was some of the loneliness in her own heart; unconsciously she had boosted up her own courage while trying to cheer up her client, and she closed shop for the evening with a bravely wistful smile.

Followed a couple of days of alternate despair and hope for our spinster. There were hours when she felt like dropping everything and rushing right back home; hours when black discouragement tugged heavily at her heart.

At such a time she would peep out of the door and feast her eyes upon the hurrying, chattering passers-by; playing a little mental game to herself all the while. "Why, there is Mrs. Jones—and Miss Tuthill!" she would comment inaudibly, giving fictitious names to a couple of the ladies passing. "How well they

are looking—and I do believe I see Mrs. Robert's sister Claire turning the corner—yes it's Claire with a new pink dress on—and I'll just bet she is going to drop in to show me—" and so forth in this strain.

Childish? To be sure, it was childish; it was all pitiful make-believe and Myra knew it; yet if it stilled the ache in her heart what was the difference?

She was deceiving only herself and it certainly could not injure the fashionably-clad women passing to be greeted mentally as friends of a home-sick spinster from Poinsetta, Iowa.

Once a golden-voiced nightingale had burst into song nearby just as a faint tear was beginning to trace its way down Myra's cheek; that tear never reached its destination, for she had opened up her heart in praise of a country so wonderful that birds came right to the door of one's shop with their carols!

So she hung on by sheer grit and determination, resolving that she would not go home a self-confessed failure: greeting each day as bringing wider opportunities for self-expression.

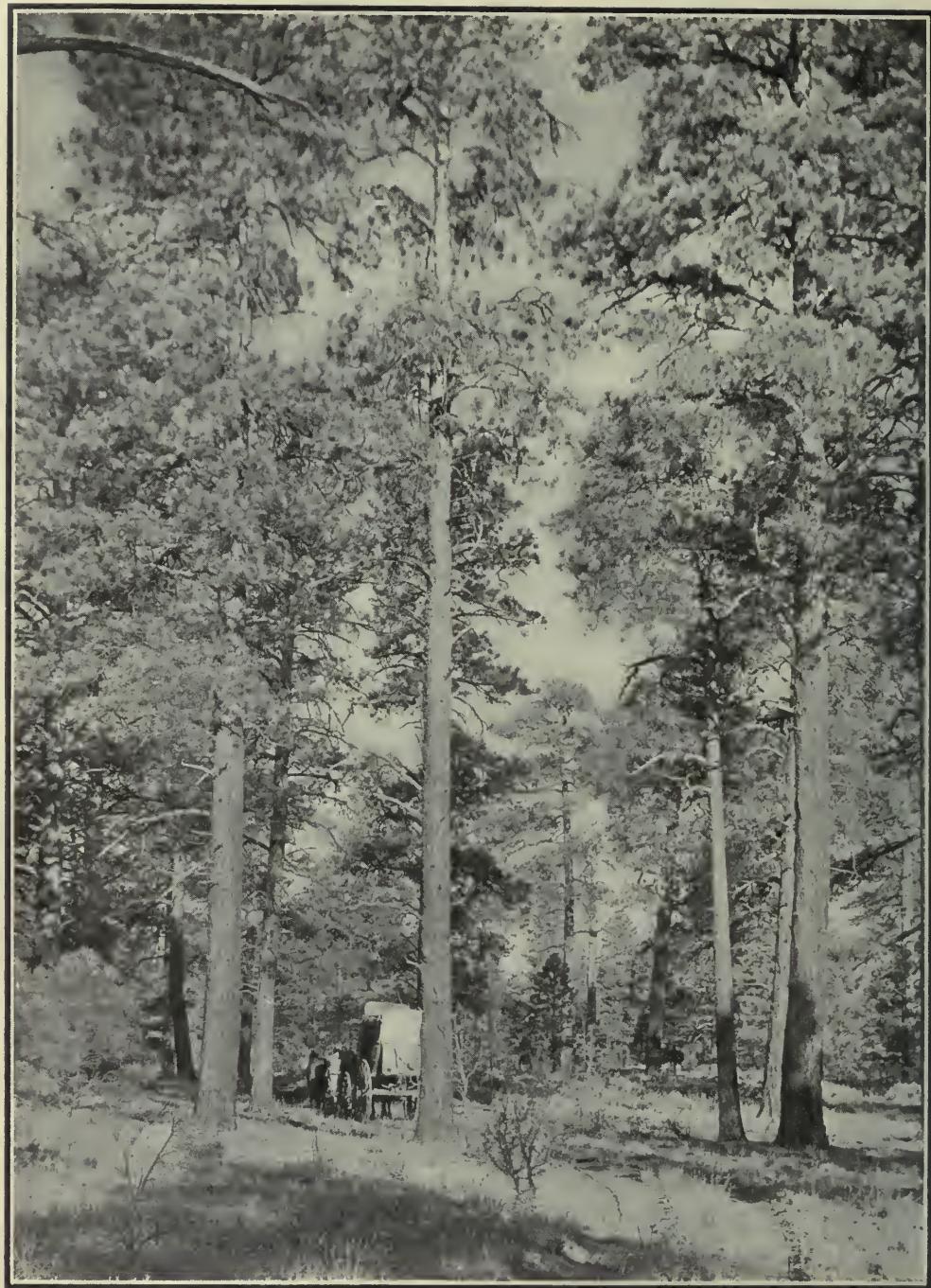
The end of the week found Myra rather cheerful, for her business was showing a slight increase! Each night she balanced up carefully the cost of her tiny supplies with the amount taken in, and a new feeling of independence was born in her heart.

Then out of a clear sky came the blow! Myra had been reading the noon edition of the Daily Recorder to while away a dull hour when a short, terse notice caught her eye. She read it twice before her bewildered brain could grasp the meaning of its entity. "Fortune-telling in all its various forms was to be barred in the town by ordinance—" that was the sum and substance of the new law.

Almost in terror, Myra looked around the room. Fear controlled her for the moment—as she pictured all sorts of terrible things happening to her, should the officers investigate and find those fortune-telling signs.

She felt weak and sick. What a fool she had been to try to go into business, she told herself bitterly; she whose only stock was inexperience! And now maybe they would arrest her and put her in jail, yet she had meant no wrong—she had only tried to make both ends meet. With trembling hands she attempted to take down one of the telltale signs, hardly conscious of her own action; shame confusion, self-depreciation, burning red spots into her cheeks and making her limbs totter beneath her.

(Continued on Page 64)



Along the Higher Crests of the Sierras

The Realm of Common Sense

By JAMES H. CAMPBELL

FROM ancient days the proverb has run that nothing is so uncommon as common sense, and a pyramid of evidence and of illustrations could be brought to prove it; and the object of this essay is to point out a few of the more amazing examples, such as may be noted every day in the most important matters.

Not many years ago an officer in the army was requested to send to the War Department certain statistics concerning himself, and in response sent on a statement of his birthplace, date of birth and other matters. With this before him, a clerk of the department sent a request for additional facts and these being supplied, the clerk wrote again hotly complaining that the officer had not stated the place or date of his birth. The officer again stated the desired facts, adding: "You had this information already in your office." Such stupidity lies on the rim of the incredible. A similar piece of idiocy appears, and I am told it is not infrequent, where a great order house sends a present on request to an address supplied, but sends with it a receipted bill in spite of clear information that the article is a present and that no statement must go with it.

In the realm of common sense, the recent escape of Roy Gardner would have been impossible, for the arrangements should have been such that from six o'clock in the evening until eight o'clock in the morning the officers themselves could not unshackle the prisoner, no matter how willing they might be. Moreover, it is perfectly easy in the realm of common sense to know, instead of assuming that a prisoner starting on a journey has no weapon or harmful article of any kind upon him, and to make it impossible for him to strike a blow. Nothing short of absolute certainty suffices for an officer in charge of a prisoner. He is not expected to take any chance, and should eliminate every possibility of escape and every temptation to attempt it.

A short time ago in San Francisco, a judge of one of the superior courts announced that a certain man convicted of a felony ought to have a new trial and that he would grant it if it were in his power to do so, but that the law did not permit it. The judge cannot be criticised. There was an impassable wall across his path, as he stated. The time within which the court could grant a new trial had passed, but

what is the result of such a wall and with what pretext of reason can it be continued? A man might be convicted of arson on the testimony of a single witness and some suspicious circumstances, and the witness might long afterward testify in a deposition that the accused had started no fire; that a building had caught fire accidentally from the sparks of a locomotive, and that the accused had made every effort, but in vain, to subdue the flames. Upon such testimony, no matter how long its coming was delayed, the accused should have been absolutely exonerated. It was through no fault of his that the witness had kept silent so long. It is important that there should be an end of litigation; but it is a thousand times more important that justice, which through perjury was in this instance defeated in the beginning, should triumph at last.

Many years ago a man was released from the penitentiary of Pennsylvania after being held there for twenty years. He had been convicted of murder upon circumstantial evidence and just before his release, his victim in robust health appeared in his former haunts. Every reader will say that the most meager justice demanded that the unjust conviction should at once be set aside and that the reason for the cancellation of it should be set forth in the record. Not only this, but that the unjustly held prisoner should be reimbursed to the fullest extent of his earning capacity, with interest computed annually for all those years of bondage and incarceration, and liberally compensated also for the deprivation of his liberty and of the pleasures of being with his wife and children, and moreover, that his family should be liberally compensated for the loss of the husband and father and for the humiliation and scorn brought upon them by the degradation. Nothing of this kind was done. Not the least measure of compensation for the wrecking of this man's life was made either to him or to his family, and worst of all, nothing was done to exonerate him or clear his name from infamy. There was no expunging of the record, no setting aside of the conviction. The conviction continued to stand and still stands, and will stand perpetually. The law supplies no suitable or adequate remedy. The Governor pardoned him, but pardon presupposes guilt and there was not the slightest stain of actual guilt

upon this man. It is an indignity, an insult, almost an atrocity, to say to such a man in effect, "You are guilty, but there are palliating circumstances in your case, so despite your guilt, you shall be released." Such a situation is an idiotic one, unworthy of intelligent, civilized beings, and far removed from the realm of common sense. No rational defense can possibly be offered for it. A legislature of the feeble minded selected from our state institution at Glen Ellen could hardly supply a more palpable instance of imbecility.

Many years ago a bill was passed as an incentive to enlistment in the militia of the state, offering a stated compensation for attendance at drills and state encampments, and for similar services. This was as to each man, a contract inviolably to be carried out by the state. Under this stimulus, the National Guard was greatly increased; but month followed month, and year followed year, without the payment of any part of the compensation promised. At last attorneys were employed to urge the state to be honest, but every effort failed. No one was interested. Every member of the legislature had his own fish to fry. He had promised his local constituents to get so many appropriations, that he feared he would wreck his hopes of success and endanger his reelection if he worked for any other appropriation. Even the Adjutant General was very lukewarm. "This was my predecessor's measure," he said, "and I have enough to do to promote my own measures." Were not those militiamen swindled by the state just as surely as if an individual had secured services from them and had broken his promise of payment? It is freshly in the memory of everyone in California, that the Congress of the United States recently established the location of a naval base on the Bay of San Francisco, at Alameda; and now we are told that the passage of the act was in effect a nullity, as there is no provision to defray the expense of establishing and maintaining the base fixed by law. So the whole matter over which there was so much rejoicing, turns out to be an exasperating farce. It is universes away from the realm of common sense for a legislative body to authorize or establish anything naturally and even inevitably entailing expense, without at the same time providing for the expense. Young children of ordinary intelligence usually act with greater reason and couple the consideration of an object in view with the practical means of securing it, and papa's consent to buy a fine football, evokes only a scornful charge of deception and fraud unless a suitable appropriation immediately accompanies the permission.

Such instances as are cited above are not rare. They are lamentably frequent and numerous, and they are a disgrace to our present plane of intelligence and civilization. These wanderings from the realm of common sense are not confined to such derelictions as have been noted in this article. Another style of "straying off the range" which is almost equally amazing is now to be verified by an illustration. Formerly whenever sufficient evidence of a felony was presented to a magistrate, the accused was held to await the action of a grand jury, but many years ago a different method was adopted, and from that time on, the procedure of the magistrate was to hold the accused to answer to await the action of the superior court, and the case was brought to the attention of the court by the filing of an accusation called the information, by the district attorney. But when so radical a change was made the penal code of the state contained a multitude of provisions and allusions resting upon the old system which were otherwise unintelligible, and had no proper place any longer in the penal code. The change of procedure obviously required a careful revision and remodelling of the code to conform to it. No such revision took place then, nor has it taken place yet, and this foreign matter still remains in the code and makes many sections in larger or smaller measures absurd, although the presumption is that everything retained in the statute has a right to be in it and has a sensible meaning, and many attorneys unaware or unmindful of the explanation in each instance have been and will be racking their brains to discover what that sensible meaning is, and this is impossible, for all such matter is now superfluous and foreign matter, and bears no relation to the present system. A lawyer is most observant of a lack of common sense in matters touching his own profession, but the writer is persuaded that instances just as glaring are to be found in other lines of occupation. If one can be happy in the barren lands that lie beyond the boundaries of the realm of common sense, and no one is injured by his action, there is no ground for complaint, but when needless wrong, suffering and even agony result, then we cannot escape the conviction that in some one should rest the power to apply an efficient remedy; for instance, the power to grant a new trial is a lesser power than the power to pardon, and as the Governor has the power to absolve a guilty man, when the public good commends the action, so it is clearly within the realm of common sense, when justice urgently demands it and all power to act in the premises

has passed from the courts, that he should have the power of granting a new trial or entirely exonerating and expunging the record of conviction and substituting for it his certificate of exoneration and the reasons warranting it; and the law of common sense requires also that if a state incurs an obligation and dishonestly

evades the discharge of it, the remedy to enforce it should be even more efficacious, and sure of swift justice than in a suit against an individual, for it does not inspire patriotism to have a state or a nation set an example of successful dishonesty before its citizens.



PROCESSIONAL

Glenn Ward Dresbach

Children weep to touch the Moon. . . .
And whence comes that old desire?
It is whispered out of dreams
Thwarted still to still aspire!

O the heart that sees the lure,
Beauty of immortal things,
Strains toward it and, ever far,
Gives its own the will of wings!

Ships groped out to seas unknown—
Men thought all the seas were bound
In that Age. Another Age
Marvelled at the worlds it found.

Armies trod the good grass down;
Vast their arms and wars, they thought.
Now how futile seem their spears,
Empty thrones for which they fought.

Came the armies, Nation-grown,
Crowding in by land and sea—
Fighting for the dream that cried
That the wars must cease to be!

While an old Age drops its dross
By its shrines where creeps the mold,
Comes a new Age singing out
To the fabled hills of gold:

While an olden banner falls
Worn by winds and mortal wills.
Comes a new one blowing free
Down the pageantry of hills.

While a weary heart forgets,
Toiling, wanting, old too soon,
Comes a child-heart, like its dreams,
Laughing, weeping—for the Moon!

In the High Sierras



Down Third Street

By CHARLES W. COYLE

THE girl was late. For two hours this foggy morning beyond the time we had figured she would enter the pawn shop, Dunnigan had waited on the opposite side of the street near the corner of Third and Market. Long experience had given the old man an uncanny prescience in such cases, so he maintained his vigil, occasionally shifting his ungainly body from one foot to the other and peering through the mist with bleary eyes. His embittered scul took a morbid delight in watching the beginning and end of these dramas of Third Street.

Fifteen years had elapsed since Dunnigan parted company with the gay tide of humanity that washes the main thoroughfare of San Francisco and had drifted into the back waters "south of the slot"—he well remembered the day—fifteen years of disintegration during which the shambling, cynical, old derelict had become an institution.

From his vantage point Dunnigan took in the misty panorama with the skilled eye of a foreman to whom every movement on the factory floor has significance. Not many people were out this chilly morning and the spectacle was a little slow.

"On seeing "Scotty the Boob" and Hunkins, the "flopplers," who stumped toward him out of the fog, Dunnigan chuckled and rubbed his hands and his features expanded into a mocking grin. So thickly had the mendicants swarmed on lower Third this fall that the police had dispersed them—when they settled on other parts of the city. Dunnigan was amused at the temerity of "Hunk" and Scotty, who had elected California and Sansome streets respectively in the commercial district as a field for the practice of their ancient trade. The old man had read in Hunkins' sour visage and the dogged face of Scotty that the "flopplers" would much prefer a warm corner in Carrigan's saloon to the cold charity of the pavements.

Dunnigan's cynical, leering grin jarred on them.

"What's eatin' yer this morning, old Jingle Bells?" sung out Hunkins when they came up to the old man.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all, Hunky—Ha! ha!—I was only wandering—ha! ha!—if you would turn down any invitations to dinner at the Merchants Exchange. O Ho, hoho! Say,

Hunky, it don't pay to be proud. Better stay on Third street."

Hunkins looked at him contemptuously.

"Now Scotty ought to do well," continued Dunnigan. "He's got the millionaire's face."

"Oh, to hell with you!" snarled Scotty, beetling his brows.

They turned away in ill humor. Hunkins, tall and emaciated, swung an empty trouser leg between two rude sticks that answered for crutches. Scotty, a thick-set, red-faced man in middle life, walked agile by means of a pegleg and a heavy cane; and one noticed that the first joint of the right thumb was missing. Hunkins, in the practice of his profession, could put a tear into the dumb, wistful look he gave the passer-by, but Scotty held out his hat boldly and ogled the girls.

When they were crossing Market street, Hunkins remarked to Scotty: "That old guy's lived too long."

While Dunnigan was talking with the "flopplers," the girl had slipped into the pawn shop. For a moment the old man had forgotten his quest in a day dream of California, Bush and Pine streets as he once knew them. He turned his eyes away from the retreating mendicants, expressing his feelings with a contemptuous "Humph!" and looked across at the pawn shop in time to see the girl whisk around the corner into Market and lose herself in the crowd. Dunnigan was sorely disappointed; he felt that he had a grievance, like the small boy who is taken home during the last act of the melodrama; he had fully expected to see her turn down Third street.

Not that the girl was anything to him. She represented merely an unknown actor in one of those occasional episodes of the street which re-enacted for the old man the steps of his own slow degradation. These portrayals always fascinated him. Many a day he spent watching the pawn shops and restaurants with a quick eye for the beginning of the familiar story. He had seen them—men and women—drifting down the thoroughfare during the years, the men either to escape by way of the labor agencies, or to remain and become as greasy and devitalized as he, the women to flourish under the night lights for a while until the unnatural glitter of their eyes was extinguished.

in the black waters of the creek that flows by the wharves and lumber yards.

While Dunnigan ruminated over the picture made on his mind by the fleeting figure of the girl, an undefinable, vague impression of something, a thought struggling up from the subconscious, caused him to study and try to re-collect.

But at this juncture the current of his thoughts was interrupted by the question of a stranger who wished to know if Dunnigan could tell him the name of the street. The old man turned slowly and, scanning the umbrella and handbag, wondered what part of the East this well-dressed, husky stranger came from.

"Yes, sir," he responded, "this is Third street, one of the old highways of the city, sir."

"You don't say! I'm told that it's a very interesting street."

"Too true, too true," continued Dunnigan with the air of a show man who knows all about the attraction.

"Cosmopolitan, isn't it! Poor folks here, many unfortunate, too—sick and cripples."

"Hugh! Cripes! They ain't so unfortunate," sniffed Dunnigan. There's 'Scotty the Boob' and Hunkins. They sleep in a bed every night at the Utah House on Brannan street and eat three squares a day. Scotty can get around on his old pegleg faster than I can; why, he can walk all around Hunkins and his two sticks."

"How interesting," said the stranger. "Have these men been here long?"

"Hunkins had, but Scotty only came last week."

"Well, well, I thank you very much. Have a cigar on me, will you?"

The stranger held out a quarter to which in a dignified manner Dunnigan apposed a dirty, upraised palm; but even before the stranger insisted, the palm was slowly turned and the old man's fingers came down tightly on the silver coin.

The stranger bowed and walked off to a neighboring drug store, where he entered the telephone booth.

"Hello! That you, Sanders?" he called. Anything new? Very well, follow up the clew in the Mission and tell McDermott to run down to the Utah House on Brannan street and get a line on a pegleg called Scotty. Find out if he slept there last night. Examine his effects if he has any. I'll call up later."

Dunnigan ambled away thinking over the case of the girl and turned at Mission to go to the Oregon Cafe on Fourth, where one could

get a plate of beans, two slices of bread and butter, and a cup of coffee for a nickel.

In the '70's, James Dunnigan was a prosperous young miner living at Hornitos, Mariposa county. His pocket mine paid well and he was happy in the expectation of marriage to Phyllis Williams, a neighbor sweetheart, who was thought to be the most attractive girl in the district. Some lovers' quarrel over a trifle ensued and Phyllis, being sure of her power, thought she would discipline Jimmy by refusing to speak for a time; but Dunnigan, on his part, took the matter very seriously; one night packed his valise, locked the cabin door and walking across the hills caught a morning stage that made connections for San Francisco. Phyllis learned of his address, but pride in her was stronger than the will to write. Several months later, through a mutual friend, he heard of her hasty marriage to Frederick Austin.

With the proceeds from the sale of his claim, Dunnigan now began to play the stock market. Silver was queen in those days. Nearly everyone, millionaire or servant girl, was taking a flier in Con. Virginia, Crown Point or Belcher. For years Dunnigan was a familiar figure on Montgomery street, always well dressed, and distinguished by the white carnation he affected—her favorite flower. Dunnigan never married. Later came the slump in mining stocks, a long period of sickness, the charity of friends, the first incursion into the region of the cheap restaurants on Third street—shabbiness and destitution. Came the fire and life in the refuge camps, after which the "ghost" of the stock market, following the dumb, homing instinct, returned to the lair in an alley basement beside a coal yard which was owned by an acquaintance to whom he once gave a successful market tip. Although Dunnigan earned a dime occasionally at the lowest menial jobs, he spent nothing and was reputed to be a miser and rich because he once lived on the stock market. They used to talk about it in Carrigan's saloon on lower Third, which he frequented. Eddie, the barkeep, declared emphatically, "Boys, that old guy's got a miner's roll on him as big as a hammick. You can't tell me; I know it, I seen it with my own eyes, 'as fact.'" But as Eddie had a profane and forceful way of exaggerating everything, the strict import of his language did not obtain credence, although the frequenters of the place thought there must be something in it. Old Dunnigan had a roll hid somewhere.

Ten-thirty that night at Carrigan's saloon, Dunnigan had cleaned the cuspids and swept out the sawdust, foul with refuse and the odor

of stale beer and was sprinkling clean sawdust on the floor. For this service he was permitted to help himself at the free lunch counter in the rear. His mind was preoccupied. Memories still lived in the dull soul of the old man like the smouldering fire in the centre of a culm heap. He could not dismiss the thought of the girl. He determined to be on hand next morning and watch the pawn shop. Perhaps she had received enough for a couple of meals and a night's lodging. In the morning she would return and, naturally, continue down Third street to find cheaper lodgings.

At the front end of the long, narrow saloon, Eddie, the barkeep, was shaking dice with a smutty-faced stevedore who had just come off night shift. Two men were playing cards in a rear alcove. By a hot stove in the center of the room, under a dim light, Scotty and Hunkins sat exchanging reminiscences. Business had been poor that day and both were in an unamiable frame of mind. The conversation flagged and Hunkins noticing a copy of an evening paper on a bench near him picked it up in a careless fashion with the intent of glancing at the sporting page. Suddenly his eye was riveted to a black headline. He began to read aloud: "Mysterious Murder in the Potrero District—Victim stripped and thrown into a vacant lot. Strange contusions on right side of victim's neck. Peculiar markings on the pavement lead to suspicion that crime may have been committed by a one-legged man."

"It's a dam lie," hissed Scotty.

Surprised at the tone, Hunkins glanced up and was met by a look so dominating and brutal that his gaze fell.

"A reporter's yarn," continued Scotty under his breath.

When Hunkins raised his eyes, Scotty's look was searching him. In the instant following when their glances joined and each plumbed the soul of the other, they seemed to come to an understanding. Hunkins dropped the paper. "You can't believe nothin' you see in the paper," he remarked in a placating voice.

Scotty's face had fallen. He appeared to meditate, tapping lightly on the floor with his cane.

"Things ain't even in this world," said Hunkins. "Why should some folks live easy and others have to pack the heavy end all their lives? Tell me! Is that right? A man's got to look out for himself."

His eye fell on Dunnigan, who acted in a strangely mechanical way tonight, as though his soul was visiting the haunts of his youth, recalling the happy days, had withdrawn from

the body, leaving it more inert and pitiable than ever.

"Some folks live too long," remarked Hunkins.

Scotty inquiringly jerked the stub of his right thumb in the direction of Dunnigan and Hunkins nodded.

Presently Dunnigan replaced the broom in a closet and shuffled out of the front door without bidding Eddie "good-night" as was his custom. Shortly after, Hunkins yawned and stretched his arms, and Scotty remarked that it was "about time to hit the hay." They called out, "so long" to the barkeep and passed out. At the same time one of the strangers who had been playing cards in the alcove threw down his pack and left by the rear door.

The night was cold with a raw fog drifting in. Half way across the street from the saloon Dunnigan noticed a woman hurrying along the opposite pavement. She walked rapidly with head downcast, her hands folded over her chest as though for protection against the cold, for she wore no coat. In her he recognized the girl of the pawn shop. It was possible, thought Dunnigan, that she was going to the Third and Townsend depot—but why such haste? There was no train leaving at the hour. He decided to follow.

With rapid steps the girl passed through the shadows cast by the tall warehouses, then out into the glare of light in front of the depot, hurried into the shadows beyond, looking neither to the right nor left, and crossed the track. Dunnigan, being flat-footed and short of breath, found it difficult in maintaining the chase. As he crossed the railroad track he was almost run down by a switch engine which pulled by with a long line of freight cars. The engineer blew a staccato warning and leaning out of the caboose swore roundly at the old man. There was no one at the far side of Third street now but himself and the girl.

Her intention was becoming clear. On this dimly lighted part of the thoroughfare were no dwellings or restaurants—only the planing mills and lumber yards ranged close to the sluggish creek. Dunnigan realized the importance of haste; he exerted himself to the utmost. By a lumber mill office he came up to her. Noticing his presence for the first time, apparently, she stepped into the dim-lighted doorway of the office. Dunnigan faced her, a hand raised to his battered hat brim, then stepped back in amazement. He had not seen her features distinctly before—the brown round eyes, now open wide in fright; the oval chin, the low, smooth forehead, the lips parted as though

to remonstrate, were all similar to those of the face he so well remembered—she seemed to be a reincarnation of Phyllis Williams.

"You'll excuse an old man who was passing for speaking to you, Miss, but the electric car that goes to the ferry crosses the street several corners back; strangers make this mistake. Down this way are only the docks and warehouses."

She stood questioning him with doubtful eyes, poised like a bird ready for flight, and Dunnigan knew he must be discreet.

"And if I'm not keeping you," he continued with a reassuring smile, "I'd like to ask if you're not a mountain girl. I was raised in the hills myself. There's something different and better about the mountain people. I lived at Hornitos, in Mariposa county, when the placers and pocket mines were lively."

She gasped. "Why, that's my home town!"

"Could you be so kind and tell me, then, for it's many years since I was there, whether the old brick warehouse by the plaza is still standing and the big hotel on cemetery hill and the schoolhouse on the knoll outside of the town by the creek?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, while tears gathered in her eyes.

In attitude, in gesture, in little, long remembered tricks of expression, Dunnigan saw in the girl a realization of the vision he had kept through the years. He longed to take her in his arms and plant a kiss on her forehead.

"And do the Saunders still live out on the Coulerville road?"

"Yes, sir."

"The Howards were friends of mine. God never made better people, honest and true as steel. Is Tom Howard still alive?"

Unwittingly the old man had touched some trembling chord. Putting her face to her hands the girl sobbed: "I—I—don't know. Tom and I had a quarrel."

"A quarrel!" exclaimed the old man, moving uneasily at the sight of the tears. "No one could quarrel for long with Tom Howard. Miss, he's not the kind to break with a sweetheart in a minute. I know the breed. You must go back to him."

As he spoke Dunnigan's hands were fumbling at his belt.

"And come to think of it, Miss, could you do me a favor, a very great favor? I have a package to send to Mr. Frederick Austin; it's an important package and must go at once. I was about to take it myself, for I couldn't trust it to the mails, but I can't leave my work very

well, and there's the expense of going and coming, too."

"Mr. Austin was my grandfather," said the girl in a surprised tone. "Grandpa passed away last winter."

"But Mrs. Austin?" inquired the old man, holding his breath until she answered: "Grandmother is alive, but very feeble."

"I'd be a thousand times obliged to you," said Dunnigan, who forced the leather belt into her hands. "Thank you! You save me a great deal of trouble. Keep the package closely until you reach home. In it you will find money enough for the trip, some old letters and trinkets. Your grandmother will understand. There's a night train up the valley. If you catch the little electric at the depot yonder, you can make connections at the ferry." He looked up and saw the green lights of the freight caboose moving across the street.

"You will do this for me?"

She smiled and held out her hand while her lips trembled. Unable to speak, she permitted the old man to retain the soft white hand in his large greasy palm and looking full into his saddened face saw it transfigured by an inner light.

Suddenly Dunnigan exclaimed, "You must hurry!" He took her gently by the shoulders and turned her about toward the depot. In parting he said. "When you come into the shadows of the hills, tell old Tom Howard, if he is alive, that Jim Dunnigan wished to be remembered."

In the same moment she thought she felt the tips of his fingers pass lightly over her hair.

From the office step, Dunnigan watched her slender form hastening along Third street—out of his life again—toward the little electric in front of the depot. Near the railroad crossing she encountered two cripples who stood flattened out against the dark wall of the building, and to avoid them ran into the street. Upon crossing the railroad track she turned and waved her hand to him, then ran and entered the electric car.

The old man drew an arm across his eyes. After this one bright moment all the loathing and bitterness of years seemed to be distilled in the thought of a return to the degraded haunts—it was impossible. "This is the end of Third street," he muttered.

Scotty and Hunkins saw Dunnigan leave the shelter of the doorway. The street was clear. Wondering what his intentions might be, they hastened to catch up with him.

(Continued on Page 64)

IN A VALLEY THAT I KNOW

By Daisy de Forest Skeggs

In a valley that I know,
Stately marching row on row
Blossom laden fruit trees grow
Petals drifting, Springtide snow.
In a valley that I know.

Circling hills of amethyst
Overhung with purple mist.
Guardians none dare resist
Of that vale the Sun-God kissed.
Circling hills of amethyst.

Happy valley deeply laid
Where the Padres stopped and prayed
'Neath some giant oak tree's shade,
In their cowls of brown arrayed.
Happy valley deeply laid.

Summer meadows all aglow
Where the golden poppies grow.
Dancing poppies, swaying low.
Flaming torches, burning slow.
Summer meadows, all aglow.

In this valley of the moon
O'er the clover fields of June,
Meadow larks are all atune.
Cricket song and bees that croon,
In this valley of the moon.

In this valley nestled down,
'Mid the hills of rose and brown.
Farm and orchard, distant town
Wear alike each season's crown.
In this valley nestled down.

Sunset sky and passing day
Mission bells the breezes sway.
Children's voices heard at play
Sing for me my roundelay.
Sunset sky and passing day.



In the Yosemite Country

Dangerous Tendencies of Our Day

By ELLA STERLING MIGHELS

NEVER has the slogan of "Thank God for America" been spoken with more vigor than during the last year. The heart-strings of our land from the eight points of the compass are reverberating and twinging all together in one great harmony from the common people, farmers, backwoodsmen, workers of the soil, toilers in all quarters—villages, towns and cities, united with aristocrats, capitalists, educators, clerks and others of the busy hive. It is the vastness of our country that keeps us from becoming narrow and bigoted. Each State must sympathize with each other State whether on the Atlantic or the Pacific shore, whether on the Northern or the Southern boundary.

Not one can afford to be indifferent or insensible to the needs of the other State even if placed on an opposite shore, facing a different continent, different races and different tragic problems. We are all one, we all stand or fall together.

The light of Liberty will go out unless we all contribute to its flame for the sake of coming generations.

Long ago, in a similar case, the liberty-loving Greeks faced the tragic problem of keeping back the horde of Asiatics from her shores, but it was only the men of Athens who cared enough for their country to go forth and meet the incoming Orientals and contest the right of way and be the ones to decide the destiny of European civilization. And the question arises, on that day, September 22nd, 479 B. C., while the men of Athens and Platae stood there in solid phalanx, 110,000 against 300,000 waiting to receive the shock of battle, where were the other Greeks of that liberty-loving race? Where were the Spartans and all the rest of those factions, on that day of all days when Liberty was trembling in the balance for the nations yet unborn, while satraps, minions, hirelings and degenerates of earth were about to extinguish the spark of the newly-lit taper, and were preparing to over-run Europe and introduce there a mongrel civilization?

"Where were they, these other Greeks?" asks Adley E. Cummins in his lecture on "The History of Liberty," "indifferent to their own welfare in being indifferent to the welfare of Athens? Oh, they were at their games and pleasures, enjoying themselves with attending to their business matters and gaining the 'almighty

dollar' when THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN OUT GUNNING FOR ASIATICS!"

If "Thank God for America" is to be the slogan fifty years from now by our children and children's children, then every State must concern herself over the tragic problem now being ignored and left to our Pacific shores to face, or we shall have a mongrel civilization spreading over our proud land and the light of Liberty will be extinguished.

There are always cravens in every land. It was the Toltec who sold out the Aztecs to Cortez, and therefore themselves. It was Benedict Arnold who tried to sell our country to the British, but he failed. At the present time there are white champions of the Japanese aliens who are seeking to give the land to them by means of a sort of propaganda which will establish them here for all time without so much as one gun fired in protest. Without the aid of the white man against the will of his brother white man, to do this deed, the alien would be powerless to claim and take away our California from the descendants of those fathers and mothers who have made our country a free one, and who have established this Republic as a white man's government.

These white champions of the Japanese movement-to-occupy-the-land maintain that no white man or woman will cultivate our rolling acres and that therefore they should be given to the Japanese—the sooner the better, because these aliens are willing to cultivate these agricultural spaces of ours.

The old world is hungry after her late terrible conflict. She needs food, grain, fruit, vegetables by the shipload. Instead of living off of each other as we do in the congested centres of city life in order to survive, a great and splendid source of income may be achieved by gathering in the riches from the soil, first to feed ourselves and then to allay the hunger of the GREAT OUTSIDE. For there are thousands of acres of rich land where golden grain and golden fruits are still calling for men to come and till and plant and plow and harrow for the growing of crops to feed the world.

This is no new discovery! When the gold miners turned from mining and dredging and hydraulic pursuit of the precious metals of gold and silver, they put the same tireless energy into planting and growing crops of all kinds till

wheat and orange turned into greater gold than had the nuggets and the crushing of quartz in the mining days. They proved it, themselves, that the gold under the land was less valuable than the gold that sprang above the land.

All sorts of farmers belong in California already for fifty years past who have proved their right to the soil by becoming Americanized and part and parcel of our mingled population. Their children attend our schools and take their places side by side with the others, and there is no difference between them, although their fathers and mothers may have come as immigrants from Italy, Portugal, Northern Europe or from the kingdoms where English is not spoken.

Or possibly those parents came straight to the soil from that other kingdom, unlettered, and unable to sign his or her name save with a mark. Farming seems to be a gift. All over our United States are men and women devoted to the soil whose hours from early to late are spent devotedly with an enduring patience like that of the "mills of the gods."

I have known some of these men and women in my own experience when owning a small fruit-ranch where I went to better my health. They were brotherly and sisterly as neighbors. And generous to a fault. The case of Tony Estasio will serve for an example. He and his wife, Mary were my nearest neighbors, living an acre away. When first he came to California, he worked in a dairy for 360 dollars and his board and lodging. At the end of the year he had saved 300 dollars. He married Mary, who could read and write and do dressmaking. They bought a two-and-a-half acre ranch and he worked for the farmers, trimming trees and picking fruit at \$1.75 a day for eleven hours' work. I have seen him coming home exhausted, and sit under a tree while his wife brought him something to eat and drink, and then he would ask for his guitar and sing a ballad of his youth . . . before going to milk the cow.

Joyously he would cry, "This is my own tree and my own land," as if that were compensation enough for everything.

Anyone who labors under the hallucination that an unlettered farmer is ignorant or stupid knows little of human life. In many cases he has a homely wisdom of his own and a canny sense of humor and a power of language that is surprising, seeing that his English has been acquired since his coming to our country.

A wealthy woman down in town had employed Tony, and to hear him tell the story was most amusing. She had tried to beat him down at the close of his job "because," she had said, "that was good enough for a dago"—which

term of reproach had hurt him worse than the proposed reduction of his wage for the day. Tony's eyes sparkled as he told us about it. "I did not swear—No!" I said, "Lady, you make mistake. I am Portuguese!" And I take off my hat and I bow and I say 'Lady, thank you. I make you a present of the day's work!' and I walk off—so," and he gave us an imitation of the manner with which he bore himself from her presence. "But she can't get me to work for—her again? No, never!" And he laughed heartily.

I know that I felt grieved to think that this good, kind-hearted worker should have to lose his day's wages, but he had a proud spirit and would let no one call him "a dago."

He was as liberty-loving as any man in the land, and why our Americans who need workers should be so haughty has always been a mystery to me.

The "Literacy Test" as applied to the incoming white men and women for some years back has worked disadvantageously in preventing this type of farmer and worker from entering our country—though in the meantime the alien Japanese have swarmed in upon us like locusts to take possession of our acres and to bring with them the customs and traditions of an Oriental evolution.

To those ardent Protestants of missionary spirit, the idea of Christianizing the Japanese by the simple process of giving them a landing on our shores is very appealing. However, as Patrick Henry said, "I have but one lamp by which to light my feet—the lamp of experience." After the disastrous effort made in 1893 at the Columbian Exposition, by a minister in Chicago, to Christianize Asiatics by the organizing of his "Congress of Religions," one should take heed and not repeat the experiment.

Did he succeed in his expectation of Christianizing all those handsome young Brahmins and Persians and Buddhists who came in response to his invitation to present their particular forms of religion? No, the sad truth is that the women of Chicago and thereabouts, daughters of wealth and idleness, flocked to the standards of the Orient by the thousands, and are still doing so with temples to strange gods still going up all over the land—while our own churches are hardly able to survive.

Bitterly did that Presbyterian divine repent for his foolish action. Let no one imagine that the Japanese will abandon his religion or traditions or customs or loyalty to his native land by putting foot on these shores.

He is subtle and cunning and sinister, and ever wears a mask to cover up what is beneath

the surface. Compared with him our men are stupid, blundering "country-jades," but we like our men that way. They are such country-jades as can go across the seas and teach new methods of putting down tyranny and the lords of misrule. Our men are ingenuous and let us keep them that way—and our women, too. Already the wearing of the Japanese garment, called the kimona by our white women for twenty years past, has entered in as a sinister influence to break down our traditions of Christian modesty. The women parading the streets bare-headed at night and boldly eyeing the men as they pass is an unlovely sight not known to us when our Pioneer Fathers ruled the land.

Already our white women show signs of worshiping the strange gods and that they are forgetting the founder of our Christian religion—the gentle Nazarene. What we need is missionaries to be sent to our own white women of today, to lead them back to our own traditions of the white race—the traditions of our own noble mothers of the early days. For the white woman of today is the weakest link in our chain of civilization, and easily succumbs to the fascinations and hypnotic spells of the clever Japanese man. And soon, instead of Christianizing the Japanese, we shall find we have Orientalized the white race of America—through the weakness of the women to resist these subtle arts.

That is why we need an influx from the European shores of simple, primal farmer men and women to occupy our acres, whose ideals and standards are still dominated by the Man of Nazareth—the last of the Jewish prophets and the first of the Christian world as the Founder and Life-Giver who has made the white race what it is, and without Him it would not be.

These aliens come to take possession and to dispossess the whites. Each one that comes robs some unborn child of American descent of his

patrimony and inheritance that should be his in time to come; that is, if we are like the Athenians and desire to see our country preserved.

If it be true that there are not enough farmers in our own country to utilize our acres (though that remains to be proved) we need not be in such a violent hurry about the matter, but reserve and distribute them gradually and judiciously and take our time in so doing.

As a point in this direction, why not band together to get a modification made of "The Literacy Test" in Congress, making an exception in favor of the farmers and their wives and families who seek to gain these shores, so that we may at least give an opportunity to those of the white race who desire to plow and harrow and till and plant these wonderful acres of ours, and thus still keep our race intact?

Our America has always been a nation of farmers and backwoodsmen and workers out in the wilds. Though some of these men and women even today are not "scholars," as the saying goes, yet they have a compensation for the lack of "book larnin'."

They can plant things and make them grow. They are thrifty and kindly and neighborly, and have a canny wisdom of their own, and soon have possession of the acres around them. Their children, though they may soon take on the airs and graces of education, cannot eclipse those parents in integrity and honesty.

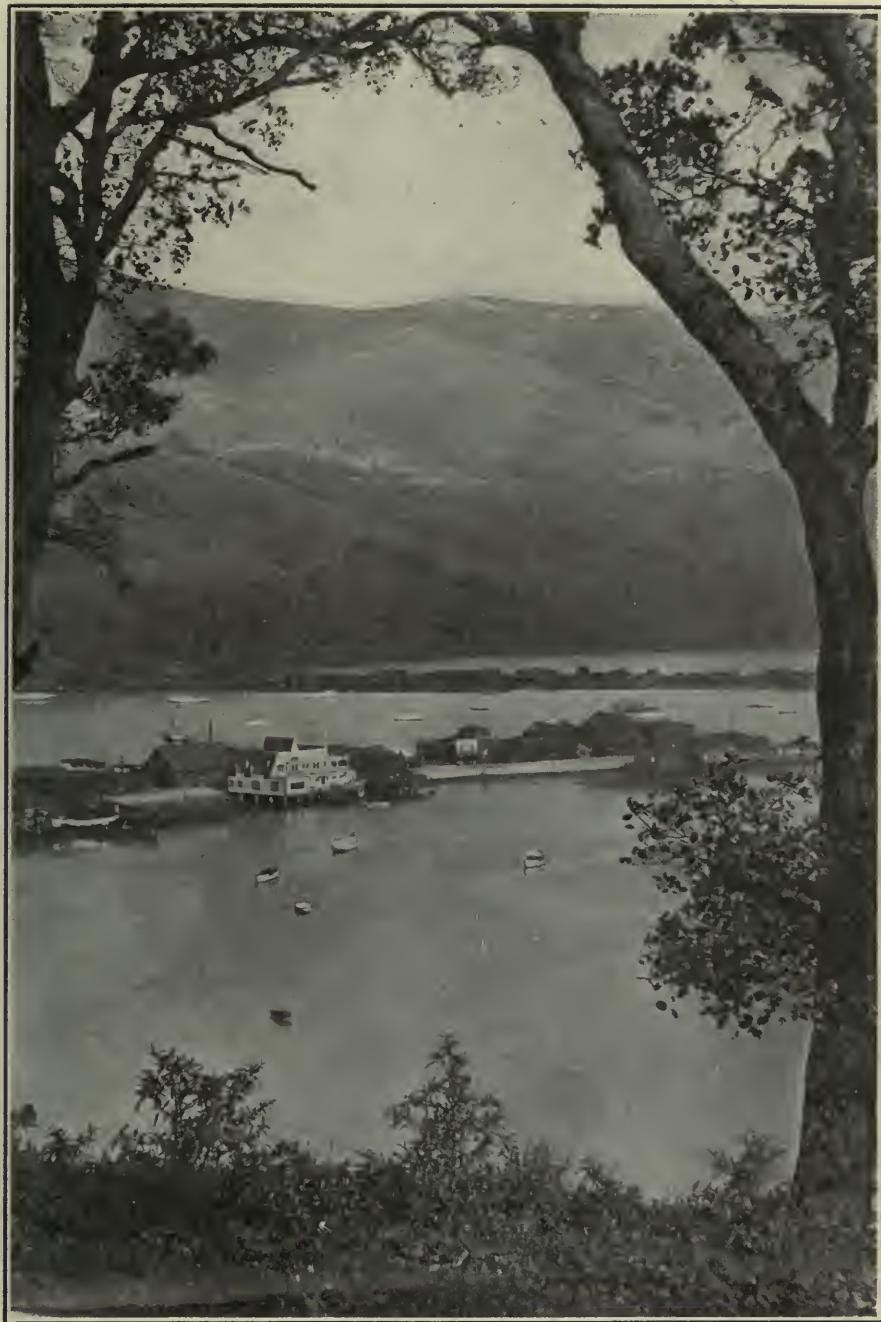
We need these men and women. Though they may not be able to write their names with a pen, yet what is more gratifying to behold than "the splendid autograph they make on the hillside by means of the plow in living green!" as Bailey Millard, one of our California writers, so happily expresses it.

Can we not, shall we not band together to bring about this modification of "the Literacy Test" for the keeping of our America intact?





A Sylvan Glade



Main Shore Near San Francisco



Summer Flowers

Ann's Three Thousand

By LaVERNE STEWART McCLELLAN

Dear Ann:

In regard to the Bradley-Bennett, if you can come up to my apartment tomorrow night, prepared to make a purchase, you'll meet the real Sam Bennett, himself. I think I can persuade him to let you in on this. Monday the price per share will be doubled.

Bev."

Ann Sydney re-read the note, a puzzled, dubious frown marring her very attractive face. There was nothing mysterious about the note, however.

"Bev," or Miss Beverley Joyce, as she was formally known in the offices of H. Croset & Co., where Ann Sydney had been playing at secretary during her very brief business career, had inspired Ann with inspiration most profound.

The sudden death of her mother had left Ann Sydney, long since fatherless, a bewildered orphan, facing a world which she understood only superficially.

When all the expenses had been taken care of, a modest bank balance of three thousand dollars was all that remained of the famous Old Man Sydney fortune.

Undisturbed, even pleasantly excited, she accepted the position of secretary, a position created through the kindness of a compassionate relative, in the offices of Grosset & Co., making up in common sense and tact what she may have lacked in experience.

Now enters Miss Beverley Joyce, a floating workwoman. She confided to Ann that she intended to remain with Grosset & Co. but a short time, until she had tired of San Francisco, when she would try to "make the Orient." She came from New York. Ann, by reason of her mother's long illness, had never been out of the State of California. Miss Joyce, it seemed, had touched the high spots from New York to Mexico. Moreover, she had touched them alone. Ann thrilled at the thought and was duly impressed with the adventures of this female globe trotter.

"Traveling is expensive, isn't it?" Ann remarked wistfully to her new-found friend one afternoon, after listening to an exciting adventure.

Miss Beverley Joyce tossed her sleek marcel-

led head dramatically and laughed ringingly, albeit a trifle harshly.

"My dear little Ann," she condescended, "you don't for a moment suppose that the little earnings I gather from positions such as this," simulating deep scorn, "could possibly cover my wanderings?"

Miss Joyce leaned nearer and lowered her astonishingly black lashes mysteriously.

"Oil, my dear," she whispered significantly.

"Oil?"

"You have never invested in oil stocks?"

Ann shook her head. Her cheeks reddened and she felt hopelessly rural.

Miss Joyce rose, briskly terminating the interview. "Well, Ann, perhaps you are wise. It's a gambler's chance. Of course, it's one way of investing spare cash, and as you know, fortunes are made that way daily, but I'd never advise anyone to speculate wildly."

Having made this virtuous statement, she returned to her desk, but her shrewd brain told her that she had succeeded in planting the seed in Ann's breast that was doomed to sprout. The trite little preaching she had added would only serve to fertilize the rooted desire.

Ann might know nothing of Miss Joyce, but Miss Joyce had heard about Ann, and about Grandfather Sydney. Further, she had her own convictions about heredity. Therefore it was no surprise to her when, a few days later, Ann timidly approached her, and modestly admitted that she had a "few" thousand which she would like to invest, provided she were sure—

"Sure?" interrupted Miss Joyce. "Nothing in life is sure. However, I'll be frank with you, and depend upon you to hold your own counsel. You know speculating is gambling, with some people, and I'm sure they would not appreciate me here if they knew I—"

"I'll never breathe a word," hastily assured Ann.

"Well," Miss Joyce appeared doubtful and troubled. "My money is all placed on Bradley-Bennett, but I very much doubt if any of this is purchaseable at the old price now."

She scrutinized Ann carefully. There was a "something" about Ann that suggested wealth—at least breeding and conservatism.

Ann had said a "few" thousand. Such would be the manner in which a well-bred, unostentatious woman, accustomed to wealth, would

mention ten, perhaps twenty thousand dollars, argued Miss Joyce mentally.

Now if there was one weak point in Miss Joyce's cleverness, it was in that she placed a trifle too much value in her own ability to read character.

Money had never troubled Ann. Hence she was blissfully ignorant of its value. Three thousand dollars did not appear particularly meagre to a girl whose purchases had, during her entire lifetime, been made for her, and who had handled practically no cash. However, in the face of Miss Joyce's suggested opulence, she hesitated to mention the amount. Possibly Miss Joyce had ghastly sums invested in oil.

"I'll tell you what I'll do!" Miss Joyce returned to her papers importantly. "I'm quite busy now, but I'll do my best to get you in on the old price, and I'll let you know."

Ann thanked her heartily, and airy tripped back to her own desk.

* * *

Now in the warm comfort of the biggest chair in her room, Ann held the note signed "Bev" and wondered at the absence of the expected thrill. The good news she had so feverishly awaited had arrived, but she was conscious of a distinct feeling of reluctance. Three thousand! It was all on earth she possessed.

If only she knew more about oil stocks. True, she could seek information of the kind relative, but she felt that that same relative would disapprove highly of anything that pertained to speculation.

Miss Joyce had not appeared at the office for two days, telephoning in that she was ill. No doubt, Ann pondered, she had been engaged in investigating Bradley-Bennett with a view to obtaining stocks for her. Ann's heart warmed with gratitude. By all means she must go, when her friend had been to such pains for her welfare.

The apartment house wherein dwelt the marvellous Miss Joyce was a modest enough affair, the door opening almost directly from the sidewalk.

Apartment houses were fascinatingly mysterious to Ann. She blushed as she remembered that she had never placed her dainty foot across the threshhold of one.

Therefore when Ann was faced with two doors exactly alike it was not surprising that she should choose the wrong one, and find a very bare, very unfriendly flight of stairs to climb. The fact that the place was very, very dark added to her confusion, but once on the first landing she heard a familiar laugh and walked

quickly toward the door through which it seemed to come.

A tiny frosted glass window, about a foot to the right of the door, was raised perhaps two inches, evidently belonged also to Miss Joyce's apartment, for through this small opening the voice of Beverley and a very disagreeable masculine one carried clearly.

"You're looking immense tonight, honey." The masculine voice was heavily caressing.

"Cut that out, Sam. Big business is afoot tonight. A laugh from both speakers followed this remark uttered in Miss Joyce's well known tones.

Ann gasped. Her's was not the nature of an eavesdropper, and she was decidedly uncomfortable as she groped for the bell. Gazing inquiringly, she encountered a sign, dimly discernible from the light filtering through the transom of another apartment.

"Tradesmen's Entrance," it read in large stern letters.

Ann blushed furiously this time, feeling unduly provincial as she sped swiftly down the stairs. Here on the glass door below the sign was repeated in smaller, more dignified letters, that were now plainly visible as the entrance lights of the house had been switched on.

A few minutes later she pressed the electric button before the proper door of Miss Joyce's apartment, having located it without further difficulty.

If Beverley Joyce was not the same radiant creature at seven a. m. that she was at nine p. m., who shall condemn? Since history began man has done his prettiest to aid Nature in a thousand ways. Why not woman in the, for her, important way? The vision that confronted Ann at this moment made the dark-brown clad girl feel excusably sparrow-like.

"I'm terribly early, I know," Ann apologized, "but I don't care to be out too late, and as this is a business call—"

"That's quite right," interrupted Beverley, and proceeded to make her presentations.

Ann Sydney experienced another shock. In introducing "Sam," Beverley said simply enough "Mr. Bennett," neglecting to mention that he was her fiance.

Surely he must be, reasoned Ann, for the manner in which he had addressed Beverley when she, Ann, was an unwilling listener in the rear of the apartment. Yet if Beverley wished to keep her secret, far be it from Ann to criticise. At any rate she forbore to mention the incident of the tradesmen's entrance.

"Miss Joyce has told me a great deal about you, Miss Sydney," began Sam Bennett, as he

eased his two hundred or so pounds in the depths of the Chesterfield, as near to Ann as he dared.

"Yes?" Ann made a heroic effort to appear at ease and agreeable, but there was something indefinably odious about Mr. Bennett that Ann sensed but could not account for.

Miss Joyce had been busying herself in the preparation of a light but satisfying drink, which she now served, taking the opportunity to interrupt the conversation.

"Well, supposing we get down to business," she remarked briskly. "Are you, or are you not, interested in Bradley-Bennett oil stocks, Ann?"

"Of course," interposed Mr. Bennett, as he moved toward Miss Joyce's *escritoire*, familiarly searching through its accumulation of papers, "of course Miss Sydney no doubt wants some evidence that we really exist."

From the small stack of letters he drew one and passed it on to Ann for her inspection.

It was a lovely letterhead and the words BRADLEY-BENNETT stood forth clearly but conservatively. They were, moreover, flanked on each side by a small picture of an oil well.

Now, from another recess of the *escritoire* Mr. Bennett produced a large folded circular, which he spread out before the wide eyes of Ann Sydney. This last was calculated to quell any misgivings that might arise in the mind of the prospective investor, and truly it was convincingly executed.

In the upper left corner was a flattering likeness of Samuel Bennett. In the upper right corner was a photograph, of equal size, of Joseph Bradley, hardly more prepossessing than his partner.

Below were facsimiles of letters purported to have been received from men with high-sounding signatures, who begged to state that in the Summer of 19— they had invested a large amount of dollars—which amounts were stated boldly—and that in the winter of so and so they received dividends amounting to—and here, of course, was printed an amount which far exceeded the original investment.

While half of these letters were from men with wealthy signatures, there were also a few letters from clerks and stenographers whose original investments were modest enough, but whose dividends amounted to sums that would make the Arabian Nights tales look foolish.

Beverley disappeared kitchenward with her tray, and Sam Bennett grew reminiscent.

"When Joe and I struck Houston not many years back," he launched forth, "we were the next thing to dead broke. We were offered a

job there in the oil fields that paid well, and as men must eat and sleep, we were glad enough to get it."

Sam Bennett droned on, giving Ann an account of their discovery the organization of the company, etc., and as he was modest enough about his own part, the girl was almost convinced of his genuineness.

Therefore when the conversational Mr. Bennett selected one of the neat little blanks and poised his pen, Ann was ready to invest—almost.

"About how many shares, Miss Sydney?" he questioned.

"Ah—well—about how many do people usually buy?" Ann returned, vaguely.

"That depends," interrupted Beverley. "How much money do you care to invest?"

Ann hesitated. Much as she was tempted to sink her little inheritance, something seemed to check her. A million doubts arose now.

"You see," she finally quavered, "I am so inexperienced in these matters, I really don't know how much would be considered a wise investment." She looked innocently from one to the other. "Can't either of you give me an idea?" she appealed.

Now here the pair were puzzled. Beverley had made an irregular mental estimate of Ann's probable fortune. It might be ten, twenty—Beverley's cupidity was thoroughly aroused. Not a cent must escape her! She had delicately hinted that the girl bring cash for her purchase. The thought of so much cash made Beverley go hot and cold at once. That was the secret, beyond question, of the little bulging brown velvet bag that Ann even now carried so carefully on her arm, the cord cunningly clasped by long streamers to her belt, ostensibly for adornment. The very little bag was, of course, fairly bursting with crisp bank notes in denominations that possibly—Beverley drew in her breath quickly.

"Well, about how much cash did you bring with you to invest, dear?"

"Cash?" Ann appeared bewildered, then apologetic. "Oh, I didn't bring any cash."

"Oh!" Beverley almost lost her poise.

"Oh!" Sam Bennett turned his exclamation into a cough and then blew his nose to cover the cough.

"You see," Ann explained, "this morning I transferred my savings to my checking account, intending, of course, to give you a check for whatever number of shares I should purchase. I supposed that would be the usual proceeding, but of course I dare say I was mistakes." Ann stopped suddenly and consulted her wrist.

"Mercy, I didn't realize it was this late. My boarding house has rules," she laughed, "and I can't stop another minute."

Even the most trained swindlers have their weak spots. With the majority it is the unguarded moment and their characteristic underestimation of their victim's common sense.

When Ann, from what appeared to be a minute examination of the circular, absently looked up, she surprised a long, slow wink on the flabby countenance of one Samuel Bennett, and a responsive worldly wise, if faint, smile on Beverley's carefully preserved visage.

"Really, I'm so undecided," Ann remarked, but her voice had lost its hesitancy. "I'd like to sleep on it, and by tomorrow I'll know just what I want to do. I must get home now."

"But Mr. Bennett must leave tomorrow in order to get you in at the old price, and he won't have an opportunity to see you."

"And as for going home," Beverley went swiftly toward the door and locked it. "What an ungracious hostess I would be if I didn't insist upon your spending the night with me. I wouldn't think of letting you go home. No, no," she continued, as Ann started to protest. "I've planned on having you spend the night with me. I'm going to prepare a little supper for the three of us before Sa—Mr. Bennett goes, and we'll discuss what we're all going to do with our newly-made riches when the dividends come pouring in."

"I'm afraid I won't be able to enjoy your little supper with you girls," quoth Bennett. "I have a little matter to arrange for a friend yet tonight, and must be off in a few minutes."

Ann dropped into chair. She felt suddenly helpless. Instinct told her that she was being politely but firmly trapped, and that in the morning when the clever Miss Joyce would devise some means of keeping her in the apartment until that check had been safely cashed and Bennett on his way rejoicing—

"Now, dear," Beverley placed her cool white hands on Ann's shoulder. Just make out that check for the amount you transferred this morning, whatever it was. Mr. Bennett will give you the receipt, and perhaps by this time next year you'll be a rich woman."

Slowly Ann opened the little bag, and drew forth her pen. Then as she attempted to unbutton the cover of the check book, awkwardly holding the pen in her left hand, the point jabbed into her right palm, causing her to give a pained "Ouch!" and making the erratic pen spurt ink over the wounded hand.

"Oh, how clumsy of me!" It was obvious she could not write, with an inky hand. She

looked at Beverley. "May I wash this now? I'm so afraid of infection."

"Certainly! Come with me. I hope you didn't hurt your hand badly."

She led the girl, who held tightly to the check book and the little brown bag, to the tiny bath, returning swiftly to her companion for a hurried word of suggestion.

Ann softly turned the lock on the door of the diminutive bath room and rapidly inventoried her surroundings. There was no other door than the one through which she had entered. But at her left was a small frosted window that looked somewhat familiar. The sash was raised perhaps two inches. Ann trembled as she turned on the hot water. Fortunately the plumbing was of the loudly protesting type, and under cover of the noisy running water and groaning pipes, Ann raised the window as high as she could.

The window, as she readily guessed, was the one she had noticed during her excursion by way of the tradesmen's entrance. To draw her slim body through the opening would be the work of a moment. However, when she had managed to firmly plant one knee on the sill, voices alarmed her, and the door of the apartment directly opposite opened partly.

It would not do to be seen crawling through the window. Ann was not a practiced "porch climber" and the situation was trying. However, before the talkative person opposite had emerged, Ann quickly pressed the switch button, which thanks to good fortune was within reach, shrouding as completely as she might her compromising position.

Trembling, she watched a woman, chattering unconcernedly, step into the hall through the door opposite, bend over and gather from the floor two small parcels, evidently delivered earlier in the day.

When the door had closed firmly upon her, Ann stopped perspiring and squeezed through the narrow window, jumping lightly to the hall floor. She lost no time in speeding down the narrow stairs.

The "Tradesmen's Entrance" door was heavy, and as Ann tugged, she heard a door above open. The hall and stairs were not lighted, but as she glanced fearfully upward, the light from a transom illuminated the puzzled and wrathful face of Beverley as she stepped through the rear door of her apartment and regarded the frosted glass window thoughtfully.

With quaking heart, Ann let the tradesmen's door slam behind her, and sped wildly, aimlessly down the street. At a corner, two blocks

(Continued on Page 69)

The Gifts of America

By MARGARET BUCK

EVERY great nation of the world's history has given something to humanity, and each gift has been indicative of the national characteristics of its donor.

The joyous beauty-loving Greeks of antiquity rejoiced in the creation of all things beautiful, and all that remains of classic art and literature is centered in that small peninsula. The stern, unyielding hardness of Roman character found expression in the exact and precise forms of law, while the happy, rhymical inhabitants of modern Italy gave us music and art. Germany has brought two gifts as valuable as they are different. The old d r e a m - l o v i n g Germany gave some of the most beautiful music the world has ever known, while modern Germany, cruel, crafty, and utterly unscrupulous, has brought, however reluctantly, rare and wonderful offerings to the altar of science. Last of all comes England, stolid, prosaic, and ponderous, but doggedly determined to "get on" nevertheless, and from her we have learned our most valuable lessons in commerce and trade.

But what of the gifts of America—brilliant, tender, youthful—filled with great dreams and high hopes, a boundless enthusiasm and untold ambition? Behind her is a vast storehouse filled with the accumulated knowledge of centuries. From such a nation should come the supreme gift.

America has given many things; some of great international importance, some of lesser importance, but all valuable to society as a whole. From the beginning we furnished to the world a convenient and unobjectionable dumping ground, for we blithely received the hardy peasant, the political refugee, the has-been, the religiously persecuted, the down and out; the prosperous and the poor, the ambitious and the slovenly—all the misfits of the world it seemed, were pushed on to the big new country, where—and this is to our credit—many of them received new incentives, and new ambitions, and were made over into good citizens. Then the dumping ground became a melting pot, for America knew how to use the tools that came nearest to her hand.

From the viewpoint of the rest of the world, the mechanical achievements of America might well be considered her greatest gift, for nearly all the important inventions of the past century have been products of American genius. With the discovery of electricity, the whole industrial

world was revolutionized, and since then we have undeniably led in the development of electrical science. The fact that America was large and her population scattered, made it plain early in her history that there was a vital need for some adequate means of transportation if her people were to be firmly knit together, in thought and in action. She was cut off from close communication with the old world, and knew that on her own merits she must stand or fall, and the first requisite of national strength is unity. So then, as always, necessity became the true mother of invention, and our great system of railways began to cast its steel web over the vast unexplored regions of our country.

We have had many inventions large and small, some electrical, some mechanical—all valuable. It was from America that Germany secured the ideas for most of her war inventions—inventions which were merely German adaptations of American products. Even the little conveniences, luxuries and necessities of everyday life are of American origin. To strip the world of American patented articles would be to set civilization back for more than a century.

Through America the world has received a new conception of the economic position of the laboring man. Other nations, in the face of continual wrangling between capital and labor, have tried various and futile remedies. It remained for America to strike boldly at the root of the evil. Henry Ford startled the whole economic world when he first paid five dollars a day for common labor, and organized his plant on a profit-sharing basis. He has since been imitated by capitalists and factory owners all over the world—and he is an American.

Prohibition first found favor in America, and we were the first to endorse it as a national policy. That it has yet to be proven as an economic measure does not alter its value as a contribution to humanity, for it was given in good faith. But none of these things, whatever may be their material value to a greedy world, none of these things, I say, belong to the great gift, the supreme gift, brought by America.

We have given to the world a new idea of international responsibility—a new sense of relationship between nations. Just as America founded a new democracy of man, she has now founded a democracy of nations.

The Monroe Doctrine is now a policy of long standing, but it was a political bombshell

to the law makers of its time. For the first time in history one nation laid down a law of international politics for another. We established a protectorate over the nations of the Western Hemisphere, the purpose of which was frankly protection against the European powers. The act was not, at first, kindly received by these old-world conservatives, but it has since proved of inestimable benefit to all concerned.

It was after the Boxer Uprising that America first showed her personal magnanimity. When the international army hurried to Pekin to aid in quelling the uprising and to protect the Americans and Europeans imprisoned in the city, great sums of money were expended, and when at the close of the war, China faced the problem of reimbursing the nations who had sent aid in her time of need, America with her own civil struggle less than half a century behind, and realizing the dire need of China, refused her share of the indemnity. China in grateful acknowledgement of this generosity, set aside the sum which would otherwise have been paid into the already well filled treasury of America, for the purpose of educating her young men, saying that they should be sent to American colleges and universities, a few each year, and as only the interest of the sum would be used, it need never be exhausted.

Our treatment of Cuba again caused the world to gasp and wonder, for it seemed to other nations that America was foolishly rejecting a perfectly legitimate source of profit. But America, remembering her own long term of dependence, did the nobler thing.

Then there is Mexico. To many people, weary with long forbearance, tired of endless "watchful waiting," and with patience almost exhausted, it seem that we have always been ridden by a tiresome little old man of the sea in the shape of our troublesome Southern neighbor. And we have been forbearing; we have watched and waited, hoping that Mexico, like an unruly child, would eventually grow up and come to herself. But this metamorphosis seems to be developing very slowly, so slowly in fact, as to be almost imperceptible. Nevertheless we have stood repeated insults, indignities and violations of our laws, infringement of personal and public rights, and even the massacre of our citizens in cold blood—all, that a new nation might have the opportunity to develop unhampered by alien influence and interference.

America, having come through her own trial by fire, and remembering the bitterness of the struggle, brings a great pity and a large tolerance for the follies, difficulties and weaknesses of her less fortunate sister states. This is the

fundamental cause for her new ideals of International responsibility.

And so we have the great gift of America—the gift of Ideals, of which our International policies are but a part.

Theodore Roosevelt has said, "We (Americans) rightly value success, but we sometimes overvalue it." It is true, we sometimes overrate the value of our material prosperity, and it is this "sometimes" for which we are so often condemned. Nevertheless, we are not a purely material nation, but the character and general make-up of the typical American demands this semblance of success and affluence as a blind to cover his natural sensitiveness. To quote Roosevelt again, "The people who pride themselves on having a purely commercial ideal are apparently unaware that such an ideal is as essentially mean and sordid as any in the world, and that no bandit community of the Middle Ages can have led a more unlovely life than would be the life of man to whom trade and manufactures were everything, and to whom such words as national honor and glory, as courage and daring, and loyalty and unselfishness, had become meaningless. The merely material, the merely commercial ideal, the ideal of the men 'whose fatherland is in the till,' is in its very essence debasing and lowering. It is as true today as ever it was that no man and no nation shall live by bread alone. Thrift and industry are indispensable virtues, but they are not all-sufficient."

And it is a well known fact that however closely we Americans may cleave to our almighty dollars, we are not small. We are easy winners and good losers. Whether we achieve our wealth by fair means or foul, we spend it willingly, generously, glad if in any way we may help those less fortunate than ourselves. Witness the thousands given by Andrew Carnegie for the establishment of libraries throughout the country. Witness the generous response of the country as a whole in the recent relief drives for the impoverished countries in Europe and the near East. Nor is it always spectacularly given. The average American is prone to give rather indiscriminately perhaps, but experience will teach him that hundreds given judiciously may do more good than thousands given promiscuously. Nevertheless, he gives, and that is the main thing, for many of the old-world scoffers who think us hard and worldly with no feeling of sentiment, are themselves prone to be miserly and close-fisted. It took a young, clear-eyed nation, such as America, to show them that while money and power are good things, they are good only in so far as they bring bene-

fit to the world as a whole. It is a new ideal—it is American.

But our ideals, dynamic as they may seem to the old world, are at least our own. They are the products of a new land and a new race, freed from old prejudices and beliefs, and created naturally in the unrestrained atmosphere of a new country. America herself was shaped by the visions, the ideals and the hopes of her founders. Ideals and visions are more real,

they have more force in world affairs, than those who dream them, for since the world was created, it has been a great vision, a glimpse of some lofty ideal that has moved the minds of men and made them do great things. And so America, who has brought all her boundless store of material wealth and lavished it unstintingly upon a wondering world, has brought something infinitely more rare and precious—the gift of High Ideals.



HEART'S HOME

By Elizabeth Sander Lilly

Oh, you rough and wind-tossed billows
With your madly foaming crest,
Take me on your watery pillows
To my heart's home in the West.
Bear me far, far from the throbbing
And the ceaseless, echoing sobbing
Of the Earth's relentless breast.
Take me where the silence, meeting
Silence, answers—and the fleeting
Moments echo but the beating
Of a heart that's found its rest.

Found it in the forests, slumbering
'Neath a blue and candid sky;
Found it in the torrents rumbling
With their wild and fearful cry.
Where the hills in rugged splendor
Holds a mystery and a wonder
In their snow-capped peaks so high.
And the glorious sunsets, smothering
All the earth—where twilight hovering
Through the mists, falls breathless, covering
Earth and heaven with a sigh.



Muir Woods, Marin County

Somewhat Different

By ERALD A. SCHIVO

THE S. S. Golden State had sailed from Melbourne with a full cargo of the chief exports of the city, together with a large consignment of war material. The reason for the latter shipment was the cause of not a little comment on the part of the owners, the captain and others interested in the vessel. San Francisco, it appeared, was importing quite a bit of war goods during the last six months. Did the United States contemplate a conflict with Japan, for instance, that such a quantity of unnecessary minerals, explosives, etc., should flow into one of their ports?

Whatever the object in view, the unusual consignment was to be brought to the notice of those on board the Golden City in a most peculiar manner.

Three days from San Francisco, the passengers began to send radiograms to friends and relations. There were a few business messages intermingled, but these were of no immediate importance. The wireless operators were quite familiar with the various forms apprising loved ones of arrival and of making requests for meeting at the pier. Even the business messages seemed to take on this form.

It was not without surprise, therefore, that John Peters, chief radio operator of the S. S. Golden City, re-read the message just handed him by a Japanese passenger.

"Will the message be sent immediately?" asked the Oriental gentleman, puffing casually on a perfumed cigarette.

Peters surveyed the short, pudgy figure of the Japanese with the general scrutiny reserved for all narrow-eyed men.

"I have others on hand," responded Peters, "but no doubt I shall have it off within an hour."

"Thank you. Quite satisfactory," murmured the Japanese, and walked away, the odorous cigarette leaving its unusual scent behind.

"Very odd message you must send," said Peters to the second operator who had just appeared for duty. "Here, old man, read it."

The younger man received the radiogram and read it perfunctorily. He then handed it back to Peters.

"Nothing remarkable about that," he declared, seating himself in the operator's chair which Peters had vacated. "What did he say? Oh, yes. 'Death for many inevitable.' Guess he's

referring to some foolish war going on now."

"I don't know about that," urged Peters. "It's pretty hard to tell what the Japs do mean when they say something. I thought, maybe, a plot was on to blow up the ship."

"A plot to blow up the ship!" ejaculated Peterson, the second operator, who was familiar with some of Peters' imaginations. "Get some sleep, Peters, and you might feel better. Blow up the ship, you're dreaming, man!"

He adjusted the head telephones and manipulated the complicated apparatus before him, thus checking further conversation on the part of Peters, who would likely twist the matter until it became an argument booked for a long and tiresome discussion. As it was, Peters left the cabin muttering to himself.

An hour later Peterson heard the powerful San Francisco station calling him. Thrusting the aerial switch to the sending position, he answered the call. Within one minute he copied a message which caused a slight frown to disfigure his face. It was the answer to the radiogram recently transmitted for the Japanese passenger.

"Peters must be right," admitted Peterson, after he had given his O. K. to the transmitting station in the city. He made a copy of the message preparatory to its delivery to the addressee, Mr. Nakahara.

"Sorry," the radiogram read. "Do as planned, far as possible."

Indubitably this was an order necessitated by the dispatch of Nakahara's message. Was it possible that a plot to blow up the vessel was planned by the Japanese? Message number one seemed to mean that a great loss of life might be expected with the destruction of the vessel. The second radiogram, the one received, seemed to disregard this fact and order the plotters to proceed as planned. Should he (Peterson) inform the captain of the impending disaster, or would it be advisable to wait for further information?

Peterson decided on the latter course. He would take the message to Nakahara, and that gentleman might incriminate himself by sending another one to San Francisco.

"Any message for me?"

Peterson turned to see the Japanese, Nakahara, at the window used by passengers to hand in their radiograms. The Oriental, no

doubt, had waited in the vicinity of the wireless cabin with the expectation of receiving something from his superior in the city.

"Just got one," replied Peterson with apparent uninterest. He handed the message to the Japanese. The little man's expression was unchangeable as he read the typewritten sheet.

"A blank, please," he asked. Peterson was ready with one.

The Japanese hesitated for an unusual period before writing out the message. He then handed it to Peterson with the question:

"What will the charge come to?"

Peterson quickly counted out ten words.

"One dollar, thirty, please," he said.

Nakahara gingerly counted out the exact amount.

"Send it as soon as possible," he instructed, and again walked away, this time whistling softly.

"As order, 8 P. M. Fifteen."

This was the simple wording of Nakahara's second radiogram to San Francisco. Peterson decided to send it, call Peters, and tell him to inform the captain. The Japanese, thought the excited operator, intended to carry out instructions as ordered at 8 P. M., and what was more likely than that fifteen bombs were planted about the entire vessel.

Peterson was becoming nervous. He had heard conversations pertaining to the large quantity of war materials consigned to the Pacific Coast city, and was aware of a little mystery concerning same. What was more practicable than that the destruction of aforesaid materials would be detrimental to the United States? It certainly would be in case of war.

The young radio operator thrust in his switches as if preparing to send a call of distress. Soon the roar of the dynamo could be heard waxing to a windy roar, and with the manipulation of the key a muffled spark came faintly from the quenched spark gap.

Peterson successfully transmitted the message. He then left his instruments for the purpose of awakening Peterson, who was asleep in an adjoining stateroom.

"Already," muttered Peters, cognizant of the fact that he had slept but a short period.

"Get up, Peters," said the second operator. "I have two other messages concerning the Jap, and things begin to look suspicious, to say the least. I guess it's a matter for the captain."

"I'll be ready in a few minutes," consented Peters, now fully awake. "Don't leave the set; something might come in."

Peterson went quickly to his post of duty. He adjusted the sensitive apparatus to its high-

est degree of efficiency, but could detect no call for the Golden City. He waited expectantly until Peters made his appearance.

"Let me read the messages," requested Peters.

Peterson handed over the two puzzling radiograms. The older man read the communications and muttered something unintelligible. He was perceptibly excited: he imagined the great ship being searched from bow to stern for hidden bombs, and he perceived himself a mighty hero extracting the deadly infernal machines from dark passages and the mysterious depths of the hold.

"What do you make of them?" asked Peters.

"Bad business," said Peters somewhat nervously. "We mustn't delay a moment. Maybe the entire ship will have to be searched. I'll see the captain at once."

Peters hurried to the commander's quarters. A knock brought the summons:

"Come in."

Peters stepped into the commodious cabin.

"A message for me?" asked the captain amiably, as he recognized Peters.

"No, sir," said Peters. "I have something a little more important, I think. Read these messages and tell me your opinion of them, sir."

The commander accepted the communications and read the first one slowly. A frown appeared on his forehead. The scowl turned to one of surprise and puzzlement after he had read the answer to the message through a second time. The third message read, a slight paleness was noticeable. He had not discussed the war materials without some apprehension. The Japanese had figured largely in his thoughts and conversations with the other officers. If the operator, Peters, had discovered a trace of danger in the messages, why should not he, the captain, who knew the nature of his cargo, be forewarned of impending peril?

"Just what do you figure these radiograms to mean?" asked the commander tentatively.

Peters shuffled uneasily. What if he had been unduly troubled with false ideas?

"Maybe I'm mistaken," he said thoughtfully, "but, sir, I think the messages mean simply this: the vessel is to be blown up by the Japanese at 8 P. M., because of the war materials we have on board."

"Exactly," murmured the captain nervously. "You know the nature of the cargo, Peters?"

"Only what I heard you say during some of your conversations, sir."

"Well, it is more dangerous to Japan, in case of war, than you may suspect," confided the

commander. "The bringing of these messages to my notice may avert great disaster, Mr. Peters, and I commend you for your wisdom in deciphering them. I shall question this Nakahara immediately. I think you may remain here if you wish."

The captain pressed a button, and a cabin boy appeared.

"Call Mr. Bullock, and tell him to bring Mr. Nakahara to my cabin," he instructed the boy.

"If the Jap refuses to admit the placing of the bombs, and we fail to find them all—" The commander twitted his face apprehensively. "I think the first officer, Mr. Bullock, will be able to get a confession from him: he is an ex-police detective."

The captain appeared relieved with his statement. Peterson remained silent. Both waited patiently for the appearance of Nakahara and Bullock.

After what seemed a long interval, Bullock was admitted, followed by the stocky Japanese.

"Sorry, sir," apologized Bullock, "but I had some trouble in finding Mr. Nakahara. The gentleman seemed to avoid me several times."

"Uh," muttered the captain, looking sternly at the sober mein of the Japanese. "Be seated, Mr. Bullock. Mr. Nakahara, please take this chair; I have a momentous matter to bring before you."

Nakahara seated himself as directed, facing Bullock. Not a change of expression was noticeable on the Japanese. He waited for the captain to continue speaking.

"Read these messages, Mr. Bullock."

One after the other, Bullock read them. He betrayed his anxiety by grinding his teeth, a sure sign of impending trouble.

"Read them, Mr. Nakahara," the commander instructed, taking the communications from Bullock and handing all three to the Japanese.

Without a flicker of emotion, Nakahara read the first, glanced at the second and guessed the contents of the third. He handed them back to the captain without one word.

"Please explain," demanded the captain truculently.

Nakahara remained mute. The commander glanced at Bullock for help. Bullock, knowing what was expected of him, came to the point at once.

"Nakahara," he said, "you are suspected of being in a plot to blow up this ship." For the first time the Japanese showed genuine surprise. A bewildered frown strove for utterance. "Those messages," continued Bullock, pointing to the radiograms in the captain's hand, "are

very suspicious. Unless you can explain them, Mr. Nakahara, you will be put in irons for the remainder of the voyage."

"You are mistaken, gentlemen," said Nakahara sobbingly. "I have no reason, nor have I any thought or wish to harm any one."

"Explain the messages, then," demanded the captain for the second time.

"Please believe me, gentlemen," pleaded Nakahara, "please believe me when I tell you the messages are of a private nature and relate in no way whatsoever, to the destruction of this vessel."

"How are we to believe you without proof?" queried Bullock. "How may we know you are not lying to us and playing for time. The message gave the time-of-destruction as 8 P. M. Explain, if you please, or in irons you go!"

The little Japanese seemed almost ready to cry as he stared anxiously at the ex-detective. Three pairs of eyes gave no heed to the pleading mode of the man. They were all aware of Japanese artifice.

"Search the vessel," sobbed Nakahara; search the vessel, and you will find no explosives set to go off at any time. I'm innocent of the charge, Captain, but I will not explain the messages; to do so would ruin me, and you would derive absolutely nothing. Put me in irons if you wish. You must prove your charge against me, and that might be only partially accomplished by finding the bombs, if there are such."

The Japanese speech sounded final.

"Lock him up, Mr. Bullock," was the captain's command. "We'll have the vessel searched."

"In irons?" Bullock asked.

"No, not yet. Lock him in his stateroom."

Nakahara appeared relieved.

"Yes, Captain, search the ship," he pleaded.

"We will," said the commander, grimly, and set about giving the necessary orders.

Peters volunteered to help in the search, and his services were accepted at once.

From bow to stern the vessel was rummaged by the crew in an attempt to find hidden bombs. No likely hiding place was neglected; the engine room, the quarters of both officers and crew, pilot house, wireless cabin, staterooms, everywhere, were examined with expert thoroughness. Although some of the passengers protested against their staterooms being searched, their objections were soon quieted with a few words.

The stateroom of Nakahara was ransacked from end to end and from top to bottom, with-

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THE BORROWER

By Margaret Harden Bellis

I envy you that hillside grave,
The grave you tend with loving care—
Cool shadows play so softly there.

I love its sheltering lilac bush,
The purple bloom that caps each limb—
The fragrance must sink down to him.

The pansies nestling in the grass
With faces laughing in the rain,
Must often ease your keening pain.

Alas! I have no grave to tend;
My dead lies in a foreign soil—
God gave him rest from blood and toil.

So let me sit beside your dead,
For in the twilight it may be
My dead may come to comfort me.

THERE IS AN ISLE

Glenn Ward Dresbach

There is an isle in a southern sea
And many a tale of it is told—
How ships fled there with pirate gold
And song was loud and song was free.
Where blood was spilled in sudden fights
Now red hibiscus fills the nights
With sweetness, but where treasures are
Still buried in the glistening sands,
The palms lift restless shadowy hands
As if to grasp the crescent moon
Hung like a chieftain's scimitar
Above the shadowed blue lagoon . . .
O, I would touch, upon that shore,
The spray's flung pearls and ask no more!

Reflections of a Swivel Chair Soldier

By THOMAS MARSHALL SPAULDING

TO begin with, let me qualify as an expert. Few soldiers of our generation can equal, and none can surpass, my experience of warfare as conducted from the swivel chair. From April 6, 1917, to November 11, 1918, (both dates inclusive) I served my country, not in the field, but in the office. One more statement and my case is complete: that office was always located in the city of Washington. Throughout the war, then, from the first day to the last, I occupied only what are congressionally and editorially referred to as safe and easy berths. So much by way of preface.

Recent events have served to remind the public of something which it was fast forgetting—that thousands upon thousands of presumably loyal citizens were ready to resort to any means, however sordid, to escape the service of their country. Perhaps that is not quite a fair statement. Probably most of them at heart shared the feelings which were expressed to me in words by one young man, physically sound and unburdened with dependents: "Of course I want to do my bit, but I don't care about doing it in the trenches." But while we may only guess at the feelings, the actions into which they were translated were unmistakable. Actual hiding under beds was rare—it needs a considerable amount of courage, of a sort, to carry cowardice as far as that—but there was a good deal that stopped very little short of it. It has been said on good authority that one Senator wrote no less than seven thousand letters in the endeavor to get constituents excused from the draft. The United States Senate has ninety-six members. Fortunately, some of them, at least, wrote not one word in an effort to save any man from doing his duty. But though the spirit manifested by some men during the war is not a pleasant thing to reflect upon, yet it is easy to make too much of it. After all, the results show that the greater part of the population was not, as some pessimists seem to believe, wholly occupied in evading the service of the government and in making as large a personal profit as possible.

On the other hand, a great deal has been spoken and written, both during the war and after, which would lead one to believe that

practically every man in the country, old and young, was burning with a desire to get into the army, and then to reach the front line at the earliest possible moment. Some newspapers actually explained the draft act as a means, not of filling the army, but of choosing out the myriads of eager applicants those favored few whose wishes were to be gratified. Even in advance of demonstration we were safe in taking this oratorical currency at a liberal discount. When a certain Senator (another one) informed the War Department that "all the boys are raring to go to France" the statement seemed "too fervent to be reassuring," and it was no great surprise to find that the particular boys in question felt obliged to put constraint upon their inclinations until some conditions should be complied with by the government.

But this myth, like myths generally, had its origin in fact. There were thousands of Americans who did have just such feelings as the Fourth of July speaker wrongly ascribes to all the rest of us; men whose dearest wish was to serve and to serve wherever the danger might be greatest. It is the simple truth that there were those among them who no more contemplated the possibility of returning alive from France than you or I contemplate the possibility of being brought home dead from the office tomorrow. They thought of death as the natural and normal end of the day's work, as we think of turning the key in the door, and with little more emotion. So, too, with some men who were in the army at the outbreak of the war. The right to serve was already guaranteed to them, but in this they felt no satisfaction; without service at the front life to them would be a failure. I do not mean the mere instinctive feeling that if there must be a war a soldier's place is in the field, where he may share both the risk and the glory. It was more than that. To some officers of the Regular Army service at home was more than hard luck—it was positive disgrace, comparable to conviction of a crime. No inconsiderable number of such men have resigned from the army since the conclusion of the armistice put an end to their hopes of field service, unable to endure the life-long humiliation of association with men who have actually fought. They find no consolation

in the reflection that they had no choice in the matter, or that they have plenty of company. As to the last, it appears that only a little over fifty per cent of officers ever reached Europe during the war, and of these a considerable proportion saw no more fighting than did the men at home.

Let me digress for a moment to speak of those gold-snap men who were never in action. Most of them very properly take their service as a matter of course, calling for neither boastfulness nor apology; they obeyed orders and did their work. Some of them, however, play the hero with aggressive modesty, taking pains that the fact that they served in France shall not pass unnoticed, but avoiding particulars. On the other hand, there are those who are morbidly anxious that there shall be no misunderstanding. I know one man who never lets the question whether he served in France pass with a mere affirmative. He must particularize. "Yes, I was lucky enough to have more war service in France than most. I had two months in Tours and two in Bordeaux, and then five months on the Riviera. Yes I have been under fire; I was visiting in Paris one day when the long range gun fired a shot."

For those men whose primary object it was to avoid all service during the war, no one has a good word to say. This is both natural and fortunate. It is equally natural and equally fortunate that the men who earnestly sought service at the front should always and everywhere be held up to admiration. They displayed—sometimes in an exaggerated form—the spirit which alone can make a nation strong in war, and which therefore should be systematically cultivated. It is the spirit of aggression; the desire to close with the enemy; what is called in military parlance the offensive spirit—very offensive indeed from the viewpoint of the enemy. This the American soldier possessed in a notable degree, as the recent war has clearly demonstrated, and it more than neutralizes certain defects which, I do not attempt to deny, seem to be inherent in his nature, and eradicable only by education.

Considered in the abstract, this spirit seems wholly admirable, and so it generally proves in its practical results. But not always. What about those men who were so anxious to serve in France that they would render honest service nowhere else? There was an appreciable number of them. They "wouldn't play" unless they could play where they wanted to. Some such men actually succeeded in getting abroad by so persistently shirking their duty in that station of life in which it had pleased God and the War

Department to call them, and by rendering themselves so insufferable by their complaints and repinings, that their commanding officers, in sheer exhaustion, finally added their names to the next lists of overseas replacements. Verily they have their reward, and it may be that they enjoy it with quiet conscience.

But most men in the army tried to do the work that was set before them to the best of their ability, regardless of what their personal preferences might be. Indeed, the pressure of duty was so constant, so unremitting, that one rarely had opportunity to stop and consider whether a change would be acceptable. When today's work was done there was little time left for speculation about tomorrow. In my own case—if you will pardon a statement of personal experience—I can recall just two occasions when my mind was centered on the thought of getting immediate field service. One was early in the fall of 1917, when certain troops were preparing for transportation overseas, and when most of us had the idea that America would get only a small force into the field. The other was in the spring of 1918, when the great German offensive was at its height. One officer, embarking then, cheerfully remarked that he would "arrive just in affair into the almost empty rack." "You kept time to meet them on the beach," and there seemed a fair prospect that his prediction might prove correct. Probably my own feelings in each of these two instances were due to the notion that this might be the last chance; but if that is the psychology of the matter, it is hard to see why the negotiations for the armistice should not have had a similar effect—I can merely record the fact that they did not.

At all other times the thought of field service remained in the mental background. That I should arrive in France sooner or later, I fully expected, until almost the end of the war; and I was firmly convinced that it would be a lifelong disappointment if, for any reason, the chance never came. The mental picture of the return of a victorious army was always very vivid, and the thought of looking on as an outsider while the troops marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, as they had done in 1865, was a sickening one.

Well, a victorious army did return. Troops did pass down Pennsylvania Avenue in triumphal procession. It was the magnificent First Division—first in number as in everything else. All of its wartime officers who could be assembled were there to march with it. I had served under its famous commander, years before,

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When a Man Has Lied

By MacCARROL PATTISON

WITH a sigh from the panting engine that pulled it, a long train of empty cars came to a jerky stop alongside a water tower. Grunting, muttering to himself, a tattered figure crawled slowly and painfully from beneath one of the cars, rubbed his bruised body, and limped away in the morning twilight. At first, one would have taken him to be an ordinary bumper rider, whose fruitless purpose was a mere change of location, but such a person would have had no desire to desert his mode of conveyance at that particular spot. The water tower was the only structure for miles around, and the track stretched in either direction from it into a dense, wooded region. It was into the deep shadows of these woods that the figure disappeared. An hour later he emerged at a large clearing, where a line of shanties bordered a deep-rutted roadway. Stopping a moment, he brushed the dirt from his clothes, and then stepped confidently through the open door of the largest shanty.

"SKYBOW SPRUCE CORPORATION."

"I'm lookin' for a job," he explained, presenting himself at the counter.

"Well, what can you do?" came the sharp question from the man on the other side.

"I can do anything you got to give me," declared the ragged one. "I'll chop trees, drive a team, run an engine, er anything. But keepin' books is my line."

"Hm. You sound sure of yourself," was the reply. "What's your name?"

"Collins." He had not hesitated, for he felt that in the great Northwest a man's past was forgotten, or did not matter. He had disgraced his name, but he had not changed it, and now he would restore to it its former honor.

"Collins?" repeated the other, wrinkling his brow. "You're not—not 'Clicky'?" he asked.

"Yes, they called me that once. But how'd you know?"

"Then you don't remember me? It was I who gave you that name, because you wore little steel plates on your heels that made such an odd noise on the marble floors."

"Marble floors?" Collins reflected. "That was when I was buildin' superintendent at the Aldrich Bank. Say, take off that cap."

The request was complied with.

"God!" exclaimed Collins. "It's Slater."

"Yes," said Slater quietly, "I said I'd make

good."

"Well, you started right, even when we was in stir. And it got you out t'ree years before me, too. Oh, I tell you, buddy, it makes me blood boil when I think of how they treated us there, though neither one of us was guilty. Bribed the whole court, that's what the boss did. Put the blame on us, 'cause he'd seen us workin' in the bank night after night, you a-teachin' me how to keep books. Then he took the haul he'd made and cleared out. I'd like to meet him ag'in. I'd—"

"You have a chance," Slater interrupted. "He's running this very lumber business, and I'm working for him now."

"What? Yer tryin' to kid me," accused Collins.

"No, not a bit of it," he answered. "But of course he doesn't know it. You see, he seldom comes around, and this," pointing to his moustache, "is what keeps him from finding out."

"Well, I didn't know you atfirst," Collins admitted. "But tell me, what's yer job? You know what I can do; can't you fix me up?" he pleaded.

"My work is that of paymaster," Slater answered a trifle proudly. "And as for giving you a place, that's in my line also. We need a checker on the sluice at Camp One."

"Thanks, pally. I—"

"Here," continued Slater, "is some money. Follow the trail out there to town, and get some clothes."

Collins stuck out his grimy fist, and Slater grasped it; then without a word both turned away. Slater resumed his work on the long payroll, calculating, man by man, the amount of money he would draw from he town bank that afternoon, and Collins hurried down the trail toward Skybow.

* * *

By noon the newly appointed checked had completted his purchases, and had started on his return trip. As he passed the last building at the edge of the town, the sign of a foaming glass caught his attention. It was not an ideal way to begin, he thought, but the loose change in his pocket urged him on more than did the desire for the taste of liquor. He entered the room below the sign, and slowly walked to the bar, on which he leaned uneasily. He was regarded contemptuously by those already there.

They knew he was a tenderfoot; the bundle of clothes was evidence enough. Fearing to arouse sarcastic remarks, Collins called for a stronger drink than he had intended. Sipping it slowly, and with relish, he listened to the conversation going on about him. It was, for the most part, a muddle of names that he did not know, but once or twice he caught that of Slater.

The glass emptied, Collins set out. It was a tiresome trip, but his recent hardships had toughened him; so he hurried on. Slater met him at the head of the trail.

"All right, Collins," he greeted him, "report to the foreman at Camp One. It's down the road to your left."

"I'm sure ready to start," was Collins's cheery assertion. "I remember," he added, noticing a black bag in Slater's hand, "when we used to fill bags like that with money enough to buy the whole town down there."

"Yes," agreed Slater, "those amounts would have bought all of Skybow. I'm going down to get enough for that now," he continued.

"You are?"

There was a peculiar tone of anxiety in the words, and Slater immediately regretted having told the purpose of his trip, particularly when he caught the odor of alcohol on Collins's breath.

"You'd better hurry over and sign up," he advised as he swung down the trail.

* * *

It was dusk when Slater returned to his shack. He entered, lit a lantern, and put the bag, well weighed with silver and bills, in the safe. Then, hanging the lantern above his bunk, he sat down and read from a week-old newspaper. He had decided it was to be an all-night vigil; hence the time went slowly. After a long period his head nodded, but at a sound he was awake and ready.

"I've got the drop on you, Clicky, he shouted. "Don't make a move. I know what you're here for."

"Then you was lookin' for me to bust in?" queried Collins.

"Yes, I was. After you followed me to Skybow this afternoon, I expected something," Slater declared.

"But you haven't got any help. You could a' had it easy."

"I don't need it. This is enough," the paymaster retorted, raising his revolver higher. "Your game's up, Clicky. The money stays here; so you might as well go."

"You're goin' to let me go?"

"Yes, and hurry up."

"But if you'd shoot off that gun, and the boss'd find me here, you'd go big."

"That's nothing to me."

"But you'd get a raise. Don't you want it?"

"Not bad enough to send you back to stir for it. You don't want to go, do you?"

"Well, hardly. If it came to that, I'd rather you'd pull the trigger with the muzzle pointed right this way."

"Then why did you come? You knew I'd be ready."

"I didn't know, but I felt pretty sure, and now I'm glad you were."

"What do you mean?" demanded Slater.

"Why—"

"Sssh!" murmured Collins.

There was a bang on the shanty door, and Collins dropped to his knees, motioning to Slater to do the same. A moment of silence followed; then a gleam of light flickered above the counter. Collins sprang up suddenly, leaped to a table, then to the counter, and directly on the foremost figure holding the light. They fell with a crash, rolled, and the invader lay still. Slater sensed the situation, and appearing quickly before the other two lumbermen, started them into submission by firing his gun. Collins made quick work of tying them.

"They'll be good till mornin', I'm thinkin'," he said. And now I'll be leavin' you, 'cause that shot will bring someone."

"Wait. I want to know something first," Slater requested. "You knew about this raid?"

"Sure. I guessed it from what I heard at the bar in Skybow this mornin'."

"Then that was why you followed me to town?"

And again the reply was "Suer."

"And why you sneaked in here this evening?"

Collins hesitated.

"Well?" urged Slater.

"At first it was, but seein' you asleep I planned to get the money. It was revenge on the boss I wanted, and I figured you'd catch the real crooks when they came, though I wasn't carin' much about yer reputation. But when you caught me, and acted so white about it, I saw I'd ought to help you out."

A step sounded in the shanty, and Collins turned and saw his former employer. He started for the window, and Slater, pushing him out, whispered:

"You were the one who was white, Clicky. It was I and not the boss who was guilty of robbing the bank."

Jim and the Boa

By MAURICE SOULIER

Translated from the French by Sarah R Heath.

HE calls himself Grazianovith, claiming that his name with its double derivation from Jugo-Slav and Czecho-Slovakia, signifies that he is of both Italian and Polish descent. It is not unlikely. He certainly speaks most European languages, and each with its accent. His age is doubtful: whether sixty years well preserved, or jaded forty is a mystery. He is constitutionally thin, dried-up, all muscle; a physique that defies time. He is always correctly attired.

One day I had the curiosity to call upon him at the address which he had given me, 234 boulevard Haussmann: a sumptuous apartment. In response to my enquiry the porter muttered "Graziano? On the sixth, the fourth door to the right. But he is not at home."

He is never at home!

I believe that he casually teaches English, or Italian, or Spanish in vague establishments. But above all else he has business dealings, big affairs that come to naught. Meanwhile, he taps his friends. He taps them with all his might, but the money collected from them is never repaid.

In short, a faker, a swindler, a rogue? Not at all: merely a dreamer with the best intentions in the world. It is always tomorrow that he will grasp his elusive fortune, sign the contract that will definitely assure his ease and enable him to reimburse all of his creditors. But, alas! at the last moment there is invariably a hitch, a delay of several weeks, and one must live, n'est-ce pas?

Moreover, when he has money, his purse flies open to flatterers. Upon the whole he is very congenial, often irresistible. I have a weakness for him.

The other morning about ten o'clock, he arrived at my house, breathless, after his usual fashion. I was about to go out.

"Ah, dear friend," he protested, "don't let me detain you. I'll walk a little way with you."

"Not at all, my old Graziano. It is true that I am a bit pressed, but I yet have time to chat with you a while. Sit down and smoke a cigarette."

"Willingly," (he assumed an impressive tone) "especially as it may be the last cigarette that we shall smoke together."

"And why, dear friend?"

"Because I have come to say good-bye. I leave day after tomorrow for Caracas. Magnificent affair! I am buying India-rubber forests, on behalf of an English company. Superb conditions: ten per cent of the profits and 5000 francs on signing the contract."

I mildly suggested:

"Real forests—forests that exist?" Graziano has many "Forests in Spain." He seemed hurt at my suggestion.

"Don't be facetious. It is a serious matter—most serious. I firmly believe that this time my chance has come. Truly, I shall not let it escape me."

"Assuredly not, my good friend. Well, when do you leave?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"And you return?"

"God knows when! For this reason, before my departure, I should like to leave you a slight souvenir, and also one to your dear wife. Mere trifles, considering my many obligations to you."

"I assure you, my dear Grazia, that the pleasure was ours.

"I know, I know. It touches me profoundly, but I would not have you forget me altogether during my absence. By the way, my very dear friend, I know that you love dogs. Is it not so?"

I was slightly surprised, but replied philosophically:

"More than men."

"Quite right! You know my 'Jim'?"

"Jim? No, I don't know him. Is he a dog?"

"An Irish terrier. You have never seen him? That is curious. True, you have not often honored me with a visit—not meaning to reproach you. Jim is an admirable animal, given to me by the prime minister of Sweden, in recognition of a slight service that I had an opportunity to render him. He is now three years old; a superb animal, unique, pure bred, intelligent and good. It would be folly to take him with me on the adventuresome life that I am about to lead. Hence, I thought that you might like to receive and keep him."

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Bravo! I shall send him to you this evening by a messenger, because I doubt if I shall have time to see you again before my departure.

(Continued on Page 72)

EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

THERE has been a great deal of discussion of late concerning the censorship of the "movies." Naturally the motion picture producers are strongly opposed to any censorship whatever, maintaining that films of a questionable character will prove their own undoing and fail utterly in consequence of their lack of appeal. However, this argument is apt to strike one as very illogical if we may judge by the financial success won by many sensational "screen dramas." The truth is that both the "movies" and the legitimate stage have been given to the exploitation of sex during the past few years. The producing manager has found that the word "darling" carries with it a strong box-office appeal and he has worked the risque element in drama and comedy for all that it is worth—with the result that certain people, not necessarily advocates of blue laws, are demanding something less salacious and sensational on the screen and stage.

The majority of comedies produced on Broadway are utilized by motion picture producers sooner or later, consequently we have the "bed room farce" with its suggestive scenes rendered even more suggestive when shown on the screen. It has been a case of in the bed and on the bed and under the bed with an occasional dash through the bath room until the sane and sensible portion of the audience feels that its intelligence has been gravely insulted. Therefore, together with scenes of the dime-novel sort which are wont to inspire in youth a desire to emulate the bold hero or heroine it is not to be wondered at that a strong agitation for a more drastic censorship should exist.

* * *

Of course there is such a thing as a too drast-

ic censorship. The position of censor is not one for the moral prude of the land. Therein lies a danger. There are those among us who are easily shocked and who would object to the harrowing sight of a man and a maid kissing in the moonlight. Such sensitive persons if permitted to exercise their authority would soon bring about the abolishment of censorship altogether. It is not an office to be filled by the narrow-minded or prudish, but if administered judiciously, by persons of cultivated taste and sound judgment, it should prove very successful in heightening the general public's appreciation of clean, wholesome entertainment.

* * *

A reaction is bound to follow the orgy of idiocy that has prevailed in the American theatre during the past few years. New York's dramatic reviewers have turned their attention to the efforts of the Theatre Guild, the Provincetown Players and other organizations which seek to offer high-class plays in a high-class style. This is at least encouraging and the patronage given these so-called "high-brow" dramas such as "Beyond the Horizon," "The Mob," "John Ferguson," and others of a similar standard, is very gratifying.

Despite the lure of the motion picture, the spoken drama is not wholly ignored and we venture the prediction that the next generation will see a revival of the classic play enacted by men and women of talent and intelligence. The art of acting is something more than making faces at a camera. The human voice is a wonderful instrument. It touches the chords of human sympathy as no moving picture can possibly do and it has not lost its power to sway the emotions of mankind in spite of the Pickfords, the Harts and the Chaplins.

The attention of our readers is called to the essay, published in this issue, entitled "The Realm of Common Sense." The author, Mr. James H. Campbell, is one of the West's most prominent lawyers, and speaks with authority on the many technical absurdities of the law. It would seem that the time had come for a complete revision of legal procedure. For one thing the obsolete words and ancient phraseology employed in legal matters might well be changed and plain, every-day English be used in its stead, so that the average individual may have no doubt as to what a statement of law really means.

* * *

Mr. Campbell, by the way, is the author of a volume on "General McClellan," published by the Neale Company. It is a strong defense of the General and has won the high praise of many book reviewers.

* * *

"Current Opinion" for June contains an exceedingly complimentary review of Glen Ward Dresbach's volume of verse, published by the "Four Seas Company." Mr. Dresbach's work is familiar to Overland readers. It is characterized by imagination and felicity of expression as the poem "Processional," published in this number, bears witness. Mr. Dresbach is a resident of El Paso, Texas.

* * *

C. Duncan Cummings of Los Altos has written a book called "When You Go to Heaven." Whatever criticism may be offered, one thing is absolutely sure. The author knows as much about his subject as anyone living. The book is therefore beyond the pale of criticism. The critic is in no position to argue the question, feeling that the author knows as much about Heaven as he, himself, does—which is nothing.

Mr. Cummings finds some things in the Scriptures which contribute mightily to his mental agitation. He is worried over the possibility of meeting all his ancestors. He figures that in five generations the average person would meet some 43,688 members of his family when he enters the Great Beyond. He then indulges in speculation regarding one's ancestors that lived 50,000 years ago and the trials and tribulations in meeting all of them and explaining the relationship. Despite the facetious attitude of the author and his occasional touches of cynicism and humor, the little book reveals a close study of the world's great scientists and philosophers. It is an interesting discussion of a theme concerning which there are all sorts of opinions based on purely imaginary grounds. Mr. Cummings' opinions are worth as much as those of

any other guesser, so he need have no fear of contradiction.

* * *

In a recent number of "The Forum," the English essayist, Edmund Gosse, draws the following pen picture of an American poet who was lionized in London in the early seventies:

"I remember meeting at the house of Jean Ingelow, about 1871, an American poet who was dressed in light corduroy breeches and top boots, articles which it long afterward transpired had been bought in Paris. It was not then, and is not now, usual to dine in Kensington travested as a cowboy, yet the hostess and her guests were not offended, but pleasurable agitated by the apparition. 'Straight from the prairie, you know!' Miss Ingelow, gently flushed, whispered to her guests, who were gratified to know, or to think they knew, how an American poet of the most genuine looked when they dined at home."

Is it possible that Mr. Gosse refers to the late "Poet of the Sierras," who was a prominent figure in London literary circles in 1871 and whose dress was by no means conventional?

* * *

Those who visited The Heights some twenty years ago will doubtless recall among poet's "students" a slender young Japanese boy who afterward went out into the big world and made a name for himself as poet and essayist. His name was Yone Noguchi, and at present he is professor of English literature at Kuo Gijuku University, Tokyo. He lectured on Japanese poetry at Oxford after leaving California and won the high esteem of many famous English men of letters.

Noguchi is the author of a little volume entitled "Japan and America," in which he pleads for a closer relationship between the civilizations of the East and the West. In his criticism of our people he is invariably genial and he certainly knows our national strength and weakness. He thinks our women are far too civilized for our men: "Who patronize the art of your country? Your women. Who support your stage? Your women. And who control your literature? Your women."

His book is published by "Orientalia," New York, N. Y.

* * *

"Historic English," by James C. Fernald, is not only a history of English speech or English language, but a remarkable resume of the history of the English people as seen in the development of their language. Graphically, and in a style both beautiful and calculated to hold the reader's closest attention, Dr. Fernald shows

you when, why, and where our great language came into being and explains the reasons for its remarkable regularity, development and progress. These facts are made exceptionally clear by means of extracts from masterpieces of English literature—not the every-day masterpiece found in books of recitation, but genuinely choice specimens of English.

The book is published by the Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York.

DOWN THIRD STREET

(Continued From Page 36)

"We'll bean him in the shadow of that lumber pile and throw him in," whispered Scotty: "They'll think it's suicide."

"I say, Dunnigan," called out Hunkins, but the old man gave no reply. He was nearly opposite to the lumber pile Scotty had referred to. Scotty began to hop along the street like a gigantic sparrow and Hunkins followed, scurrying rapidly to the rythm of his two sticks which thumped in unison on the sidewalk.

Dunnigan then disappeared into a maze of lumber piles. The cripples followed. Two alleys forked; the one to the right ended in a blind pocket. At a venture they turned to the left. Dunnigan seemed to realize that he was being followed, quickened his steps, but they caught sight of him when he emerged into an open space, bordering the creek. Wharves extended to the right and left. Upon the wharf in front of him lay a pile of marine junk. Here Dunnigan suddenly stopped to pick up a link of ships cable, took a few quick steps and disappeared over the edge of the bulkhead.

"For God's sake, hurry," cried Scotty, "or he'll beat us to it!"

A hay scow from the Sacramento valley lay at the wharf with a light hanging at the stern; and a Scotch collie tied by the absent watchman to the wheel barked furiously at the cripples who clambered, or fell, rather, into a small boat moored to the landing.

Only a few bubbles and an old hat floated leisurely on the oily waters.

"Take the boat hook," commanded Scotty, hoarsely. "and jab into the mud. We'll hook him yet."

At the same instant a sharp voice called out, "Hands up, you! Quick about it!"

THE MYSTIC IN MYRA

(Continued From Page 27)

"Hello!" The word came as if the speaker was surprised, and Myra turned abruptly to

find herself facing, not a policeman, as she had half expected, but the soldier of a few days previous. "Not quitting, are you?" he asked with a meaning glance at the sign that Myra had dropped in her confusion. "I hope not," this last as he stooped to recover the sign, "for I've something I want to tell you."

Myra cleared her throat to reply, but she had mislaid her voice. Dumbly she motioned him to a seat and pointed out the notice that had spelled her doom. "Guess I'm not wanted here." The words came jerkily as the spinster tried to keep out the sob.

The soldier frowned. "Now isn't that the dickens of a note?—and just when you were getting a start too! They seem to be strong on ordinances in this man's town; always popping up with a new one overnight. But never mind, a woman as clever as you are is bound to succeed; you must not worry—you can put in some other kind of a business," he suggested.

Myra caught her lips between her teeth at his word of praise. He didn't seem at all worried about the officers grabbing her, and the spinster wondered whether they really would come, especially when she had not intended to break the law.

Her visitor seemed to read her fears. "You need not take down the signs yet. This ordinance won't go into effect for ten days." Then, as if remembering the object of his call, he continued, "I came in to thank you for the good turn you did me the other day. That fortune you told me helped me wonderfully."

Myra forgot her own fears in a more minute observation of the man. "You do look quite happy," she remarked timidly, "and I am glad if anything that I said could have helped you." Then with a touch of her former optimism: "They surely woudn't be displeased if I should give you a cup of tea—without the fortune?"

A whimsical smile lit up the man's face. "And I would surely enjoy it," he finished for her, "if you could be persuaded to make it a cup apiece?"

Myra agreed.

For a few moments he busied himself with his tea-cup, then he remarked abruptly, "I do not suppose that you can imagine how blue I was just as I saw your sign the other day? If you have ever been alone—in a strange town and broke—and not any too strong—then you might understand."

Myra nodded. "I have been homesick and —er—broke," she confided.

The soldier continued: "You see I came back from France rather disabled; the doctors recommended California—so I thought that I had

better chance it. What little money I had was tied up in my friend's business—a pal I'd trusted since we were kids together back in Iowy."

Myra stared fascinated by the mention of the home state; a feeling of kinship sprang to life in her breast. "And then—" she prompted as the soldier's voice dwindled away.

"And then my pal stopped writing. He had agreed to send me my share from the business every two weeks—a month passed and still no check. Then I heard from other home folks that he was wasting it all—and boasting how easy it was to trim me."

A sympathetic "My!" broke from Myra's lips and she leaned forward to catch the next words of the narrative.

"Then I began to lose my grip upon myself," like a boy answering a catechism of his misdeeds, the man dropped his glance from Myra's face. "You see I'd had heavy troubles, sickness in the family, deaths, and I was left alone—so when Jim turned me down, I went panicky. It seemed to me that there was nothing left—nothing to start over again with no one to care whether I ever started."

There were tears in the spinster's eyes as the soldier paused. "I felt just that way after Pa died," she said gently. "Then I came west after awhile—like he had always planned for me to do—" Her voice broke, old memories overcoming her.

The man nodded in sympathy. "Doesn't it make a person feel cut off—and alone, though?" For a moment they mused in silence, then the soldier found words again. "There is not much more to tell—only to thank you again for saving my life."

"Saving your life? What do you mean?" asked Myra in amazement.

Again her guest averted shamed eyes. "Yes—my life. I had my revolver—I was planning to end it all! Oh, I know that I was a coward—but I was down to my last half dollar. Then your sign caught my eye as I was on my way to self-destruction and I thought 'what is fifty cents more or less to a dead man?'"

Myra shuddered as the soldier's voice came still lower. "So I decided to have my fortune read, as a last entertainment I suppose." His sentence ended abruptly.

A wave of rejoicing blended with a sort of delicious terror swept over the spinster's whole being. "But afterwards you decided not to—kill yourself?" she prompted, eager to hear it all.

The soldier nodded. "It was not so much what you told me as the way you said it. Why, I felt like a yellow quitter! You seemed to

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really believe that luck was coming my way and I began to wonder if I hadn't been a bit too hasty. I went out of your place resolving to live up to my uniform instead of down to my despair," he said earnestly. "But the best part of it all is that my fortune came true."

"Goody!" The word dropped from Myra's lips so unexpectedly that she surprised herself.

"Yes—there was the letter waiting for me when I got home! A letter and check from old Jimmie—he was dreadfully sorry and ashamed of the way he had been acting—and so my world righted itself after all."

"Oh, I am so glad! How terrible it would have been, had you—" Myra's voice refused to utter the thought.

The soldier smiled with frank cheerfulness. "Well, all's well that ends to the mustard," he remarked lightly. "It is just like a story, isn't it?"

"Indeed, it is," replied Myra. Then in a far-away tone, "I used to try to write for the magazines, but my stories all come back; I even put roseleaves between the sheets to see if the editors really read a beginner's work—but the manuscripts still came back."

"Rose-leaves and all?"

"Well, no—the leaves were shook out," answered Myra candidly, "but I suppose I did not know enough about real people to hold anyone's interest. I hadn't been around much to get acquainted; you see Dad was old and I had him to wait upon—then afterwards I came out here to look around—" Her thoughts came back to her present disappointments and problems with a start.

The man nodded. "That was a good idea; there is plenty to write about here, pretty scenery and—things." His idea of what writers wrote about seemed rather vague. "Tell you what—you could write a pippin of a story, put us in it, you—and me."

Myra shook her head doubtfully. "I should love to, but I do not think I am smart enough. You see—so many stories came back—why, I have a whole bundle in my trunk tied up with a blue ribbon."

"Nothing like keeping at it," encouraged the soldier, who now seemed to be on radiantly friendly terms with optimism. "It might make up for the loss of the fortune-telling business."

A great lonesome tear crept out of the corner of Myra's eye to her extreme consternation. "I think I'll have to go back home," she confided. "There isn't anything else for me in a business way and my rent here is high. Guess I'll be going back right soon."

"You do not want to leave California?" the

soldier questioned, trying to piece together the pathetic remnants of the woman's broken plans.

"No, no, but there is no other way," answered Myra sorrowfully.

He took a rapid though careful survey of the room. "This place would make a dandy lunch room," he mused. "Think you could get a lease?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," the spinster's tone donated wavering surprise. "The agent who owns it wanted me to keep it right along, but I could only afford two months' rent."

Her visitor took out pencil and paper from his pocket. "Mind talking over the details with me—what rent you pay?" I've looked this town over for a vacant store. I want to start a little restaurant, but I could not find anything suitable."

Myra gave him the figures, watching with fascinated eyes as he made some rapid calculations. "Yep, I think I could make a go of it," he volunteered at last. "Want to take in a partner?"

Myra looked confused; this came as a surprise and for a moment she did not reply.

The soldier drew a long, fat envelope from his pocket. "Here are my credentials—sort of an introduction," he volunteered. "My name is Ed Hopkins—born in Iowy."

"I am Myra Spigot, also of Iowa," returned the spinster with a polite little catch in her voice, "but I haven't any more money to put into business, and I do not know the first thing about running a restaurant."

"I do," interrupted the soldier eagerly, "and I shall be glad to attend to all the details in the business if you will let me. You furnish the building and fixtures and I'll put in the stock. What say?"

A glimmer of light began to dawn in Myra's miserably lonesome soul. "I'd like very much to stay here in California," she said softly, but I couldn't let you do all the work and meet the bills too." For she had learned that bills are apt to attend the first days of business.

"But there might not have been any work—or bills—or anything for me, if it had not been for you," protested the man. "Surely you will let me help you if I am helping myself at the same time."

Myra considered. "I can cook some," she volunteered at last. "Not anything fancy—but I can fry bacon and eggs and make tolerably good buckwheat cakes."

The soldier fairly beamed. "Bravo!" he cried, lifting his empty teacup: "Here's to our joint business venture! If you are really willing to let us name our lunch-room right now!"

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Then she glanced over at her partner. He was busy waiting upon the trade, the slump was gone from her shoulders; a smile curved his lips and he fairly radiated enthusiasm. She had found, too, that he could whistle, almost a rival for the nightingale.

Myra sighed rather wistfully as she thought that about all his fortune had come true. She was glad for his sake—yet no fortune seems really complete without love—and there had been nothing but business success in those tea leaves. "If I should ever try to write us up in a story like he suggested, there would just have to be some touch of romance," she mused thoughtfully, "or else the lady readers wouldn't like it."

Her partner, catching her eye, smiled, and Myra smiled back in friendly understanding. A great red rose nodded up at her from a nearby table, its fragrance blending with the many good and wholesome smells of breakfast cooking. He had brought her the blossom that morning—and Myra wondered if he really knew how she would treasure it as an emblem of a happier, fuller life, for after all, she would probably read his fortune in his tea leaves again—and it might read differently next time.

REFLECTIONS OF A SWIVEL CHAIR SOLDIER

(Continued From Page 58)

when he was a senior captain and I was a junior lieutenant. A West Point classmate and intimate friend of mine had commanded one

of its regiments through the fierce fighting in the autumn of 1918.. Old army friends were there, too numerous to be counted. And as they went by I was surprised to find myself looking on like any other spectator, with curiosity, with pride, perhaps with a little envy, but with not one trace of bitterness. After all, very few things are as bad as we expect them to be.

I suspect that this case is typical. We who stayed at home have missed something and we cannot but feel regret. Those men who shared the fighting have something in them which we have not, and now may never have. But it is all part of the game. In war some will go into action and some will not; some will die and some will survive. If we have done our duty faithfully and well, we need not, and I think most of us do not, harbor jealousy or bitterness or grudge to the fighting soldier the glory which he has so well earned.

ANN'S THREE THOUSAND

(Continued From Page 48)

distant, the friendly light from a drug store offered hope of refuge.

"Can you give me something for a toothache?" breathlessly asked the girl. For one so young she was rapidly learning the art of dissimulation.

"Certainly." The startled clerk turned his back in a search of the shelves.

"And I'll telephone while I'm waiting." Ann added this as she slipped into the little booth.

Hardly had she pulled the door to behind her, when she saw the horribly familiar figure of Sam Bennett looming in the doorway of the store. Immediately she ducked and crouched on the floor of the booth.

The clerk had gone into a back room, and the store was apparently empty. Bennett looked carefully around, not neglecting to peer through the glass in the door of the telephone booth, but as he did not investigate below the glass portion, Ann escaped his notice.

Scowling, he turned and left the store.

When she had calmed her nerves sufficiently, Ann telephoned to the compassionate relative, who in a remarkably short space of time appeared at the drug store and listened to Ann's excited narrative as he drove her home to her boarding house.

The compassionate relative, who, by the way, was a male and very distant relative, started to scold, as she knew he would, when Ann interrupted with "Oh, my hat!"

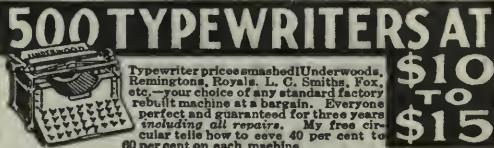
"Let's drive back and get it," he suggested.

"We will not." Ann's reply was final. "You see they really didn't hold me up, or anything."

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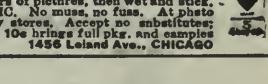
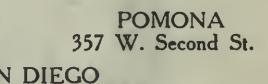
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She need not have worried. Miss Joice nevermore appeared at the office or in the life of Ann. Possibly she "made the Orient."

"The queerest thing about it all is that I was so stupid about that check. He couldn't have cashed it, anyway."

"Why couldn't he?" asked the relative. "You say you had transferred the amount to—"

"Oh, no!" Ann laughed hilariously. "I said that's what I told them. In fact, I had the whole amount in cash with me. It's all in here." She waved the little brown bag triumphantly.

The man shook his head, after the manner of his sex, in a way that can be interpreted briefly as desiring to convey "I give up!"

"Oh, well, the hat was two seasons old," Ann sighed as they drove up to the door of the boarding house. "And anyway I still have my three thousand!"

"Huh!" grunted the compassionate relative—but this story is not concerned with him.

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT

(Continued from Page 55)

out finding anything incriminating. A cage in which were fifteen pigeons, attracted the attention of Peters.

"They're my pets," submitted Nakahara, noticing the attention the birds were attracting.

"Don't they find it a little close in here?" asked Peters, surprised that the birds could stand the hot atmosphere of the stateroom.

"No," answered Nakahara slowly, "they seem to get along quite well in here."

"I understand you come from San Francisco," said Peters. "Did you take the birds all the way from there to Melbourne?"

"Yes," was the laconic answer.

Peters locked the stateroom and proceeded to the captain's cabin. Bullock was already there.

"Well?" the commander questioned.

"Nothing we were searching for," said Peters.

"Not a trace of a bomb could we find," added Bullock.

"I guess we have nothing against the Jap, then," stated the captain, relieved.

"There are many places in the hold which we could not search because of the cargo," informed Bullock.

This came far from pleasing the commander, but it was impossible to disturb the cargo with the ship in motion, also the task would be extraordinary. The captain was perplexed.

"I have a little information that might prove

illuminating," broke in Peters, upon the commander's reflections.

"What is it, Mr. Peters?"

Peters told of Nakahara's pigeons.

"And your conclusions regarding them?" asked the captain anxiously.

"I believe they are carrier pigeons," answered Peters, "used by the Jap when his messages appear too suspicious to use the wireless."

"My God!" groaned the captain. "There is still danger after all. We must get a confession from Nakahara. If he has bombs planted—" The commander trembled because of the awful thought. "Bring him here," he directed Bullock.

Bullock found Nakahara feeding his pigeons.

"You have come to relieve me and apologize?" asked Nakahara.

The grim mien of Bullock caused him to add: "Surely, Mr. Bullock, you did not find any bombs?"

"Come with me," ordered the first officer. "We are not done with you yet."

Nakahara followed meekly. The little man was becoming nervous. After all, they might have a case against him. They were soon in the captain's cabin.

"I leave everything to you, Mr. Bullock," said the captain. "Go to it."

"Sit down," Bullock ordered the Japanese, and remained standing himself. The ex-detective's eyes became mere slits as he glared at the accused Oriental. The strong jaw of the man came menacingly close to the cowed face of Nakahara. Not a word was uttered by any one. The Japanese remained mute; the officer's fist clenched as if about ready to strike. This seemed to awaken the fear of Nakahawa.

"Don't" he pleaded, his figure shriveled into the large chair.

"Now, you yellow demon," hissed Bullock, "come out with it; where are those bombs?"

Nakahara was a gentleman not used to being threatened, and his fear of the speaker was greater than any harm that might come later.

"I'll tell you, give me a chance," he groaned.

"Out with it!" roared Bullock.

"No, no!" cried the Japanese. "I am innocent of placing any explosives. I'll explain the message, although I'll lose much and maybe my superiors will discharge me as chief of—"

"Chief of what?" Bullock threatened. "No lies now."

"No; this is the truth," sobbed Nakahara. "I brought twenty carrier-pigeons with me from San Francisco to Melbourne. I had an excellent and airy stateroom on the voyage to Aus-



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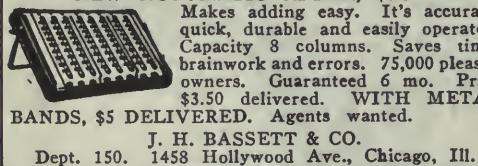
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tralia. I could not get such a stateroom on this return trip and therefore five of my pigeons have died. That was what the first message referred to. The message received told me to do as planned."

"Yes," said Bullock, "and what was planned?"

"It was planned," sobbed Nakahara dejectedly, "to smuggle Australian diamonds into the United States by means of carrier-pigeons. I had twenty of the strongest obtainable for the task. The five that died was something unexpected. Although I'm chief of the diamond smugglers, you have nothing against me. Instead of setting off the pigeons at 8 P. M., I shall pay the required duty on the diamonds I have with me. I hope you are satisfied, gentlemen."

JIM AND THE BOA

(Continued from Page 61)

Will you permit me to add a small gift for madam? Oh, a bagatelle! An ostrich feather boa, unique, magnificent! It was presented to me by the viceroy of the Cameroons."

I expostulated.

"You are very kind, but truly you exaggerate."

"On the contrary. It is I who will thank you. I have a last favor to ask of you—reassure yourself! Simply a signature. My company has given me, as a first advance, a draft on the house of Bell. Only, these gentlemen who don't know me, require the endorsement of a person highly credited on the 'Place de Paris'. I immediately thought of you."

"Very flattering, I am sure, but what is the amount of the note?"

"A trifle—five hundred francs. Moreover, it will not even be presented to you. I shall send the money directly to the bank, as soon as I shall have signed the contract in London."

"Ah! it is in London that you are to sign?"

"Yes, my company is English; it is therefore natural, is it not, that I should sign the contract in London?"

"So be it, my good Graziano. You know that I can never refuse you anything."

"Thanks. Here is the note and a fountain pen. You have removed the last thorn from my side. Now farewell. I have a hundred matters to attend to. Permit me to embrace you. This evening I will send you Jim and the feather boa."

Whereupon he flew off as lightly as he had come—and I did not see him again for two years; neither did I see the dog, nor the boa. My only souvenir of him was the unpaid note

that was presented to me ninety days afterwards. However, I should have forgotten this long ago had not my less indulgent wife, slightly irritated by the deception, frequently reproached me for having been a cat's paw. For this reason, when I encountered Grazianovitch, last week, before the Cafe Terminus, my pleasure in seeing him was tinged with a sentiment that resembled bitterness.

He impulsively opened his arms.

"Ah, dear friend! what joy to find you again! Arrived day before yesterday. You know I landed from the Transvaal."

"I thought you left for Caracas?"

"Ah! yes, as a matter of fact!" He recalled himself with an effort.

"The forest affair, superb! Only there was a frightful catastrophe down there. A tremendous fire that destroyed half the country. You did not hear of it through the newspapers?"

"No."

"Ah, how ill informed is the press! Then I left for the Transvaal, to prospect a gold mine of which I had been informed. Unfortunately, this time, water proved my undoing. The mine was inundated eight days after my arrival. Hence, I am no richer than when I left. But I have another matter in view which involves no risk. I shall talk it over with you shortly."

"When you will... Meantime... tell me, now that you are here... what became of Jim and the feather boa?"

He appeared greatly surprised.

"Jim? The boa?"

"Yes, the terrier and the ostrich feather boa that you promised me."

He blushed slightly, then quickly recovering himself, said imperturbably:

"Oh, dear friend, pardon my not having written to you. I have been so overwhelmed for two years past!... Just fancy—. On the day of my departure, when I returned to my house to get my overcoat, just before getting into the taxi, I discovered... can you imagine what?"

"No."

"I'll give you a thousand guesses.... No boa and the corpse of the dog! Jim, starved because my servant had forgotten to feed him, had devoured the boa and choked himself with the feathers!"

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Vol. LXXVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 3

The Utopias of the Past Compared with the Theories of Bellamy

By H. P. PEEBLES

President of the Los Angeles National Club

In view of the recent upheavals and test of mankind throughout the world, this article, written by the late Mr. H. P. Peebles, President of the Los Angeles National Club, thirty years ago, and years before the death of Mr. Bellamy, makes interesting reading comparative to today and the world's events.—Editor.

IDEAL descriptions of a social state giving happiness to all, dreams of a golden age, have been common since the earliest dawn of literature. The Republic of Plato and the Utopia of Sir Thomas More gave as much happiness to the individual as the Twentieth Century of Bellamy. Why, then, have the earlier dreams been regarded as merely additions to literature, while the latter has stirred the social fabric to its foundations, and awakened echoes of hope in countless hearts, the reverberations of which will never cease until success crowns their efforts? The answer is simple, and to be seen at a glance. The two former pictured an ideal man; Bellamy has pictured an ideal state.

To form Plato's Republic, men must be as gods; to form More's Utopia, all men must be pure, honest and animated only with a sincere love to their kind; to form the social fabric of Bellamy, human nature remains the same, but the environments are changed. For instance, to form a Utopia, all men must resist the temptation to steal; in forming Bellamy's state you remove the temptation to steal by taking away

the motive. The vitality of the one would rest upon the honesty of the individual; the strength of the other would depend upon the good impulses of humanity.

I have yet to read an article on the subject that did not admit or imply, differently or indirectly, that the theories of Bellamy may at some future date be partly or entirely realized. Some of his most bitter critics and opponents admit that in the distant future man may change and improve, so that society may rest on such a base. Such writers are woefully mistaken. The disciple of co-operation does not dream of changing man, or think of the quixotic attempt to vary human nature a hair's breadth, but does hope to change his surroundings. He does not hope so much to reform the thief, as to make it unnecessary for him to steal. He does not hope to change the instincts of the embezzler, but to leave nothing for him to embezzle. If the Scripture is true, that the love of money is the root of evil, he would demolish the whole tree by grubbing up the entire root.

As this is a practical age, the whole merit and

attraction of the Bellamy theory rests upon its practical application to society. Plato and More read the Republic or the Utopia with a sigh of regret. They read Bellamy with a thrill of hope, and the heart responds as if unseen chords had been played upon.

It is safe to assert that the vast majority of the average men of society, average in intellect, education, social and financial position, would agree in the abstract that the co-operative theory would be a vast improvement on the social life of today. Put the following hypothetical question to any number of intelligent men, who have read the book "Looking Backwards":

"If in some miraculous way you could sleep fifty years, and awaken to consciousness at the end of that period, would you not regard it a great improvement in general, and do you not think the remainder of your own life would be happier, if you found the social system resting on some such foundation as described by Bellamy?"

Is there a doubt as to an affirmative answer from most? We know that by far the greatest number of intelligent men would favor the idea in the abstract, as we know the average impulses of humanity favor happiness rather than misery, virtue rather than vice.

The practical deduction to draw from this is, that it is an individual duty of those who believe in the system of Universal Co-operation to assist in the distribution of the knowledge of the theory; and when every man in this broad land masters the details of the system, it will be but one step from the abstract to the concrete; and the press, the money power, the adied strength of monopoly, cannot prevent its triumph.

When men thoroughly understand the system there will be practically but one broad obstacle in the way, that will prevent its legal adoption,—the only one in fact that is retarding its progress today,—and that is the fear of the change itself. Every man, from education and habit, has within his heart an innate conservative element, a positive dread of destroying any well established custom, rule or law: no matter how unjust his reason may show him an established custom to be, the fact that it is established causes him to regard it as inevitable. It is the same feeling Hamlet has about death: we "rather bear the ills we have, than flee to others that we know not of." This obstacle will only give way to education of the masses; and if this obstacle is the outcome of one well-known social law, we can place our

hopes upon the workings of another social law fully as important: nothing is more certain than the fact that when the majority of mankind recognize the existence of a wrong, some path will open to the right. Let the intellect of the country universally realize the justice of co-operation, and leaders will appear.

The social system of competition between individuals for the means of existence is one of the relics of man's primitive condition, and is the most prominent brutish principle inherited by humanity. It was primarily adopted by primitive man, by imitating the animal kingdom, where the right of one to another's share is exemplified by devouring the other if conducive to pleasure or appetite. It is on a much lower plane than the rest of man's surroundings. By the use of his higher faculties man has made wider the line between himself and the brute; his arts, his sciences, his luxuries are the fruit of reason, but his social life (the most important element to his happiness) is an inheritance of instinct. National Co-operation is the first practical method given to raise the social life of man to an even plane with his other surroundings. And the ethical deduction may be given: Competition is instinct; co-operation is reason. And if for no philanthropical reasons, universal co-operation is required to make the environments of man symmetrical. The question now is, competition or co-operation; but time may make the social problem co-operation or annihilation.

One of the objections most frequently urged against National Co-operation is that if adopted it would bring the individual into closer relations with the state, increase the centralizing of power in the hands of the governing authorities, and thus prove to be a step backward toward barbarism, as the whole tendency of modern development has been to separate the individual from the state, and lessen the personal authority of government.

Such critics take a superficial view, and overlook the important fact that the movement is essentially a social reform, and its primary object is to change the social relations from a competitive to a co-operative base, and this change must first be accomplished before governmental action is called into question. Man creates the state, and his social system is the weapon employed to fashion, guide and control the government. The state has become more liberal in proportion as man has increased in knowledge and the capacity to govern himself. Under the feudal system an absolute form of

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The Crooked Path of Opportunity

By JESSIE M. THOMPSON

IAIN'T ever had a chance," said the boy slowly, his eyes fixed in a gloomy stare on the green and gray of the rocky hills that rose back of the corral. "I wanted to go to school, but—." He stopped abruptly, as if the subject had been threshed out many times before, and stooped to pick up the battered old telescope valise that lay at his feet.

The top of the valise had a hollow, caved-in appearance. It takes more than a couple of pairs of overalls, a change of underwear, a half dozen handkerchiefs and a snapshot of one's mother to give any travelling bag a well-rounded, prosperous appearance. The boy's Sunday suit was on his back—a shabby, shapeless brown serge that crept up on his long arms and legs and exposed muscular wrists and ankles clad in faded cotton socks. The coat was worn open—not to display the home-made shirt beneath, but because the buttons could not be coaxed to meet the buttonholes.

Hugh's shoulders were rounded from work in the fields, and he was at the ungainly age, but his blue eyes were clear and thoughtful, and his thin face was a healthy brown. He bent and kissed the worried little old woman.

"Goodbye, Mother," he said. "The stage is coming—I can see the dust up the road. I'll write every week. Take good care of yourself."

The old woman watched her son hurrying off across the stubble field towards the main road half a mile away. Old Shep ran after him, but came back whining and crying, and stood looking up at the woman with hurt eyes. Hugh had scolded him and had even thrown a clod at him when he insisted upon following. The clod had not come within a yard of hitting the dog, and the hand that had thrown the clod had wiped away big trickling tears as Shep ran homeward, but of course Shep did not know about the tears.

Mary Duncan thrust her thoughts aside to comfort the dog and then went slowly to the unpainted three-room shack. From an old packing box in her bedroom she took some hopeless-looking woolen underwear and sat down with needle and thread. Although the days were bright and sunny, the calendar said fall, and very soon sharp, chilling winds would be driving down through the gulches. She had had no time to look over Hugh's winter under-

clothing before he left, for it had been only yesterday that he had received the letter which had opened his eyes to a future golden with possibilities—a letter from a boy friend in an Idaho sawmill town telling of the need for men and the high wages that were being offered. "There's all kinds of chances here for a fellow that is willing to work," said the letter. And



"—stood looking up at the woman with hurt eyes."

Hugh, after talking things over with his mother, had decided that the voice of opportunity was calling.

When the clock struck five, Mrs. Duncan laid her work away and mechanically made preparations for supper. At six, Angus Duncan's step sounded on the big flat rock at the

kitchen door. He came in without a word of greeting, hung his coat and hat on the wall, and then went outside to wash his leathery, unshaven face in the basin at the well. When he had smoothed his hair before the mirror in the kitchen, he took a bottle from a shelf, that was curtained off in one corner, and tipped it up.

Ten years ago there had been no bottle on the shelf in the Duncan kitchen, but that was before Angus had put his poor little savings and all his hope into the homestead on the Montana Indian reservation. Year after year, in return for his sweat and his blisters, the homestead had given old Angus nothing but heaps of rock and the barest sort of bare living. At first he drank

careless; and other men had gone over the road to Deer Lodge while old Angus without molestation maintained his grouch against the world with liquor brought from the open town just across the reservation line.

Angus slouched into his seat at the table, and his eyes took in the fact that only two plates were set.

"Where's Hugh?" he demanded.

Mrs. Duncan pushed a plate of bread onto the table and straightened her little, stooped form. "He started for Idaho on the afternoon stage," she answered. "Billy Rogers wrote to him that there is lots of work, and—"

The old man leaned forward, his eyes bright



"Mary Duncan went slowly back to the unpainted shack."

because it helped him to forget when the dry summer burned the wheat crisp and yellow; when he knew himself helpless before millions and millions of devouring grasshoppers; when the cattle froze and starved on the range; when the coyotes came down from the hills and took the thoroughbred chickens he had skimped and saved to buy. After a while he drank because it had gotten to be a habit—a habit that the fruitless years had left him no moral strength to break. And so the bottle had come to stay. Always since the Duncans had lived on the homestead it had been against the law even to keep whisky on Indian reservation land, but the Duncan place was back from the travelled thoroughfare and the government officials were

with sudden hot anger. "Damn him!" he shouted. "Who does he think is going to get in the winter wood and take care of them cattle out on the range? That is what a man gets for bringing brats into the world—take care of them till they're old enough to be of some help and then they're off!"

"Angus," interrupted his wife, speaking rapidly, "Hugh's worked hard and willing ever since he was only a little lad. He always wanted to go to school and make something out of himself. Hugh's never had a chance like other boys."

"A chance!" roared the old man. "And what chance have I ever had? Is Hugh any better than his old father? Ain't I niggered and

slaved all these years so that he could eat? Did I ever get to go to school? No! I was out and following a team when I could hardly reach the plow handles!"

The big rough fists doubled up on the table shook—partly with anger, partly with weariness, for old Angus had ridden miles that day after a stray heifer.

He shoved away from the table and went outside, bare-headed, to the barn. The supper stood untasted. After a while he returned, every deep wrinkle of his face set in morbid dissatisfaction and resentment. Another drink from the bottle—and then to bed. Mary Duncan cleared away the dishes and crawled in on her side of the hard mattress. For a long time she lay there listening to the heavy breathing of the old man and to the yelping of the coyotes on the lonesome hills. She had never had much of a chance either, but it was not of that she was thinking, for Mary Duncan had the heart of a true mother.

The dawn broke in a glory miraculous, but for two pairs of dulled old eyes it betokened nothing more than the beginning of another day's grind.

The fall wore into winter, and daily the old man grew more morose. For days at a time he hardly spoke to his wife, except to growl out his needs at the table. Mrs. Duncan went methodically about her duties. When she was younger she had sung as she worked, but now her lips seemed sealed. No neighbors came—who would care to neighbor with ill-tempered old Angus Duncan? Once or twice a week the old woman's soul leaped and was made glad when Angus brought her a letter from the mail box down by the road. After she had finished her letter she always handed it to the old man, who would read it slowly and grunt disapprovingly.

Ed Cooper, the mail carrier, was a cousin of the old man's, and a sort of crony of his—due, no doubt, to one taste which they held in common. Although he took big chances by so doing, Ed very often brought whiskey from town for the old man, and always he got his reward. The two had a good deal to say to each other, and on days when she expected a letter Mary Duncan would grow restless waiting for Ed to crank his ratty old car and go on. She had no love for Ed Cooper, who she felt sure did all he could to feed the old man's antagonism towards her boy. Ed had always disliked Hugh. But after the first of the year perhaps their intimacy would cease, for on the first of the new year the "dry law" would go into force in Montana, and there would be no

more whiskey in the town over the reservation line. Too, an empty bottle might mean a changed Angus.

In the Idaho mill town Hugh worked for his first wages—and was happy. All day long he helped a big Norwegian lift clean pine boards into neat piles. All around him the lumber piles were growing, and he sniffed appreciatively when the breeze urged upon him the sweet wood smell. The big Norwegian could not understand English very well, but that did not trouble Hugh, who jabbered away with smiling face about his plans for the future.

Hugh and Billy Rogers roomed together in the boarding house where most of the unmarried men lived. Billy went to dances and picture shows and had a girl. He often asked Hugh to accompany him, but Hugh felt that he must wait until he could buy a blue serge suit like Billy's and a new hat and a soft light shirt. Hugh did not know whether he wanted a girl. Girls were a little bit out of his scheme of things, and his mother was the only girl who interested him much just now.

Out of his first pay check Hugh started a savings account and also managed to send some money home. One winter day after he had been transferred from the yard to a job in the planing mill a group of lumbermen's wives passed through the planer, laughing and talking, and pausing now and then to watch the men at their machines. One of the women was little and gray and sweet-faced—surely a mother. Her long dark coat was of expensive material; her hat was trimmed with a blue that matched her eyes; and her shoes and gloves were soft and smooth-fitting. Why was it some other fellow's mother could look like that and his own work-worn mother must go in faded blue calico and heavy, run-down shoes? Why, she had never owned a pair of kid gloves in her life, he was quite sure. Hugh decided that after all he did not need the banjo he had figured on buying. At Christmas time he sent his mother a generous bill, along with some feminine articles which the more worldly Billy had helped him select, and when her letter of thanks came, reproofing him for not keeping the money towards his schooling, there wasn't a lighter heart than his in Idaho.

Through the latter part of January and February the bad weather prevented sawmill operations on the usual scale, and Hugh was laid off for several weeks. The little savings fund stood still, and his letters to his mother explained how disappointed he was over his inability to send the surprise present he had been planning to buy. One Tuesday evening he

hurried home through the snow banks and ran upstairs with the envelope he had known would be awaiting him. There was only one sheet of the old-fashioned ruled paper his mother used. She was well, she said, except for a slight cold she had caught in caring for the chickens during the recent storm; she was sorry to hear of his enforced idleness; old Shep had met another dog in bloody battle and was suffering from a lame foot and torn ears; the cows were failing in their milk. Almost at the close of the letter the neat little characters of

the first part of her letter. He read the letter the second time. She was well, so she said, but why had her hand shaken so over those last few words? He did not understand at all, but he went to the bank, took ten dollars from his savings and sent it at once.

The next week no letter came, and Hugh made himself miserable picturing the most dreadful possibilities; even his dreams were filled with forebodings. The Tuesday following brought a brief message from his mother, the purport of which was that she wanted more



"Within an hour the officers will be here."

his mother's handwriting suddenly merged into an irregular, blotted scrawl that was very nearly illegible. "Can you spare me eight or ten dollars?" he read, and then, "Your loving mother."

Hugh was filled with puzzled wonderment. It was so utterly unlike Mary Duncan to ask a penny from anyone. Despite his unbound loyalty, he could not help feeling a bit hurt, for certainly she understood his present circumstances—she had clearly indicated as much in

money. She needed a white dress, she said. A white dress? Hugh gasped over the words. What could she want with a white dress, with the snow two feet deep all over the reservation? The writing was wavering, but more legible than that of the previous letter. Work had resumed, and Hugh sent the money. A request from his mother was a sacred matter.

Soon another plea for money came. This

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Springs of Power

By VICTOR W. HARTLEY

THE odor of steak and onions, and of coffee, which but an hour before had aggravated our ravenous appetites no longer hovered about camp. Dinner was over; and we lay, stretched on the ground, mingling four thin wisps of pipe smoke with the pine-

of the Great Outdoors. Night that is born in the deep valleys; that creeps stealthily through the trees; that silently mounts the high peaks and casts its mystic spell over the world. Night that has been driven from the cities, towns and villages to live, a wild thing, in the wilderness.



Courtesy of "Pacific Service"

"—all under the influence of the Great Outdoor—night that creeps stealthily through the trees."

scented ribbon which rose waveringly from our fire.

"I tell you there is nothing like it," murmured Jim, and we all silently assented. That was the first attempt at conversation for over a half-hour, and it failed. We were all under the dreamy influence of Night, Real Night—Night

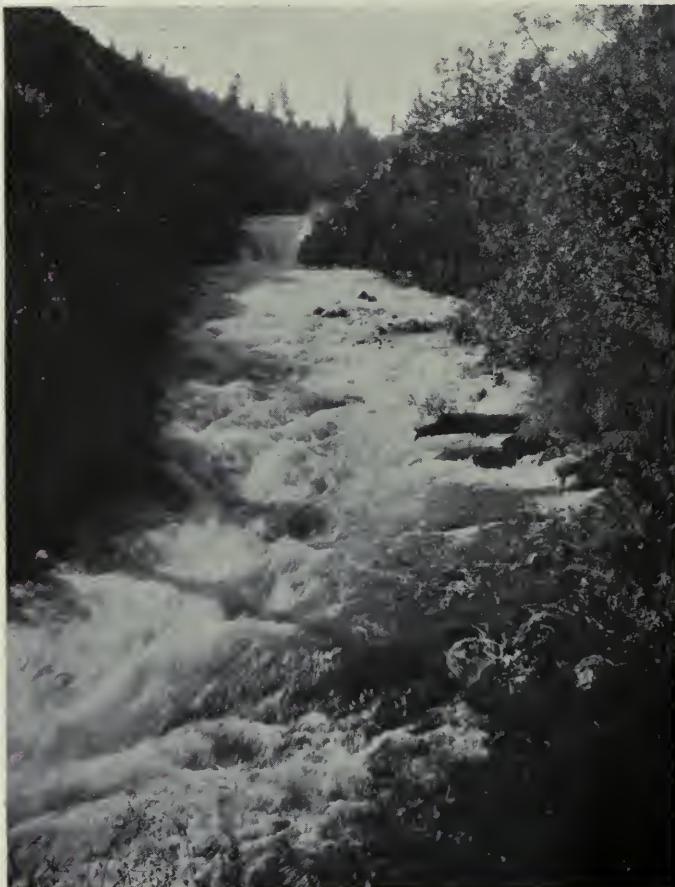
There is no Night for the dweller in cities. He who would feel the power of Darkness and know the great silence of that time between dusk and dawn must go out into the mountains where Night holds full sway, untainted by jazz orchestra, night shifts of labor, and rows upon rows of electric lights.

"No, sir; there is surely nothing like it," reiterated Jim; and this time the spell was broken.

"Meaning, I suppose, that there is nothing like a vacation 'way off here in the high hills to fill a man with the joy of living," someone suggested.

"Well, there's no denying that," said Jim,

morrow. We've been stretched out here staring into those coals like a bunch of petrified fire-eaters. We've been watching little bursts of sparks soar heavenward as though aspiring to attain the height and become stars. We've been thinking how wonderful it all is, how still, how soothing, in what marked contrast to the noise, the artificiality, and the bright lights of home



Courtesy of "Pacific Service"

"—the water which is slipping by in that river is rushing on."

"But that isn't exactly what was on my mind. I was thinking that we have been living here for two solid weeks like a crowd of savages. We've lived on what we could bring in from hunting and fishing. The river is our bath tub, our wash tub, our dish pan, and our sanitary drinking fountain. Old Mother Earth is our bed, table, chairs, and stove. All activities cease when the sun quits work, and we start out again when the sun comes back on watch. For two solid weeks we've lived that way and every last one of us has been lying here for almost an hour regretting that we have to go back to-

and we, every one of us, have been wishing that we could sever all our connections and just go on living here forever and ever. But—" and he paused, "I am here to bet that every infernal one of us, when we get home tomorrow, will lay aside these adornments we have on, scrape off a two weeks accumulation of beard, and, when we get all dolled up like regular "city fellers," go down town and just breathe in the big city atmosphere. We'll just absorb the electric light through every pore, and we'll say, 'It's mighty good to ride on a street car again!' Or, as we float away in an elevator,

we'll declare that it beats climbing mountains. And I can hear every one of us saying, 'I tell you it's good to be back, there is surely nothing like it!'"

Again silence. Jim was right. We had given ourselves, heart and soul, into our camping trip. We had enjoyed the primitiveness of it all. We had the "near to Nature" fever and we indulged in its wild fancies to the limit. We were living among animals and very much like them. And we had thoroughly enjoyed it. But, after all, we were civilized, and we were modern, there was no getting away from that, and although going back of necessity made us feel like martyrs, to suddenly have realized that we couldn't go back, that we were destined to live on as we had for the past two weeks, would have been a far greater shock.

"Yes, and there's another thing." The silence was again broken, this time by Bob White. "You've probably heard the expressions, 'If you want good sea food don't go near the ocean for it,' and 'If you would get good fruit don't buy it at the orchard.' In other words, to secure a product do not go to its source. Has it ever occurred to you how very truthful that is in our case? We've been speaking of modern conveniences and comforts—by that we mean lights, household helps, office appliances, street cars, elevators, innumerable time and labor-savers, don't we? Well, isn't practically every modern convenience reliant upon electricity for its operation, and aren't we, camping here beside this river, at the very source of electricity? Yet where are our lights? Bring out the percolator and let's have a cup of coffee before we roll in! No, it can't be done. We are in the wilderness of primitive man. Yet while we sit here lazily puffing on our pipes the water which is slipping by in that river is rushing on to gen-

erate electricity to make the cities modern and give them the convenience we speak of. Why, man alive, the electrical current which this river alone can produce could turn this virgin camp of ours into blazing thoroughfares that would make New York's 'Great White Way' look like a back-alley of ancient Rome."

"Pardon me, old top," put in our Eastern guest. "But I think you're a bit mistaken there. You see I am very much interested in the subject of electrical development and I've studied it some back home. In fact, I've been through several of the big plants at Niagara Falls; and you know it's at places like that that electricity is generated, not by some smoothly flowing stream like this."

"I know that is true about the East," Bob assented, "But, if you'll pardon my saying so, you Easterners don't begin to know what electrical development is. Why we generate out here in the West seventy per cent of the power of the entire United States and we've only started in. Our methods, though, are very different. You see we have no Niagars, or other great volumes of falling water so we have to use what Nature has given us, our more smoothly running rivers. And you would hardly believe the feats of engineering which have been performed to make peaceful rivers, like our friend here, do the work which the great force of your falls accomplish in the East."

Bob paused a moment while he extracted a brand from the fire to relight his pipe. The plaintive hoot of an owl in the trees overhead was so faintly answered from across the canyon that it might have been an echo. The shower of sparks from the fire brought a flurry of bats, then once more there was silence and Bob continued:

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Courtesy of "Pacific Service"

TUMACACORI

By MARGARET CROOKE

Alone, on the sandy plain it lay,
And the gentle fingers of dying day
Touched ancient roof and walls grown old
And turned their drab to purest gold.
With falling walls and splintered wood,
Timeworn and crumbling, the mission stood.
Its age old doors, carved long ago,
Were broken down, and white as snow.
In the entrance dim lay drifted sand,
The small, wild plants at every hand
As if to hide each gaping breach,
While here and there along the wall
The long gray shadows of yuccas tall
Stretched ghost arms toward windows wide,
As if they wished to reach inside.

Within, along the sandy floor,
The dim light from the open door
Gray shadows cast amid the gloom,
And silence was in every room.
There once the murmuring prayers were said,
By white robed priests now long since dead.
There, too, the sweet toned bells had rung
That yet on rusted hinges swung.
The altar, crumbling day by day,
At which the padres used to pray,
No more was touched by pious hands,
But covered deep with desert sands.

But still, 'tis said, when wide and white
The mesa spreads in the pale moonlight,
And shadows fold the mission round,
There's heard a gentle whisp'ring sound
Like shifting sand or shuffling feet,
Or moving leaves in summer's heat,
And softly o'er the desert stealing
The sound of bells comes faintly pealing.
Then souls of those long gone away
Once more come back and kneel to pray.

Priests and peons, robed in white,
Are dimly seen by candle light;
And all night long the choirs chant low
In halls half lit by taper's glow,
Till in the east, with dawn's first gleam,
They vanish all, as in a dream.

The sun comes up, and through the halls
Its radiance shines on broken walls.
No trace is left of all those feet,
No echo of that singing sweet;
In peace the ancient mission bears
Its heart, swept clean by desert airs.

The Bridge of Epirus

By JEANNE KIRKLAND

WHAT are you blundering about? Heave her up there! Now, all together; don't be so gosh-darn slow!" Nat Jones, shouting commands, leapt from one group to another.

Things had to be done,—he was not concerned with the price the men must pay. His job was to help double track the road from Chicago to Omaha.

"Not a dad-blamed thing shall stop me!" he cried. Heartless and brutal as he seemed on the outside, inside he had a poet's soul. He dreamed of a greater West, and conceived of himself as a dispenser of civilization.

Civilization must be as queer as some of her exponents: Nat Jones thought he carried the advance guard into Iowa. He visualized the greatness of the new West even while he swore at his gang.

Perhaps it is this very assumption of individuals which makes history so strange. Was there ever an era that thought itself unrepresentative of the height of human endeavor, that looked upon its own achievement as other than civilization's progress? Take the old prairie schooner as it wabbled its way West, its driver signalling his horse in matter-of-fact, every-day "Westward Ho!" called "Git up there!" Did not this pioneer think he was carrying across the prairies the tradition and culture of the East,—knowing, as he thought he did, "all there was to know?" When French Catholicism, somewhat earlier, spread over these same prairies, did not she come with the message of civilization? Is it not natural that Nat Jones should think he brought the same advance guard, as sweating and swearing he challenged his men?

1903 in Iowa!

Only a single line connecting Omaha with Chicago; yet out on the farms and in the colleges perhaps they boasted then, as now, of "beautiful Iowa"! Nat Jones, uncivilized brute, as we would call him, with his primitive visions was yet able to see after the coming of his track a greater growth for Iowa. He felt each foot of his advance spelt so much progress, and yet he knew what each step cost.

Once, in the nightly pause from work, he said to Herbert Adams, one of the young civil engineers:

"Adams, for every foot of track a human

life has paid." His voice solemn, he repeated: "—for every foot."

Adams did not answer. His own heart was intolerant of Nat's brutal magnetism. He stood thinking how, with less hurry, lives could be saved.

Nat went on: "I love the road. It's a joy to ride over a well-built track. I listen to the click of the rails, and I watch the shining track behind me. It means that some one has fought the elements and won. Won!" he cried, "Won!"

"True," the younger man commented, "but we won't have much trouble in Iowa. There are no great mountains to tunnel through, nor ravines to span, nor——"

Nat laughed. "Wait," he said. "It's a man sized job. If you think you've met opposition from the farmers so far—remember we've just begun."

His prophecy was true. Many times Adams was to remember the irony of the words Nat shouted after him: "But you won't have any Indian arrows to dodge."

The railway owning its narrow right of way, along which its single line stretched, was in a position to secure the condemnation of enough land for the double track; but, in the cases where the farmers refused to sell, to secure such rights called for litigation and the courts were slow. Nat, like all missionaries, was impatient. Behind Nat stood the railway management, who said the road had to go through, the farmers must receive it.

"Explain to them—bully 'em—curse 'em—threaten to sue 'em—show 'em how the courts will stand with us. Get that road through, Jones!"

"Trust me," Nat had answered.

So now, each day, he sent his civil engineers on ahead of the gang to survey and purchase from the farmer the right to go on. The wary farmer valued his rows of corn more than any alleged advantage of a double track. He sputtered at them:

"Ain't there switches at which trains can pass? Why should trains hurry so? I don't ride, nor want to. One dad-blamed road is enough to go screeching by here, scaring my stock. You just git back and tell your fine boss he can't cross my land."

But going back meant facing Nat, so they stopped to argue, until, at last, in exasperation the farmer emphasized his argument with words not used in the house, or with his pitch fork, or his dog, or his gun.

No sooner were the men in sight than Nat met them: "Get it? What! Well, go back again

job for a day to go back, nor would he allow them to come.

"In Omaha," he said, "when the track is laid, I'll welcome you and the boy."

Cold and merciless, yet he loved the smell of the freshly cut ties, he loved their yellow brightness; he loved the new cedar telephone



—and keep going back. Don't show up until you get it!"

And when they failed utterly, he went himself and convinced the farmer.

The road moved on.

Yet each foot of the way was dearly bought. Men were hurt or sickened; men gave and gave and gave, that the road might advance. Nat drove them to give willingly. He himself made his sacrifice. Back in Chicago were his wife and boy, whom he loved with all his impassioned nature, but he felt that his work came first and, so thinking, he refused to leave his

poles that followed his work, but most of all he loved the rails, the new shiny rails.

"The railroad," he once said, "is a bigger thing than progress—it quickens civilization. It is worth the toll of life it takes." . . . He could not even mention it without remembering the price, its toll of lives. Yet in the finished road, he saw its justification.

Clear cut was his vision, of his own work; trains going both ways at once, back to the old East, back to Chicago; and onward to the new, promising West, onward to Omaha!

Civilization was pushing West. . . . Did it

momentarily halt on a certain date in nineteen hundred and three, when tragedy crossed its path? The big dump-car was filling in a ravine. Fifteen or twenty Dagos and Mexicans were working inside the car, hauling out and dumping the clay and cinders and sand. No one knew just what happened. Some one inside blundered and he and his fellow-workmen, with

"Look here man," cried Nat. "Can't you understand?"

"But an investigation—"

"Damn an investigation—what do you take me for? I shall report the accident, and the management will accept my explanation. You know yourself we could do nothing. You are sentimental and I'm not. Get to work!"



"Once he said to the engineer, 'For every foot of track a human life has paid!'"

their load, went to the bottom of the cut and were buried in the fill.

Herbert Adams ran to the superintendent.

Nat's face was pale, but he spoke sternly: "There is nothing we can do!"

"My God, man!" cried the transitman. "We've got to do something."

"They are already dead," said Nat.

"You don't mean," cried Herbert Adams, "that you're—that you're going on?"

Nat looked at Adams, looked him up and down; and then at the transitman, then he turned from face to face of the gang about him.

"They are dead, I say!" he repeated sternly, "What can I do? We have no way to dig them out. What would we do with them, if we did?" he asked angrily. "Bodies—dead men—they haven't even friends to claim them."

Still Adams hesitated.

"He strode off; wired for other workmen and, with scarcely a pause, the work went on.

The young civil engineers went about pale faced and angry, while the Dagos and Mexicans muttered in their strange tongues; but Nat was not to be swayed from his purpose. "If," he reasoned with himself, "If a man is engaged in a work like this, what better monument could stand to his memory than the track above?"

Car after car was filled and dumped into the cut. Cinders and clay and sand must level the way. Somewhere beneath the fill lay the dead men.

Things commenced to go wrong. What had the workmen muttered in their strange tongue? To what gods did they call for revenge? . . . Nat wondered at the discontent. He kept repeating to himself: "A railroad must go on!" Yet in spite of every effort the track moved

slowly. Rains came; the gang sickened of typhoid, the more superstitious believing the disease was a curse from the dead. Some of the men, in their delirium, saw their comrades working their way up—up—clay on their digging hands, sand in their hair, cinders in their eyes and ears.

Typhoid spread, but even so, the work progressed. The cut was left behind and the gang drew nearer the river. Sick men worked: worked because something of Jones's enthusiasm inspired them, because they were afraid of Nat, and afraid of the dead men digging their way out of the fill behind.

Nat himself grew sick, but from his bed he issued orders. He had been up from his bunk only two days when the floods came—the summer floods of 1903.

Men swore as the water began to rise.

"The river shan't defeat us!" cried Nat. "Call every man. We must hold our track!"

"But you are a sick man," cautioned Adams. "You aren't responsible nor able to do this. Let me——"

With an angry glance, Nat hurled the suggestion aside. "We must hold this track!" he declared, "and it will take all of us." Forgetting the miles of track that lay behind them, he saw only the small portion of his work threatened by the river.

"Thus far shalt thou go and no further," was not spoken to the river. Historically, the rivers are accredited as a system of civilization's transportation. Towns spring up along their banks. Civilization moves first along the river's course. Perhaps, this little river resented the new upstart who thought he had more to bring Iowa. At any rate, as though in mockery of Nat's words, of man's efforts, the river rose; its yellow, thick, muddy water climbing up and up to the track.

"Run the freight cars out," Nat ordered; "we must put on enough weight to keep the track from washing out."

He grinned as the loaded cars were placed; but the river purled as it rose. Sensing the danger, the men fought doggedly; but the river, resenting the tactics of its young rival, washed away the new roadbed, overturned the loaded cars; overturned them so that they fell across the main line, blocking the old road, stopping all the trains.

"Wire for the wrecking crew!" shouted Nat. "we've got to clear this track." He turned fiercely upon the sick men. "We must save our rails!" he challenged them. He added

other words for emphasis; words the Italians and the Mexicans understood.

Every man stayed on the job. There was no time for food. No time to remember they were sick. Waist deep in water, they worked for twenty-four hours. The river was equally determined, as it rose it challenged them—and they were not men to pass the challenge unheeded. Nat was merely leading them, for some force within each man made him strive to preserve his former effort. The men themselves took up the cry. "We must hold the track!" they cried in American, in Italian and in Spanish—their own version of holding the thing that was slipping away. They fought for each rail they saved, fought each inch as they retreated.

Nat Jones, like one inspired, splashed up and down. When he gave impossible orders they executed them, looking upon the tasks he undertook with admiration.

Inch by inch the river rose. Rights of way may be bought with money, but they can be held only with Nature's permission, and Nature demands returns for her favors. A thin line of double tracking demands more than gold—it demands the most precious gift: life itself. Civilization is costly, but it is democratic—all who serve must pay. Superintendent Jones, climbing shakily into the construction car, with the help of his young engineer, turned for a moment to shake his fist at the muddy waters, receding from his track now that he no longer had the strength to fight them. He looked upon the twisted, irregular caricature of a track and at the loaded freight cars still blocking the old line of rails. He felt weak and sick and spent.

He put his lineman in charge and wired to Chicago for a superintendent to take his place. When the men came up, he said simply:

"I'm done, boys, but you must build this track through to Omaha. It isn't far now. Build her strong and good, men; do an honest job. I'd like to know you carried out our plans and that together we helped a little toward building the New West, toward knocking civilization into the heads of these Iowa farmers! There are no flaws in the track behind us."

His eyes roamed sadly about him and then his voice softened:

"I hoped to be in at the finish, but it's so near done you won't need me."

When Adams bent over him later, the vision brightened his face. "Tell my wife and boy it's all right," he said.

(Continued on Page 65.)

"Honor Preferred"

By CHARLES G. BOOTH

HULLO, Don! Glad to see you out. Come here, my boy. I'm just in time."

Easton had spun around as the car drew up. His eyes opened wide. He had not heard his Christian name for nearly two years. During that eternity he had been No. 218. Easton, forger, first offense. The clang of the closing prison gates rang in his ears. The spike-walled prison had just thrust him out as harshly as it had taken him in.

"Mr. Reece! You! You here! I—I—" He stammered awkwardly and shrank back.

"Step in, Don," interrupted Reece, ignoring his confusion. Easton flushed hotly under the other's smiling scrutiny. His eyes fell, but he mechanically entered the car.

The machine purred down the moist road. The sharp unbeautiful outlines of the jail blurred in the car's dust, then disappeared behind a pine bluff redolent of spring.

"Feels good to be out, doesn't it, old man?"

Don winced. "Yes, it does. But I don't understand. You here! Of all people!—One of the men I robbed!"

Reece smiled good-naturedly. He was well built, good looking and fashionable. He impressed one as a man of larger affairs than he really was.

"You don't want to live that two years over and over again for the rest of your life, do you?"

"Oh, God, no!" cried Easton. His mouth tightened. It had become firmer during his imprisonment. His eyes were steadier, too, and sadder. He looked all of his twenty-seven years.

"Neither do your friends."

"I didn't think I had any left."

"Well, you have. Are you ready to go to work? Ferguson, the cashier, needs an assistant. You can start any time."

"Me! Assistant cashier for you! Why, I—I'm a thief! And I robbed you! You!"

"You're not going to do it again, are you?"

"Er—what! Again. I guess not! But—" He became incoherent. The blood suffused his pale face to the top of his broad forehead.

They were getting into the country now. The sun-warmed atmosphere seeped pleasantly into his being. The world was growing beautiful again.

"Well, why shouldn't I give you a job if I

want to? Providing, of course, you want it."

His bantering logic was too much for the bewildered Easton.

"I had not expected anyone to meet me. I was going to get right away, anywhere, to hide," Easton jerked out presently.

"Nonsense! You'll get over that! Don't make a fool of yourself. I want you back."

"Everybody will think—"

"Forget it! Those who know you want you to make good. Don't disappoint them."

Easton tried to marshall the thought atoms crowding into his brain. Vividly distorted glimpses of himself re-entering the world he had so abruptly left set his supersensitive perceptions quivering. He shrank back. The speeding trees and fence posts seemed to be rushing accusingly toward him to disappear with a sardonic smirk. He closed his eyes. Reece's hand tightened on his knee.

"I knew your mother and your dad, Don, long before you were born. Say! didn't they think you were it when you came along. Don't lay down at the first punch. Boy! you've got to stay with it, I tell you!" Reece's quiet words hit into the other's soul.

* * *

"What will Ringold say?" muttered Easton.

"He and I dissolved a year ago. If it hadn't been for Ringold, you would never have gone down. He prosecuted. I didn't."

"Yes, I know, but—"

"You made one slip, Don, and you were found out. Lots of us have made slips in our time, and haven't been found out. I know one or two that Ringold himself has made. We're in a risky business, some of us, and we take big chances—too big, sometimes. I want you back, Don. It'll be hard at first, but you'll find most people are as anxious to forget that two years as you are. Will you take the job?"

"What—what does Olive say—about it?"

At mention of his daughter's name, Reece glanced keenly at Easton.

"Olive wants you to make good," he replied at last.

Easton caught his breath sharply. "If you'll tell me just why you are giving me this chance, I'll take it. It's your kindness. I can't understand it."

Reece did not answer at once. His eyes be-

came retrospective. The past was rushing up into the present.

"Twenty years ago," he said presently, "I borrowed under false pretenses. I was caught and given ten days to pay up. The alternative was prosecution. I raised the amount—on the tenth day. But, Don! for ten days—I have a bit of an imagination—I lived in hell! I'm no hypocrite. It was not a question of repentance, but of imagination. I had recently inspected a jail; I knew a man who had spent three years in one. For nine days and nine nights I visualized it all. I saw myself behind those bars—the stone walls...high, unreachably high, and spiked...The grim warders...the foul food...the ugly vice-ridden atmosphere. Prisons were worse then than they are now. You know what I mean. Then I saw myself coming out, prison-branded, a jailbird, unwanted, broken! I have never forgotten those days; I never shall. Their memory is stuck in my mind like the markings of liquid metal on white flesh. Understand?"

"Yes, I understand!" Easton quickly emphasized.

"Well, that's why I am offering you the job. Will you take it?"

Easton's eyes dimmed. "Yes," he said, "I'll take it."

Reece's left hand crushed Easton's fingers. Reece swung the car around. "Lunch should taste pretty good, shouldn't it?" he cried gaily.

* * *

Reece had said it would be hard at first, and it was hard. Everybody did their best to be nice to Easton; but that was the trouble. They overdid it. Easton felt they despised him inwardly—thought he had "gall" to come back at all. Really, they didn't despise him at all. They admired him. Of course, they couldn't tell him so. He wouldn't have believed them if they had.

He performed his duties faithfully and kept out of everyone's way as much as possible. But they wouldn't keep out of his way. They told him funny stories with a forced gaiety, that brought a forced laugh. They asked him to do them little favors and performed courtesies in return. But he and they were terribly self-conscious about it all. Mollie Evans, who filed letters, broke her pencil and asked him to sharpen it at least four times during the first two days, though there was a perfectly good sharpener attached to her desk. Then Bessie Gail wanted to borrow a hairpin and asked Don if he had one, and everyone laughed when he flushed and said he hadn't. And if anyone was treating to candy, Don had to have three times as much as anyone else. It was unnatural.

One day Ringold dropped in to see Reece, who was out. Don was in the washroom a few minutes later; Ferguson and Ringold came in, not noticing him.

"So, you've got the jailbird with you, Ferguson," said Ringold sneeringly. That was Ringold's way.

"He's entitled to another chance," mumbled Ferguson, who had his misgivings at Reece's apparently unexplainable generosity.

"Reece is a fool," went on Ringold.

"He's a human one, then!" snapped Ferguson, and Ringold said no more.

Ferguson protested, though, when Reece told him to give Don the combination of the vault.

"It's risky, isn't it, Mr. Reece?" he objected.

"No, it isn't!" returned Reece abruptly. So Don was given the combination to the vault with its stocks and bonds, convertible and otherwise.

* * *

Donald Easton and Olive Reece had not been engaged prior to Don's sentence, but they had liked one another well enough to hold hands and look into each other's eyes and "understand" each other. Don had always been a favorite at the Reece home. Olive's mother had died years before and Reece had left the two together quite a lot.

While Don was away, Reece installed Olive as his secretary. That was the position Don had held. Reece had felt the young man's mistake and consequent punishment keenly, and rather than have a stranger in his place he had yielded to Olive's persuasion that she fill the vacancy.

Olive had welcomed Don back sincerely and unaffectedly. Don had been afraid to look her in the eyes. A forgery and a prison sentence make a terrible barrier. It loomed up menacingly before Don when he thought of the girl. He loved her dearly. His love for her had been the only beautiful thing that had remained with him in prison. But counterbalancing it was the knowledge of its hopelessness. A beautiful girl surrounded by admirers has little use for a jailbird! When he remembered this, Don was glad that they met seldom. He could not bear to see the accusation that must lie in her soft brown eyes.

* * *

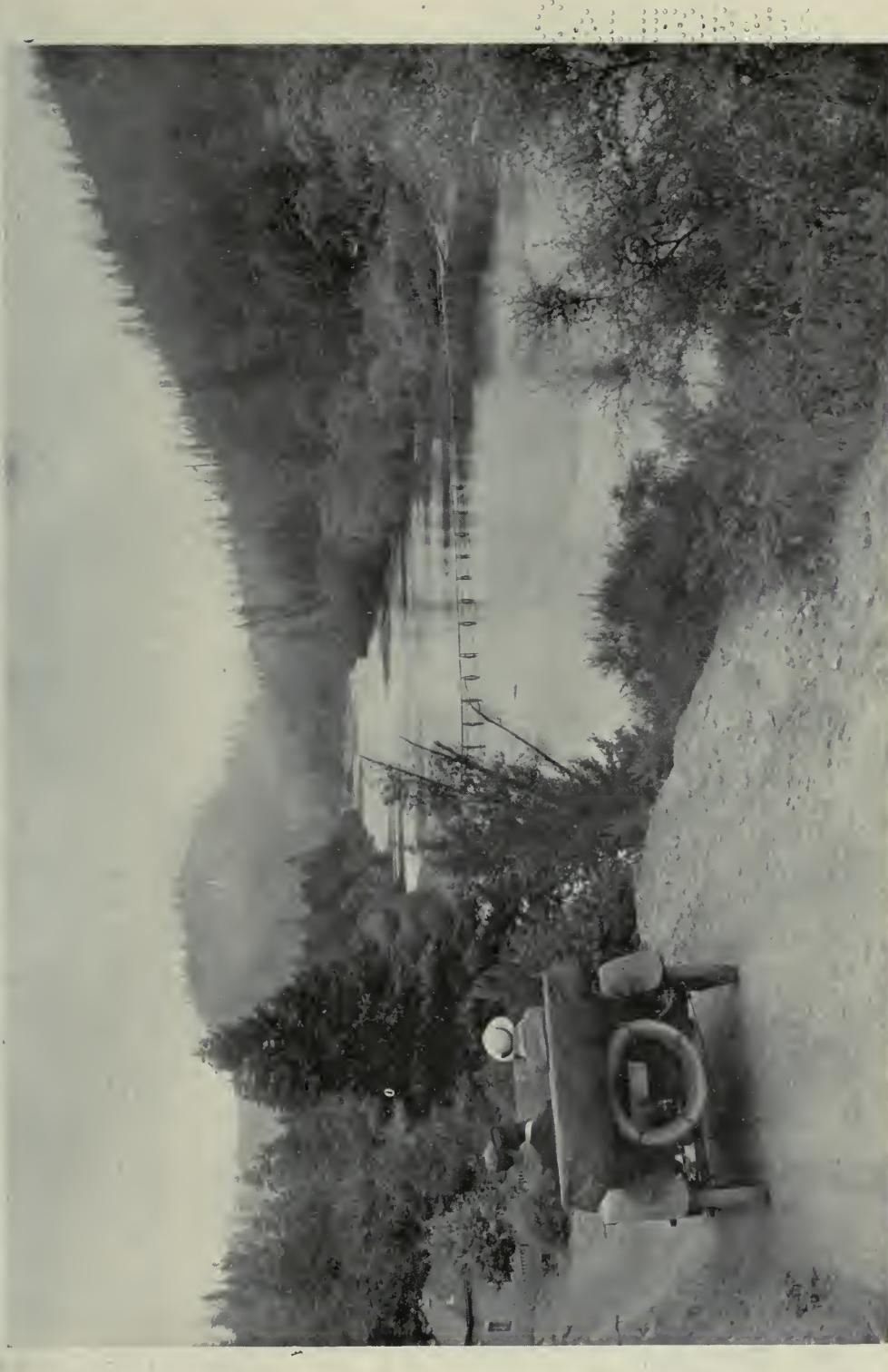
"Don!"

Easton turned swiftly. The office staff had gone home. He had stayed to finish some work.

"Olive! I thought everyone had gone."

"No. I stayed. I wanted to speak to you."

There was a little catch in her voice that he did not notice. He braved himself to look into her eyes, but their long lashes veiled them.



"The machine purred down the moist road."

She was as pretty as a flower on a May morning. To Don she seemed like a sunbeam suddenly let into a dark room after a rain storm.

"Don, you—you seem so different. You never come to see—Daddy and me—now," she stammered.

"Come to see you! Olive!"

"Why not?"

"You know why. A jailbird can't go—"

"Don, hush! You mustn't say that. We all want to forget it. We're all trying to. Why can't you?"

"It's one of those things one can't forget."

"But if everyone else is trying to?"

"They are only trying to make me think they forget, but they're overdoing it. At least everyone is but you and Mr. Reece. They can't forget. You can't. Neither can I. Some things can't be erased. A jail sentence is one of them." He spoke bitterly. The irony of things seemed to have gotten into him. It was spoiling him, eating into his heart. The pen he was holding quivered.

Olive put her hand on his arm. Sympathy shone dimly through the tears in her eyes. Her voice softened. "You are very bitter, Don. You mustn't get that way, or life won't be worth much, will it? There's happiness and—and lots of things left if you'll only find them."

Don drove his pen into the blotting pad and in pulling it out, broke it.

"Find them—that's it," he said moodily.

"Your friends will help you if you'll only let them."

Then he looked her straight in the eyes.

"Would you help?"

"You should know that by now."

He seemed about to say something, but stopped.

"It's not what a man has done, but what he's going to do that counts," she went on. "Why, if all the mistakes that people have made were used as weights to keep them down, they'd never get anywhere, neither would the world. It would stand still, I guess, or else fall back. If you can't forget those two years, then make up your mind to live them down. The way to live down the past is to live for the future. Fight for it."

Easton took a deep breath like a man about to plunge.

"Olive, could things be like they were before—between us—do you think—if I were to try to live for the future?"

The girl looked him straight in the eyes. "You've no right to ask that question until—you've—won."

"Forgive me," he begged. "You're right. I'll make good—somehow!"

Olive turned away. Then she stopped and came back.

* * *

"I want to tell you something, Don. It's—it's about father. You know he speculates a lot—on the exchanges. I don't know... I—think he's losing more than he can afford. Or the business. You see I'm his secretary and I know more about his affairs than he thinks I do." Olive stopped. Her fingers toyed with some object on the desk.

Don did not reply at once. He was not surprised. Easy-going Tom Reece parted with his money as easily as he made it. It was the one weak point in his character. His sense of morality held that peculiar kink which underestimates moral values. Don could not tell Olive that. She was probably aware of it, he reflected. Besides, that weakness in Reece's moral fibre had had a good deal to do with his generosity to himself. Don's heart went out to the girl.

"I'm sorry, Olive," he returned gravely. There's nothing I can do—yet, but let me know how things go. We might, between us, keep—things right. He ought to listen to you. He might take notice of me, too—the awful example." He laughed shortly.

Several days later Easton was alone in the cashier's cage when Olive stopped in front of him.

"You must come and see me tonight," she whispered. "You must! Father will be out." Then she moved away. Her words were pregnant with emphasis. They drilled into Easton's brain.

* * *

The door leading into the main office of Reece's Financial Agency creaked on an unoiled hinge. Then it slowly swung open and a man entered. With a quick familiar step he crossed to the window and pulled down the blinds. The room grew dark. He drew an electric torch from his pocket. The white circle of light sped about the room, then fastened on a built-in vault at the farther end of the room. The office clock chimed nine.

"I'll have to hurry," muttered the man to himself.

His strong white fingers twirled the combination dial. The tumblers caught and a moment later he swung open the heavy door and entered the vault.

A bundle of unregistered bonds secured by an elastic band in one of the drawers caught his attention. After examining them for a mo-

ment he replaced them and returned to the vault door, drew up an office chair and took several tools from his pocket. Selecting a

up only the centre of the door and the man's fumbling fingers. It was resting on a conveniently placed chair. The man's face was a



"OLIVE."

screwdriver, he commenced to work on the steel plate guarding the combination mechanism at the back of the vault door.

He worked slowly, but with an earnestness that conquered the intricacies of the problem he had set himself. The white eye of the torch lit

featureless blank in the dark shadows. Once or twice he muttered impatiently to himself. At length a satisfied "ah" escaped his lips. He seemed to have the tumblers in place.

Intent on his work he did not hear the door creak and swing open.

Another man entered. Reaching for the wall switch the newcomer was about to press on the lights when he saw the other at the vault. Suppressing an involuntary exclamation, he stood motionless. His hand fell to his side. Then he tiptoed into an adjoining room to reappear with a revolver in his hand.

* * *

"Stay where you are! I have you covered!" he snapped. "Don't move or I'll shoot!" he went on warningly as the other half turned. "This gun is loaded."

The electric torch still pointed at the centre of the vault door. The white hands of the man moved around spasmodically in the pale light. His fingers twitched nervously. He did not speak. The other's voice was emphatic enough; too emphatic. Its unnecessary force created an apprehensive note that weakened its emphasis.

For a moment the revolver wavered as its holder reached for the light switch. The weapon was pointing a little to the right of the man at the vault door. With a quick jerk he had kicked the chair from under him...was on his feet and had leaned against the heavy door. It swung into place. His fingers clutched the combination dial. The revolver cracked once, twice. The man at the vault crouched on the floor, upsetting the electric torch. The room became dark. The smell of burnt powder gripped their nostrils. The light switch clicked. Gray smoke floated lazily in the air.

The man on the floor got to his feet. His fingers again closed on the combination dial. The two faced each other.

With a bitten off exclamation Reece sprang forward. "Don! You! Not—good God—not at it again? You are! I—I didn't hit you." Reece saw that his shots had not harmed the other. Easton was breathing heavily. His face was pale, but he was unhurt. Two flattened splashes of lead on the vault door indicated his escape.

The acute distress in Reece's voice was almost a supplication to Easton to explain the apparently unexplainable. Even a measure of hope lingered in his short, emphatic exclamatory "You are!" challenging the patently inevitable confirmation of his conclusions; for he had at once jumped to the obvious conclusion—that Easton was robbing the vault, that his faith in the young man had been terribly misplaced. Don had been with him so long that Reece had come to regard the boy as a son rather than as an employee. It was like the sudden withering of a cherished ideal, the awakening from a beautiful dream. He did not realize why Don had closed the vault door.

"I have only changed the combination, Mr. Reece," said Easton slowly.

"So we would have to get the vault drilled while you were getting away with the goods," snapped Reece, recovering his self-control. His face was pale; he looked tired; his eyes told of sleeplessness. Much of his insouciance had left him. "I might have killed you." His voice shook.

"No, you are wrong," denied Eastman, ignoring the last remark. "I didn't come here to rob. I came to change the combination, and I have."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't. Did Ferguson give you permission? Does he know?"

"No."

"Of course he doesn't. I ought to send for the police. I thought you had learned your lesson. I am—disappointed! Olive will be, too. She was as anxious as I that you should have a fair show. You've not made good. And—and I might have killed you!" Reece repeated, shuddering.

Easton did not answer. Reece's jaw stiffened. His eyes were burning. "Open that vault and write down the combination. We're going to see what you have taken. Then you must go away—and stay away. I'm disappointed," he repeated slowly.

Easton did not move. "I have changed the combination and locked the safe, and it stays locked!" he emphasized. "If you don't believe me, try it yourself."

Reece's face reddened. "Open that door!" he snarled. "Do you want me to get the police? Open it!"

Easton ignored his command. "Jails," he began, "are ugly holes—even the best of them. I know! There's something about a jail that gets you when you're in, and stays with you when you come out. It's not so much the thing you're in for as the fact that you have been in. It's one of the hardest facts I know of. You can't get around it. It gets hold of your—soul, if you like—and holds it not so much like a vice, as between wet cloths that take the warmth out of it and put the chill of death into it. I wouldn't send my worst enemy there. Oh, they're ugly, hellish holes!" Don stopped.

Reece was staring at him queerly.

"I came here tonight to save a man from jail." Don's eyes were glued to Reece's. "You are the man! There's a hundred thousand dollars worth of unregistered bonds in the vault. You're holding them for a couple of months for a client. They're not yours, but you were going to borrow them to offset your New York

losses. I knew that if I changed the combination you couldn't get them until the vault door was drilled. They would be of no use then. You need them tomorrow morning." Easton leaned forward. "You were just too late. It's a good thing you were!"

Reece licked his dry lips. A torrent of words, denials, protestations, denunciations, stuck in his throat. He could not speak. He walked to the window, drew the blind, and stared into the moonlight. His hand still clutched the revolver.

* * *

"It's no use denying it; I intend to use those bonds," confessed Reece presently. "I'm backing National Copper; it's going up."

Before Easton could reply a series of loud knocks sounded on the door. Reece crammed the revolver into his pocket.

"Thought I heard something, Mr. Reece," Easton heard the janitor say. "It sounded like a shot, two of them."

"Yes, we heard them, too," interrupted Reece. "They seemed to come from the outside," he lied glibly.

The janitor mumbled something and turned away.

Reece rounded on Easton. "Those bonds are in my charge. I have control of them while they are here. I'm going to use them. It's my funeral."

Easton's mouth hardened. "When a man proposes to use someone else's money to pay his bills, he loses his sense of proportion. You have lost yours. You know what a prison sentence means. You told me that you once barely escaped one. And yet, knowing this, you deliberately play a game which is certain to run your head into a noose. Your determination to clean up has upset your mental balance. You're abnormal right now, or else you wouldn't be taking this chance. Man, don't you realize what a jail sentence at your age means? It means dregs, dregs dregs! And when a man finds nothing but dregs in his cup, may the Lord pity him! That vault is locked and it's going to stay locked. You are not going to use those bonds!"

"Copper's going up, I tell you. I know it is. It's got to!"

"Perhaps."

"I've got to have them. If I don't use them I'll be bankrupt by tomorrow night!"

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes! There are only two things I fear in life—poverty and jail. I can stand success better than most men, but as a failure I should be, well, a failure. By using the bonds I have a chance. If I don't use them, no chance at all.

I'm going to take my chance. Now, open that vault."

"If you use the bonds you lose your honor, and probably go to jail—if Copper goes down instead of up. By not using them you are bankrupt, but you keep your honor, and you keep out of jail!"

"Honor! I've not heard that word for a long time. It sounds—out of date, a relic of antiquity. There are two kinds of thieves in the world: those who steal and get away with it, and those who steal and don't. Really there is no difference between the two."

"No difference!" ground out Easton. "There is the difference of a prison term! That's nearly infinity. I belong to the second class—I know!"

* * *

Reece paced up and down the office. His fingers tugged nervously at his crisp mustache. His eyes wandered restlessly around the room, always returning to the vault door like substance to its centre of gravity. Easton watched him narrowly. Suddenly he turned on the younger man.

"You'll open that vault or—or I'll have you arrested—for burglary! You know what that will mean! I'm going to have those bonds!"

"You—you wouldn't do that?" whispered Easton. His cheeks had blanched.

"Wouldn't I? You had better not try me!"

Easton whitened to the lips. His eyes were fixed on the vault door. "You don't get them," he muttered. His voice ended in a croak.

Reece looked at him in amazement. "You don't think I mean it?" he ejaculated.

"I don't know whether you do or not. It makes no difference. You—don't—get—them!"

"You would rather go to jail—again, than open that vault?"

Easton nodded slowly. "This is the only opportunity I have had to repay your kindness to me. I am repaying it by disobeying your orders. You are too old to fool with a prison sentence. I know that! It would kill you! And there's—Olive."

"Olive! Yes!"

"It was Olive that told me about your—intentions. Olive's your secretary; she knows more about you than you think."

"Poverty would go hard with Olive," said Reece, more to himself than to Easton.

"You needn't worry about that. Olive is all grit; and she loves you. She wants you to stay honest," he added bluntly.

Reece recommenced his pacing up and down the office. His eyes darted to and fro, always

(Continued on Page 69.)



The Conversion of Ah Lew Sing

By M. AUSTIN

"The heathen Chinee is peculiar"

AH LEW SING was the proprietor of a vegetable garden between the stock yard and the railroad bridge, on the farther side of the Summerfield canal. He was the lankest, obliquest-eyed celestial that ever combined an expression of childlike innocence with the appearance of having fallen into a state of permanent disrepair, an outward seeming that much belied the inner man.

Previous to his conversion, his ideas, if he had any, in regard to the Deity, were hazy in the extreme; but his convictions on the subject of devils were concise and dogmatic. There were about three hundred, according to Lew Sing's computation—all of the most malevolent type.

If the potatoes rotted, if the celery rusted, if the cabbages failed to head, or the blight got his early peas, Lew Sing was at no loss where to lay the blame. All of these things frequently happened, notwithstanding that he burned punk at the four corners of his fields, and at all the foot-bridges that crossed his irregular ditches, which were so narrow and low that no sort of a devil could cross without wetting his feet—a thing to which Chinese devils are very much averse.

But in spite of the devils and a brisk competition in the vegetable trade, Lew Sing was able to put by a moiety of his earnings, which he further increased by judicious speculation with his friends. Chock Sin, Sam Kee and Foo Chou, choice spirits all. Chock Sin was more ignorant and cunning than Lew Sing; Sam Kee was worse than Chock Sin, and Foo Chou was the epitome of highbinderism. When Fee Chou could dupe his friends, he did so; when he could not, he consoled himself that none of them would ever be able to fleece him. But in this he reckoned without Lee Sing.

The speculations of Foo Chou were various, including by preference anything sufficiently lawless and dangerous to make other people afraid of doing it. One of these chances of fortune put him in possession of the person of Li Choi, whose father had previously sold her for a sixteenth interest in a tea store on Dupont street. Li Choi had very small feet and very large earrings, and smooth glistening bands of hair with an astonishing number of jade ornaments stuck in them. Foo Chou expected to

make as much as three hundred dollars on her, and Foo Chou was a judge of marketable women. But the cunningest of speculators comes to grief now and then, and Foo Chou made the distaste of his life when he brought his three friends to the close red-curtained room where his property was sequestered, and permitted them to gaze through the hole he had cut in the door to display the charms of Li Choi.

The eyes of Lew Sing had no sooner beheld her than the heart of Lew Sing was consumed by love. Forthwith he began to suffer the pangs of disappointed affection, for his potato crop, owing perhaps to the devils, perhaps to a superfluity of water, was a failure, and the purse of Lew Sing did not contain an equivalent for so much loveliness. While he debated the possibility of inducing that hardened piece of rascality to abate the price for friendship's sake, Foo Chou was growing morose. No purchaser was forthcoming for the lovely Li Choi, and she was costing him dear for her keep, besides wasting her loveliness with secret tears.

It was not because of any lack of appreciation of her charms that Foo Chou did not espouse her himself.

In the gambling dens of Summerfield's Chinatown, Foo Chou was known as the most inveterate and unluckiest gambler of them all, and no profitable villanies being at hand, nothing but a cash price for Li Choi could replenish his failing fortunes.

What the maiden fears and childish terrors and dread of outraged womanhood were endured in that little red-curtained room no one knew. No one, unless, perhaps, Ah Foo, who was grandfather at large to all the little pigtailed celestials in Chinatown. He might have heard her crying as he squatted under her window while his shaved and sandaled little charges made a skipping rope of his grizzled queue, which was pieced out an extra length for that especial accommodation.

The pretty face of Choi looked out between the curtains at the wrinkled, kindly visage of Ah Foo and took heart of hope. Foo Chou, coming one morning to take stock of his property, found a strange key in the door and the room empty. Great was the wrath of Foo Chou, and such the questioning and gesticulat-

ing and running to and fro that grandfather Foo had to move his charges quite two blocks away to escape being trodden upon. Later, word came to Foo Chou that his property had taken refuge at the mission, whose gray walls towered at least a story and a half above the shabby roofs that sheltered Chinatown.

Foo Chou and his kind looked with marked disfavor on the mission and its mistress, whose success in luring profitable females from their rightful masters was looked upon as an unwarrantable interference in trade. The friends of Foo Chou advised an appeal to the law for the recovery of his property. Not, of course, that the law of this enlightened country recognized the lovely Li Choi as a legal chattel, but any number of respectable merchants in Chinatown were ready to swear to being the husband, father, brother, or otherwise legal guardian, praying her restoration to his loving protection. The thing had been done before, but Foo Chou deemed it inadvisable for several reasons, chief of which was the recollection of recent encounter with the law on his own account in a little operation connected with the opium trade in which Foo Chou had come hardly off.

For the present, until some better plan could be devised, Li Choi must remain where she was. True, she might be converted to Christianity, but she was safe against any other chance and cost him nothing. As for Christianity, Foo Chou had never seen a case of it so bad it could not be cured with two or three judicious beatings, nevertheless, he must keep as close a watch as circumstances permitted over the recreant Li Choi. Obviously, this must be done by deputy, since the villainous face of Foo Chou, if recognized, would bring about the very thing he feared—namely, the removal of Li Choi to a mission in another part of the State, where she might be hopelessly lost to the proprietor.

In his perplexity he bethought himself of the guileless front of his friend Lew Sing. Then it was that Lew Sing congratulated himself that he had never confessed his tender attachment to Foo Chou, and his smile was blank enough to have deceived the Father of mischief himself, as he purchased a primer and joined the night class at the mission. Faithfully for a week he poured over the intricacies of c-a-t and d-o-g, but never once did he catch a glimpse of the bright eyes of Li Choi nor hear the pat-pat of her entrancing little feet. Now the mission school is but a trap to catch converts, and that the shrewd celestial knows as well as anybody, and is wary to avoid its pitfalls—but the conversion of Ah Lew Sing dated from the day

when he discovered that the converts of both sexes participated in the religious exercises.

From that time on his growth in grace was astonishing. Within a week it carried him from a back seat near the door to the front row of shining examples beside Li Choi, who in the grateful promptings of her simple heart believed whatever she thought would please the matron of the mission.

When they stood around the organ and sang, "O, How I Love Jesus!" Li Choi looked at her and Lew Sing looked at Li Choi.

"Me velly happy," was Lew Sing's unfailing testimony.

So Ah Sing kept watch over Li Choi while Fee Chou perfected his plans. If the law, he reasoned, did not recognize his proprietary interest in the person of Li Choi, it could not deny his right to the jade ornaments which had been no inconsiderable item of the purchase price. Foo Chou meant to swear out a warrant for the arrest of Li Choi for the theft of certain earrings, hair ornaments, and armlets, whichc she did feloniously abstract from the residence of Foo Chou. While the arrest was in progress the friends of Foo Chou would rush to the rescue of the distressed Li Choi and bear her away from the cruel arms of the law. Foo



"Lew Sing was the oblique-eyed Celestial."

Chou thought for a sufficient sum the constable might even permit himself to be knocked down in defense of his prisoner. Foo Chou, for reasons before mentioned, being averse to appearing on the scene in person, it was agreed that the rescue should be conducted by Chock Sin and Sam Kee, and that Lew Sing should convey the prisoner to the safe place in the country to which the wily Foo Chou should retire after arranging for the arrest.

It must be said to Foo Chou's credit that he left the management of an affair of such importance in the hands of his friends with reluctance; however, there was no help for it, and he trusted to his well-known reputation for blood-thirstiness to ensure the fidelity of Chock Sin, Sam Kee and Lew Sing. He meant to stay quietly in the country until the affair had had time to blow over, and then he hoped to get safely off to Sacramento, where the traffic in small feet and bright eyes was flourishing.

The arrest took place exactly as prescribed. At an hour when all Chinatown smoked its pipe and the charges of Father Foo napped in the shade, the constable rapped at the door and presented his warrant for Li Choi. The matron demurred, hesitated and was lost; for while she suspected the design of Foo Chou, still the thing might have been contrived to lure her away from other charges, more than one of whom was the alleged property of some enterprising celestial. While she debated, the tearful Li Choi was hurried out of reach.

The rescue was the most successful affair of the kind ever carried on in Chinatown. When Chock Sin and Sam Kee crept out of the cellar in which they had lain quiet during the perfunctory search carried on by the profane but not over-zealous officer, they glowed with honest pride to find nothing else talked of in the tea shops and laundries. Lew Sing was not molested by the officers, for nobody testified to the bundle of quilted petticoat which was hurried under the canvas cover of his vegetable wagon waiting innocently around the corner.

What happened in the interim between the rescue and the return of Foo Chou on the third day, exceedingly wroth at what he supposed to be the total failure of his plans, can never be accurately known; whether the heart of Lew Sing, meditating long and tenderly on the charms of Li Choi, had yielded to an overwhelming temptation, or whether his childlike countenance covered more duplicity than even Foo Chou gave him credit for, is open to debate. Perhaps the demure Li Choi did not greatly resist the manifest destiny of her sex.

It is not to be supposed that she was unaware of all these devoted glances when they stood up in Sunday School and shared the same Gospel Hymn book. Certainly Li Choi did not want to be handed over to Foo Chou, neither did she want to go to jail, and although a Chinaman in a vegetable wagon is not exactly an ideal knight errant, rescuing a distressed maiden, it might have appeared so to Li Choi. At any rate, he carried her away to his own domicile with a serene disregard of consequences that did credit to his courage.

But the courage paled visibly before the information brought by the friendly Ah Foo that Foo Chou had learned the real state of affairs and was coming with a very big knife to kill Lew Sing and cut off his queue, and carry Li Choi away. All of which might have come to pass, had not Lew Sing consulted with his friend, the flagman at the railroad crossing.

"What you want to do to keep anybody from touching your wife is to get married, alle samee white man. Sabee?"

Lew Sing reflected: to get married "alle samee white man" might make Li Choi secure, but it might also make it difficult if he should ever wish to get rid of her. But then Lew Sing did not believe that he should ever want to get rid of Li Choi. Such is the reckless enthusiasm of love. Besides, Foo Chou was coming with his knife.

The flagman scribbled a line on the back of an old letter, "Ycu takee this to the City Hall, give him to Mr. McGee, he fix him all right."

Half an hour later, while Foo Chou was furiously searching the premises of Ah Lew Sing, that worthy was helping his pretty bride up the steps of the City Hall, her parasol awry and her embroidered sandals sadly the worse for their hasty flight across lots.

Ah Sing in the swelling of commendable pride, at having outwitted the most notorious highbinder in Chinatown, built him a house that was quite large enough to swing a cat in, and as gorgeous inside as a joss house, and quite as dingy without, with the wisdom of Confucius done in very large characters on very red paper pasted all about the front door. He has returned to his old occupation of fighting devils. A three hundred dollar wife must be supported in a style to correspond with her worth—besides, there is a little Lew Sing who is expected to grow up and become a mandarin with a green button on his hat and must be looked after accordingly.

Ah Lew Sing never went back to the mis-

(Continued on Page 65.)



THE FLIGHT OF HELEN

By Frances E. Sheldon

Now before the Paphian shrine
Slow the wreaths of smoke entwine,
While the laggard priestess toils,
One by one, with fragrant oils
The low, sputtering lamps to fill.
For upon the windy hill
Now the lovely goddess stands,
With proud triumph in her eyes,
Eager to make good her gage,
And across the echoing lands
Calls aloud her heart's desire:
"Helen! Helen!"—and the Loves,
Fain to add impotent aid,
Lift the chorus high and higher,
While with somber pantomime
Of her joyous mien they stand,
Shouting through uplifted hand:
"Helen! Helen! it is time."

When the signal of her doom
Stirred the stillness of the room,
Starting from her purple bed,
With wide eyes and troubled face,
Helen stood and for a space
Listened trembling in the dark.
But as through the quiet place
Once again the echo sped,
Like the ebb of some great sea,
Fear and sin and memory,—
All the terrors of her heart,—
God-commanded, backward rolled,
And she knew her destiny.

Then she went with eager feet,
All her hair about her flowing
Swift her toilet to complete,
Thinking only of her going.
Soft-spun linen first she drew
O'er her shoulders' snowy fleece,
Maiden girdle round her bound,
Closely tied each high-laced shoe,
Wound her brows and through her hair
Wove loose sprays of myrtle blue.
And at length when all was done,
Maiden made again by fate,
When the far-off glimmering sun
Whitened in the cloudy East,
With glad eyes and willing speed,
From the past's sweet burden freed,
Forth she fared beyond the gates
To where the eager lover waits.

But the child, Hermione,
Standing at the open door,
Watched with growing fear to see
How her mother decked her hair;
And the terror more and more,
Grew, till now the toilet done,
She is left within the place
Listening still with piteous face
To the footsteps fainter growing;
In her childish grief not knowing
Half it bodes for good or ill,
That the high gods have their will.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS

By Carolyn Shaw Rice

Leaving the mists and bare brown hills below,
We came to Tamalpais, where he stood
In kirtle all of green, like Robin Hood,
His Merry Men around. A golden glow
Filled all the air. We looked above, and lo!
The crescent moon at midday smiled, as 'twould
Meet us halfway. Birds warbled. "God is good,"
The breezes 'round us sang, and, row on row,
The serried hills replied. Beneath us frowned
San Quentin's prison walls, while San Rafael,
A picture city, shimmered in the sun.
A blue stream babbled near. Afar, the sound
Of mighty billows, booming—"All is well!
Shout, Peaks and praise Him, the Eternal One!"

The Totem of Simjik

By JAMES HANSON

AT the death of Anvik, Simjik became the hereditary keeper of the sod, skin-roofed lodge which stood a-top the red-brown cliffs of Yakutat Bay, just a few degrees below the Arctic Circle.

Natives eschewed its gloomy threshold as though therein lurked an evil spirit. Even the scraggy, mangy wolf-mongrels disdained to sniff the dead, branchless cedar that stood before its door.

There, with the shiftless one, dwelt his moon-faced mate-girl, who carved googly-eyed Aleut idols and grotesque chessmen of walrus tusks which she sold to obtain the daily sustenance.

Three times the squadrons of harlequin duck had voyaged to the southward since new skins clothed them. Folks ignored them and considered them outcasts. Old-timers said it was because they had no totem.

But that was before Simjik became a Nalegak, or a leader of men.

Before—

The skin flap across the doorway was thrust suddenly aside and Nulato, the saffron-hued mate of Simjik, entered.

She was attired in orthodox trousers of seal, beaded mukluks, hooded koolitang, lined with mottled muskrat, which covered her high breast and body to her knees—these cast-off garments that had been too ragged for the “sour-dough” at the trading-post. Her face was tinged with carmine and her eyes gleamed maroon as she bestowed a scornful, contemptuous gaze upon Simjik, who huddled in one corner. For, following her in taunt, came the gutteral and rauous throat-noises of the mongrel assembly who trooped behind her.

“Ha!” mocked the chorus outside. “She is the squaw of he with the withered arm. Have they a totem? Yes; the dead cedar is his totem—a dead totem to his strengthless arm that holds no spear.”

Shame was within Nulato, and she opened up on Simjik with a voluble flow of speech that was as icy as snow-water, and at times her voice snapped like the five-fathom whiplash of a dog-driver.

“Spawn of a sick salmon!” she panted, standing with arms akimbo before him. “Are you a Siwash squaw, that you cringe under the

jest of children? A malamute pup fears his master’s hand. But the pup grows older and loses his fear. The walrus have run twenty-eight times since you were the age of a pup—yet you are a pup—a slinking, yelping——”

Even as Simjik, his berry-brown features working in ludicrous alarm, winced and cowered under her stinging tongue-lashing, the sweeping laughter of the voices again laved the room.

“Aurora is the totem of the Great Spirit. The iceberg is the emblem of the Man of the Waters. And the symbol of the frosty tundras is the birch. But Simjik has no totem.”

Again Nulato took him to task.

“Hear you it?” she cried. “Why even they of the Scarlet Sisterhood, and the lowly squawmen smile with pity upon us. What is your ancestry? Of what is your genealogy compounded—slugs, moths, snakes—creatures who are powerless to take offence? Not warriors, surely, for a brave would seek brave deeds so that he might display his prowess upon an emblem pole.”

Simjik muttered an inarticulate rejoinder and huddled deeper in the squalid corner. He was in deep pain with the bite of her last words.

“Perhaps Nulato shall seek a brave,” she had insinuated.

* * *

It was near the end of the Long Night, and sleep time Torgnak, the evil spirit of the north, descended maliciously from the lofts and smote the sleepily rolling waters of Yakutat Bay.

Abruptly, as if at a signal, it burst upon them. An obese sea-parrot, alarmed at the unearthly radiance of Aurora, screeched a hoarse warning just before the cedar fell with a crash that thundered resonantly within the shack and made Simjik’s teeth chatter as though he were obsessed with the ague.

Evil spirits were, indeed, abroad. The wind rose with a mournful whine; sobbing sibilantly in the rain-whipped chinks and setting up a ghastly howling along the phosphorescent surf and whipped the stygian forest relentlessly.

It lasted but a few hours. As soon as the tempest advertised signs of abatement Nulato ventured out along the brink of the cliff to see if the turbulent waters had thrown any driftage upon the beach.

Balsams and tamaracks, cleft asunder at their roots by the elements, floated in the surf like sepulchral messages from the moaning, grief-stricken forest. Two huge bergs towered in the offing like crystalline cathedrals with scintillating minarets of jade, garnet, aqua-marine and sapphire. Countless birds—kittiwakes, puffins, auks, gulls—sea-scavengers hovered, screeching, over millions of leaping, frightened fish.

Nulato shaded her eyes with one hand and gazed seaward. Her sight rested for a moment upon a vast, dark mass that distinctly swallowed in the trough of the gentian-blue, smoke-crested billows.

She scarcely suppressed a cry as some nameless thing within her engendered into the thought—the Sea Devil!

She ventured another look.

The mass was coming inshore. Presently she discerned two streams of vapor jut upward from it. After a lapse of fifteen minutes the massive creature lay like a bloated bag of oil almost below her at the base of the cliff.

He was over a hundred feet in length, mottled brown, slate-blue and grey. His thick hide was covered with barnacles and sea-cockles that were the accumulation of a century and more. Indeed, he had all the bestial seeming of hideous sea-slug.

In the instant that Nulato saw the scars on his back—relics of former sea-battles—she recognized him as the one who was the harbinger of pestilence and famine. For, strange to relate, coincident with his previous comings, also came hunger and death. And Nulato was a pure and homogenous Eskimo; so with the superstition of her race and line she knew the evil that the storm had driven into Yakutat Bay.

She turned abruptly and ran down the cliff.

"The Devil of the Sea! The Devil of the Sea!" she cried in horror, as she burst through the skin flap into the presence of Simjik.

* * *

A copper-skinned figure, clad in a faded mackinaw, stalked among the kayaks and comiaks, and other craft which lay high upon the beach. Presently he dragged one to the water's edge.

It was Simjik, the shiftless one.

"Once this kayak was of the best musk-ox skins," he soliloquised; "now its seams leak with the salty water, and it is patched in many places. It was in this craft that my father—before he became sightless from kabloonah's (white man) wood alcohol—guided a party of gold-seeking voyageurs up the river. But after

today Simjik shall possess a new one; for today he shall become a great chief."

There was a grim determination about his compressed lips as he placed a two-bladed paddle of ash in the cock-pit; for the words of Nulato had bitten deeper than the "hootch" at the drinking inn. With the paddle he put a long-barbed harpoon with a fire-hardened handle, which he securely lashed there with a piece of sinew. He gave one last look about him.

Above him Aurora shimmered incandescently like some cosmic bijou. Out on the tundra spaces a pair of snow-white ptarmigan wheeled languidly over the conoid tupecks (summer houses) of a Cree family, which stood in a tiny forest of stunted bushes that were shortly expectant of giving birth to red-berry clusters. Then he merely gave a grunt, in precisely the same manner as had countless of blubber-eating Eskimos who lived generations before him, and shoved off into the undulating Pacific.

He was born of paddle-folk—a line of folk who had gleaned their subsistence among the frigid waters of Yakutat Bay. Perhaps it was the shades of his ancestry who rode at his elbow and awakened some dormant spark within him that was fanned into the fires of conquest. He applied himself diligently to his task, oblivious to the rest of his surroundings.

"Ugh!" he grunted, as a huge breaker struck his frail kayak.

Had he an audience they would have seen an atomic brown spot rise in the spume on the crest of a wave for a moment, and they would have seen it become lost in the grey-green canon of a titanic sea. They would have marveled that a canoe could have lived in such angry water. And they would have thought Simjik to be infested with some supernatural power that he attain such speed with which he flew toward the Sea Devil, who slumbered beyond.

Huge billows, draped with milky, smoking spray, swept incessantly past him. Ahead of him seemed an impenetrable barrier of blue-black, liquid mountains that loomed skyward above him as real mountains. So intently was he absorbed in his symmetrical paddle-strokes that he had not time to observe beauty in the heaving, lashing sea, that rushed landward with the momentum of a short arrow.

Up rose his kayak like some living sea-wraith, till it seemed that he had reached the portals of the crystalline sky above, amidst a series of grotesque, curling wreaths that effervesced and became fantastic, dripping laces, and down

again, with its bull-volume that hissed and whimpered wrathfully, as though he were descending into the very bowels of hell.

A thousand inquisitive sea-scavengers accompanied him, screeching encouragement, even as his canoe became half-submerged in the depths of a swaying, sighing cradle.

The next time Simjik topped a wave he sought a glimpse of the creature before him. And he saw him.

There he lay about twenty fathoms away in apparent slumber. Simjik's eyes roamed over his hulk for a place, between the sea-weed and limpets that covered him, where he might mount to the bull's back.

About the Sea Devil the sea seemed tranquil from the oil and grease exuded from his body. Simjik's eyes sparkled with expectancy as he approached, for the whale was a sperm whale and would yield, according to Simjik's inexperienced eye, about 250 gallons to the ton. And perhaps there was ambergris within him.

But how should he approach and attack his quarry? Thrice did he send his kayak of skin around the sleeping Cyclops of the deep while pondering how to begin the battle.

Nature suddenly awakened him from his meditations and decided the situation for him.

A great wave caught the diminutive canoe in its powerful jaws and dashed it, together with its occupant, upon the back of the Sea Devil.

It almost jolted consciousness from Simjik, but the ancient beast never moved his bulk.

Instantly Simjik threw his entire weight behind the harpoon and buried its head from view in its wrinkled, leather-like floor upon which he stood. A moment later he had securely lashed his canoe to the spear with a lengthy string of twisted strips of skin.

The Sea Devil merely gave an indifferent twitch to his tail and continued his snooze. The prick of the harpoon had scarcely penetrated his blubber.

Simjik realized that it did no good to jab haphazardly into the body; he must seek a vital spot. Accordingly, he crept along the slippery back to a position just back of the tiny ear-holes of the mammal.

There he rested for a moment as a thought struck him, and the thought was of the ones who had flung their taunts. Again he heard them:

"The dead cedar is his totem—a dead totem to his strengthless arm that holds no spear."

Had he a strengthless arm? No, he would show them. There gleamed a peculiar light in

his black eyes as he grasped the spear with renewed strength and sought a foothold among the marble-hard shells of the creatures that had once lived and died on the back of the whale.

But he must strike hard. Often from the cliff he had watched the great whale ships with their rancid odors and heard the Boom! come from them, and had seen the long singing line fly out from their sides, striking a denizen of the deep to death.

He had not the power of a whale-gun, but men killed whales before guns were invented, and so could men yet kill them. And Simjik, drunk with the jests of children and mad from the voice of Nulato, believed that he had the potency to do the same.

With a terrific jab he sent the harpoon to the extent of a foot into the ocean of flesh beneath him. To which he added an extra shove.

The Sea Devil was awakened from his languid musings with a start. A voluminous shudder went through his gigantic frame and his tail moved him into action. The spear was like a colossal thorn in his back, which angered him.

And it was a thorn he could not shake off, try as he would. He headed for deep water. Upon his back Simjik hung on for dear life, ever exerting a steady pressure upon the shaft before him, always sinking it deeper and deadlier.

The waves deluged him anew, sending stinging slaps of brine against his unprotected face.

Soon the great tail began to whip the water angrily, churning the sea into thousands of shuddering bubbles in his wake.

Though half-drowned, Simjik gave another jab to the shaft, which accelerated the speed of the elephantine beast. Away they went, the kayak dancing like a brown bubble behind them, but for the canoe he had no fear. It could not sink. So monstrous was the commotion that he could not tell what was water or was sky; whether he be beneath the waves or above.

Presently they shot through a multitudinous school of fish, that streaked by them as crystal sparks in a darkness that was as black as Erebus. There were squads and battalions of them, sometimes leaping into the air like overgrown flying fish, racing ahead of another, falling behind like the scintillating blaze of ruby, silver and emerald spangles.

With a body of which he was scarcely conscious, Simjik, dazed from submersion, began to exert a slow, grinding twist to the shaft, so

that its keen barbs would gnaw the flesh into a jelly.

The Sea Devil became wildly agitated. With a convulsive leap he completely cleared the surface of the bay and fell back with a tremendous splash. Soon the sea assumed a crimson tinge. Two geyser-like streams of frothy-red vapor shot into the air, dyeing the atomic figure on his back with the bloody steam.

Suddenly Simjik's features became over-spread with an asinine grin, and he clung tenaciously to the harpoon, while a diabolical whoop bellowed out from his chest.

The Sea Devil began to weary. He swam around in blind circles, occasionally heading straight for the open sea and as suddenly wheeling about back into the bay. Then, at the foot of the very red-brown cliffs where lived Simjik and his mate, a spasmodic quiver swept the whale from nose to tail, and he died.

* * *

The council fires were burning piously in the medicine lodge of Uguak. At his feet lay presents and gifts from the wise men of the tribe, who assembled therein solemn conclave and sought a solution to the problem that confronted them.

Ugak was clad in the raiment of the ritual, which consisted of a capriciously painted, pop-eyed, wooden mask with walrus teeth set in its jaws—this covered his head—while about his waist hung a girdle of mat-grass, and his mongoloid body was bedaubed with ochre and vermilion paint.

"Brothers," he began, "the Devil of the Sea has returned from ser-mik-suah (the abode of evil spirits). Thrice he has come and gone. And with him went the souls of many of our people. He is evil medicine. He must die. Do the ears of Ugauk hear the voice of men who dare venture against him?"

A cry of fear burst from his listeners, and they shrank back in alarm.

"No human can kill him, O Uguak," they protested, "for he is born of the devil. Have not our young men sought to sink their spears in him? Yet has he lived. His hide is of iron. The arm of Innoko, who once cast a spear at him, withered to mere bone, and he afterward died from the spell. No; no mortal can kill him."

A vociferous scrabble of voices sounded outside.

Uguak lent his ear from a moment, then resumed:

"Perhaps it is better that we depart—"

Again sounded the clamor at the door.

Then— A voice broke the short, cryptic silence that followed.

"Tillicums (friends), the Sea Devil is no more!"

All eyes turned and beheld Simjik, dismantled and dilapidated, wheezing and grinning, clutching a bloody walrus spear in one hand.

A chorus of derisive sneers greeted him. Then a gray dog-driver bowled him over on the ground.

"Half-wit," growled the elder one, "have you come to add witchery to pestilence?"

Simjik struggled to his feet and stoutly maintained his words.

"Come," he persisted; "come and see."

And he led the procession to the cliff. There he showed them the old Sea Devil, floating in the surf as dead as tundra grass that had expired before the frosty breath of Boreas.

"He has the arm of the Highest," exclaimed the gray one.

"Aye," added Uguak, "he has the greatest of all totems. Tomorrow there shall be a great feasting. And we shall erect a totem to a Nalegak."

And when came the morrow there was a scene of great activity before the shack of Simjik.

There the best artificers of his tribe had severed the fallen cedar in twain, leaving about thirty feet of its straightest-grained length to be erected.

Nulato, who was attired in new skins of sable and Pribilof fox, stood beside Simjik while he gave instructions to the carvers. And to her he confided the sum of the symbolic picture-signs that were to be graven on the pole.

At its base would be the head of the Sea Devil, its tail reaching half-way to the top. Above him was to be a googly-eyed, pot-bellied figure, representing Simjik, which was to be painted with chrome green and brilliant vermillion. Above that was to be a gull and a kittiwake, who were to portray the winged family that had accompanied him and had brought him luck.

But Simjik ill-concealed an asinine smile as he turned aside to receive a silver black fox pelt from an admirer. His thought that had caused the smile was his innermost secret—the one feature that would not be displayed on the totem pole—one that not even Nulato would know.

That was the fleet of fish—thresher sharks—that had attacked the Devil of the Sea and sent him to his death.



"He first drove to the club."

Ten Dollars

By HERBERT WARREN DODGE

WHEN the opulent president of the Third National Bank of San Francisco spoke, one listened, to do otherwise was impossible. His son, Richard Peters, was no exception to the rule, and the moment that young gentleman seated himself at the breakfast table his attention was entirely absorbed by his father's keen reprimand.

"Um! Good morning, young man." That was all, and enough, Richard knew what was coming. John Devon Peters never employed the word, "um" before a greeting unless more was to follow, usually something to the disconcernion to the party addressed.

"Good morning, father." The young man searched frantically for his napkin. To meet his father's eyes would start the tirade without procrastination. The elusive piece of cloth had fallen to the floor. It required a remarkably long time to replace it upon the table.

"Richard!" The first shot had been fired. There was no dodging; the aim was true. The prodigal son lifted his eyes until they received the penetrating glare of J. D. Peter's.

"Yes, dad?" Listlessly.

"Richard, where were you last night?" The young man opened his mouth to answer. His father continued, "I know, young fellow. Despite the fact that I have forbidden you to enter that place you have repeatedly disobeyed me. If you were only finished college—. However, I'll teach you to respect me. How much did you lose? Shut up!" Again the object of the harangue had endeavored to speak.

"Eight hundred dollars! Why you couldn't earn ten dollars in a life time, I have a mind to put you to work immediately. When I was—."

A sudden inspiration caused J. D. Peters to interrupt his upbraiding. For a moment he was silent. Then the second shot was fired.

"Richard?"

"Go on, dad, I'm listening," responded the busy son, who was slowly eating grape-fruit.

"Young man, I am about to offer you an ultimatum."

"You don't say, dad, what is it—some new-fangled check?"

"I'll check you all right!" ejaculated the banker. "Here is my scheme in a nutshell. You must be taught the hardship of earning money. See here! It required only three hours for you to lose eight hundred dollars gambling. I'll give

you just twenty-four hours to earn ten dollars! Earn, I said. Get that? Fail to earn ten real, honest-to-goodness United States dollars in the allotted time and your career at Berkeley will cease, and you'll have to get out and buck the world, and I'll say it's no snap. That's all, time begins now!"

J. D. P. left the room; a much bewildered young man stared after him. Richard had expected the usual call-down, but this—! Surely his father wouldn't be so hard-hearted as to make him leave the university! He was only bluffing. But Richard decided not to ignore such an ultimatum. He would have to earn ten dollars before breakfast the next morning.

Hastily concluding breakfast the young man put on his hat and coat and, confident of his ability as a money-earner, descended the steps of his home whistling.

Not until he had boarded a Ferry-bound Sutter Street car, did he realize that there were very few things he could do. He must earn the ten dollars. That meant work for it. Clerk, stenographer, bookkeeper, he had no experience in any occupation. But certainly his lack of knowledge in these lines would not prevent him from obtaining a position long enough to secure the stipulated sum. Was he not the son of J. D. Peters? Any one of a dozen establishments would give him a job.

At Sutter and Market he took an up-town car and in a few minutes alighted before the Emporium, the city's largest dry-goods store.

Jauntily he entered the place and inquired for Mr. Clark. "A great friend of dad's," thought Richard, "no chance of my failing here."

"This way," said one of the clerks, leading Peters to the private office of Mr. Clark.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Clark," he began apologetically, "but I am looking for work and thought you might be able to accommodate me."

Mr. Clark seemed surprised.

"Why, I was under the impression that you were still at college."

"I am, Mr. Clark, as a matter of fact I only wish to work for one day."

"I don't understand, my boy, but I will give you a job for a day, some bet I suppose. What manner of employment do you wish?"

"Let's see," considered Richard, "I wouldn't mind selling things."

"Salesman. No experience, well I'll put you to selling handkerchiefs."

"Thank you, Mr. Clark, and the salary will be how much?" expectantly.

"Two dollars and a half, Richard. You will not be worth that, but I am giving it to you as a favor."

"Two dollars and a half! By Jove, Mr. Clark, I was expecting at least ten dollars a day!"

"Ten dollars!" repeated Clark amazed. "Preposterous. Why, my most efficient salesman only receives five dollars! Sorry, Mr. Peters," rather brusky, "two and a half is all I can pay you."

Somewhat dejected, Richard bade Mr. Clark good-day. There were other places where he could obtain a position for a day. He would try Dickson and Coolidge, insurance brokers, on the third floor of the Humboldt Bank Building. A short walk and an elevator ride brought him before their door.

"Good morning, Mr. Peters," greeted Dickson, "something I can do for you?"

"Yes, Mr. Dickson," replied Richard, deciding to waste no time, "you might oblige me if you offered me a position for one day, the salary to be ten dollars."

"Impossible, Peters, there is no man employed here who receives such an enormous wage. Why only one day? I will offer you a permanent position if you wish, but eighteen dollars a week would be all you are worth at first."

"Thank you, Mr. Dickson," Richard's disappointment could not be concealed. "I will explain later why I wish to work for only a day

Richard Peters was a fool in many ways, but he knew the inevitable. No one would give him a position for a single day at ten dollars. Salaries, he thought, were certainly very meager. The two unsuccessful interviews had required considerable time and the noon hour was approaching. It was only a waste of time to try for a position now. He must do something extraordinary; but what? He was in a quandary; University of California vs. Ten Dollars, continued to ring in his ears. He could easily borrow the sum and tell his father he earned it, but he knew his father could trust him to play fair.

He walked aimlessly up and down Market Street looking at the window displays until the Ferry siren announced the noon hour. Not wishing to be caught in the throng already beginning to gather, he made his way up Geary Street to Union Square and found an unoccupied seat on a bench.

Ten minutes passed and still he could think of no way to earn the money. Finally, almost discouraged, his eyes rested upon the line of automobiles flanking Geary Street between Stockton and Powell. Each car bore a placard reading, "For Hire." Here, at last, was his opportunity! He would rent one of these automobiles and go to some other part of the city and secure fares. It would not be difficult to earn ten dollars in this manner, he was sure.

Peters stepped up to the line of machines and asked one of the drivers the rental price for the rest of the day.

"Twenty dollars, buddy," replied the chauffeur indifferently.

"All right," answered Richard, "I'll take your machine and do the driving myself."

"But you'll have to put a deposit on the boat or be identified," said the man in the automobile.

"How much deposit?" inquired Richard, tentatively.

"Not a cent less than three hundred dollars, this is a good car and I can't afford to take any chances."

Richard thought rapidly then said, "Never mind, I'll be identified instead. Drive me to the Third National Bank." With that he entered the machine and the driver started it up and drew away from the curb.

A quick ride brought them to his father's bank and Richard and the chauffeur entered J. D. Peter's office.

"Dad," began Richard, "I'm still on the trail of that money and will have it soon, but first I want you to tell this man who I am."

J. D. Peters turned toward the man his son had ushered into the office. "This is my son. What's the argument?"

"Nothing at all, dad, just wanted him to know who I was. Guess we'll go now. See you to-morrow morning with ten dollars."

As the two men walked out of the office, J. D. P. stared after them and muttered to himself. No doubt his son was in more trouble.

When they reached the street Richard gave the man a twenty dollar bill and received instructions where to drive the machine when he was finished with it. The garage where the machine was kept was only three blocks from Richard's home.

It was nearly one o'clock now and Peters knew he had to do some fast driving if he was to earn the money before five, the time when he had to return the borrowed auto.

He first drove the machine to the California Club, an exclusive organization where he was sure of obtaining a fare. Stopping the machine

in front of the club he waited, but not long, for a man approached him and, observing the sign, asked to be driven to the Palace Hotel. Arriving at the New Montgomery Street entrance of the famous hostelry Peters was in a predicament: How much should he charge his fare? He finally decided to charge him a dollar, surely he would not complain at that!

"That will be a dollar, sir," said Richard opening the door and helping the man out.

Without a word the man handed Richard a crumpled bill and entered the hotel. Glancing at it Richard saw that it was a dollar and he placed it in a separate pocket from the rest of his bills. His earned money must be kept track of. Only nine more to go!

Buying an afternoon paper Richard read and waited for passengers. But no one entered his car; they all had their own or they hired one of the taxicabs in front of the hotel. At two o'clock he became nervous. Only three hours remained in which to earn nine dollars. Business was scarce.

Realizing the futility of remaining before the Palace Hotel he drove to Powell and Sutter and parked before the Press Club. He sat in the machine with the sign hanging from the windshield for over an hour without securing another passenger.

It took him twenty minutes to drive from the Press Club to the Beach. Surely at the Cliff House he could pick up a few afternoon revelers and earn his remaining nine dollars. No one engaged him, however, and he gazed sadly out over the ocean, wishing his father had not learned of his gambling escapade of the evening before. Four o'clock and no more passengers!

A heavy, typical San Francisco fog rolling in from the Pacific added to his discomfiture. He headed the machine toward town and, the sign displayed promiscuously, drove slowly homeward, arriving there at four thirty. Just a half-hour to obtain nine dollars! Fate certainly had a hand in this!

He could not give up the ship at this stage of the game, so he decided to keep the machine until he had earned the specified sum, regardless of time. He could make it right with the owner when he returned the borrowed car.

The fog had increased to a heavy drizzle and Richard ate supper home and secured his over-coat. With the coat buttoned up to his ears he drove about aimlessly, his heart heavy within him. Nine dollars seemed as distant as the fog-concealed moon!

His discouragement was getting the better of him when, as a last attempt, he drove to the

fashionable Pacific Union Club, on California Street hill. But the hours passed and no one engaged his services. He glanced at his watch. Eleven o'clock! No use; he couldn't earn ten dollars. His father would certainly keep his word and sever his connections at the university. What luck——. How long he kept awake he did not know. First one eye, then the other, closed.

"Hey, driver!" He awoke with a start. A man was standing alongside the machine gently shaking his shoulder. A fare! Luck at last!

"Yes, sir," Richard was instantly alert. "Where to, sir?" he inquired in his best chauffeur-like tones.

"Take me to Forty-third Avenue and Lincoln Way, and make it fast."

"Forty-third and Lincoln Way," repeated Richard, "why that's way out in Sunset near the Beach!"

"Certainly it is, young fellow, where did you think it was?" sarcastically.

The man had stepped into the machine and sat in the rear seat. He spoke into the tube, "Hurry up!"

"All right," responded Richard letting in the clutch. It mattered little to him where he went. The long ride out to Forty-third Avenue would be worth nine dollars—no, ten dollars, to Richard Peters. He would charge his passenger that sum. Yes, the man looked good for ten dollars.

Peters could not drive very speedy, despite the man's frequent urging, due to the slippery street, and it was twelve-thirty before he stopped the machine at the street given him by the man.

"Forty-third and Lincoln Way," said Richard.

"How much?" the man was still in a hurry.

"Ten dollars!"

"Ten dollars? Come, I have no time for fooling!" The man was becoming angry.

"Ten dollars is my charge," declared Richard truculently, "either I get ten dollars or I call an officer." Richard was also incensed. It was the last straw. He must get ten dollars from this passenger or—leave college.

"Take it, you profiteer!" answered the man thoroughly aroused shoving a bill into Richard's hand. Richard made certain the bill was a ten. The man hurried away.

Peters drove away in a daze. He had succeeded!

Before he had traversed five blocks, he was stopped on one corner by a man and a woman.

"Quick! Take us to the Emergency Hospital

on Stanyan Street. My wife is sick; make it in a hurry!"

"Certainly, sir!" replied Peters opening the rear door for his new passengers.

With a sick person in the car, and every second counting, Richard sped along deserted Lincoln Way, arriving at the Hospital in a few minutes.

"Here," said the man, before the machine had come to a stop, "is ten dollars for your service!"

Richard was more than dazed now; he was dumfounded. Two ten dollar bills resting in his pocket were the fruits of his labor.

"Oh, won't I fool dad, though!" he soliloquized as he approached the garage. He had no more use for the car and intended to return it to its owner.

With the garage man he left the machine and another twenty dollar bill, which he knew would satisfy the lender of the automobile.

"Now for some sleep!" he muttered starting for home.

* * *

Mr. J. D. Peters was at the breakfast table the next morning when Richard breezed in. No sooner had his son seated himself than J. D. P. came right to the point.

"Well, young man, I believe your time is up. Have you earned ten dollars?" J. D. P. grinned. He readily suspected that his son could not show the money.

"Yes, dad, I have it." He had decided not to tell his father just yet about the extra ten dol-

lars the man had given him for bringing his wife to the hospital.

Proudly Richard extracted the first earned amount and handed it to his father with a smile.

"Who gave you this money? Was it a tall, dark complexioned man wearing a straw hat?" As his father said this he began to smile slowly.

"Why yes," said Richard puzzled. The description fitted his fare exactly.

"I thought so, my boy," J. D. P. was making no attempts to conceal his laughter. "Take a look in each corner of this bill, and tell me if you see any red ink mark that do not belong there."

Richard did as requested and exclaimed: "Why this is a marked bill!"

"Absolutely, son, and besides being marked it is also a counterfeit. Some slick fellow passed it in the bank the other day, and I kept it as a souvenir. I had McKay of the cashier's department follow you around all day and attempt to pass it on you. He finally succeeded late last night, and this is the bill. Therefore you didn't earn ten honest United States dollars. You should keep your eyes open for such things." Again his father laughed.

Richard took out the other bill and, handing it to his father, said: "Is this one good?"

"Certainly it is," answered his father.

Then Richard told him how he received the bill. He had earned his ten dollars after all, which goes to show that often the best-laid plans become Carpenteried.

SONG

Said Youth, "I want the morning
And the twilight, too,
And a dark blue flower
That always keeps its dew.
If I must have the clouds at night
I want the moonlight breaking through."

"I want a golden treasure
To spend and still to keep,
Young loves and banners blowing,
And ships upon the deep.
If I must have the rain at night
I want the violets to reap."

And some of these were given,
Some made grotesque, uncouth,
And Youth, turned Age, was asking
Last wishes then, in truth—
Said Age, "The only thing I ask is Youth."

—Glen Ward Dresbach.

Laughing Eyes of Tesuque

By GEORGE LAW

THE old city of Santa Fe prepares one for the improbable and the unusual. The first week of the newcomer is the sort that I, as regards my own initiation, wish might be repeated many times. At every turn of the narrow, crooked streets there is a surprise. In scenery, in life, in color, in art and architecture, in climate and in psychology, Santa Fe is an epitome of the strangest, most fascinating and engaging corner of our country. Impossible as the experience would have seemed from eastern vision, it was quite the most natural thing that could happen that I should meet Laughing Eyes in the streets of Santa Fe.

Her father, Juan, had the custom of driving in occasionally from Tesuque, their pueblo, nine miles north, with a load of pottery and other native art goods to peddle among the tourists. The Pueblo men are not so much of a surprise. Their native dress being a bit too errant to pass muster in our settlements, they have drifted into the use of trousers or overalls, and sometimes vests, combined with moccasins, fancy belts, a bright design of store shirt with tails usually out; necklaces of turquoise or silver; often earrings and bracelets; hair tied in a short queue with a piece of bright worsted, and a flashy headband in place of a hat.

Juan's unpretentious salesmanship—quiet, reserved, affable, take-it-or-leave-it style—elicited several purchases from me and a number of other sightseers.

Then it chanced that on rounding an alley leading into the plaza I came face to face with the ideal heroine of a Pueblo fairy story. The meeting was so sudden and unexpected that we both paused, and I, for my part, could not possibly have gone on, so pleasantly shocked was my attention out of all usual channels. She might have left me standing there, but for some reason—possibly the politeness of my apology—she did not. Boldness and unseemly forwardness are the last things in the world I could accuse her of, but the little witch smiled at me out of the corner of her eyes. It was most natural; here was a youth preoccupied with luncheon doubts barely avoiding a collision; his apology was more profuse than the circumstance warranted; perhaps it was funny to the Pueblo girl; anyway, she smiled, and I smiled back. Her attire was gorgeous in color and ornament, nor lacking in quality. Covering

her was a yellow silk reboso, bright with flower designs in red and green. This was held together beneath the chin so as to reveal only the face by a slender brown hand and wrist wearing many rings and bracelets of silver and turquoise. Her hair was banged evenly across the forehead, leaving a quarter inch of light brown brow between precise lines of hair and narrow eyebrows. Her eyes, lively black in clear white, were exceedingly pleasing in shape. The nose was small and roundish. Her lips were full of color and well formed, revealing white, even teeth. There was a healthy flush in her cheeks. Indeed, her face was more than pleasing—it was decidedly pretty.

Juan found us a moment after the encounter smiling in uncertain embarrassment. Recognizing his late customer, his face lighted up with pleasure. Probably the friendliness in my own was very legible. He spoke to me in Spanish. I had picked up enough expressions to attempt conversation. But there was not much to say, and I was about to go on to my lunch when it occurred to me most naturally to invite the Indians. This I did in a mixture of Spanish and English, beyond the apprehension of Juan. I repeated; a few soft syllables slipped from the girl; then illumination and wonderment flooded Juan's good-looking face. He was delighted to accept, I gathered.

Now he drew my attention to his younger daughter, a child of about six. She was entirely Americanized outwardly—wrinkled stockings and scuffed shoes, soiled red gingham dress, pigtails and dirty face. Her color and a solitary bracelet looked Indian; all the rest simply slum. But the father's hand rested affectionately on her head. Perhaps she was attending the Indian School and was with them just for the day.

My eyes turned for refreshment to the older girl—perhaps fifteen—in her complete Indian attire. I dared not look long at a time, for her laughing eyes set my lips to twitching—an insufficient reason, I felt, to wear a broad smile in walking across the plaza with this trio. But in repeated glances, and later at table, I mastered the details of her costume. Her dress was bright, glossy blue, a satin or sateen. It was narrow and short, ending a trifle below the knee, where an inch of white lace petticoat peeped all around. This, I have observed, is



"Her father, Juan."

the style with Pueblo maidens. Usually they wear a one-piece dress of light shade and material, over which a darker gown is placed, suspended above one shoulder and under the other. The frilled neck and loose, full sleeves of the underdress show as waist, and a narrow hem appears below. The lower gear is the oddest and most characteristic part of the attire. Many thicknesses of white buckskin are wrapped about the legs, sacrificing shape to massiveness. But the buckskin represents wealth, and then, too, the small moccasined feet gain in smallness by the contrast. There is no physical ill consequence from this practice as from the foot-binding of the Chinese. The wrap-leggings are not tight enough to interfere with circulation; they are an excellent preventive against snake bites and a more modest substitute for silk hose could not be conceived. Our government has adopted the identical arrangement in the army worsted wrap leggings.

When Laughing Eyes laid aside her reboso I saw long, wavy black hair falling over a fancy white waist. She wore a huge necklace of silverwork—crescents, stars, beads and triple crosses. Heavy silver pendants, set with turquoise, dangled from her ears. Her many bracelets clinked like the jewels and daggers of an Egyptian princess. About her waist was a wide red belt, having a diamond design in black, white and green. This was a hand-woven article, probably secured through trade from Zuni or one of the Hopi pueblos. The silverwork was, of course, mainly of Navajo origin—good Mexican pesos melted and hammered into forms pleasing to the fancy of the silversmiths or their customers.

I soon discovered that Laughing Eyes spoke first-rate English. She was too timid to carry on a conversation, but it was obvious from her intelligent answers that she understood everything I said. She displayed facile skill, too, in the handling of our tableware. She said she had attended the Government School on the edge of Santa Fe for a number of years. This rather amazed me, considering her unconditional preference for native attire and her reluctance to use English.

She conversed softly from time to time with her father and sister, both experiencing difficulty with knives and forks. The flow of strange syllables, free of aspirated sounds and revealing much ellipsis of vowels, was exceedingly musical. I asked many questions with no other purpose than to hear her voice. Her hesitant accent in using English was quite charm-

ing. Moreover, she always smiled when she spoke—an infectious sort of smile out of the corner of her eye, with red lips and white teeth only half conspiring.

As soon as they finished eating each drew back slightly from the table, looked up at me in turn, and said, "Thank you." This was ample reward. I was touched by their frank friendliness, their gentleness and deep-rooted sense of courtesy. Juan cordially invited me to visit them in Tesuque.

Curious to see what the homes and the home life of these unusual Indians could be, I went out not long afterward, making the short journey afoot, the better to take in the country. The way led directly north from Santa Fe, first up a steep hill, from the top of which a splendid view was obtainable; then for four or five miles along the back of a ridge. Scrubby pinons and cedars dotted the landscape near and far. Mexicans were going and coming with small herds of burros; those headed for Santa Fe packed high and wide with short-cut wood. The burro appeared the least of the combination, but bore his skillfully adjusted pack without signs of over-exertion. Some of the fuel supply of Santa Fe was entering by means of queer-looking wagons drawn by undersized scragged horses. The body of the wagon was formed by a close paling of cedar posts, needlessly narrow and extraordinarily high.

At the end of the ridge the road shot down an extensive basin, barred and scalloped as though the product of an anteviluvian sea. It was a sort of vast maze of startling forms and bright clay colors. Here and there were charming little pockets of verdure, indicating apple and alfalfa ranches. Several streams flowing out of the mountains made pleasing ribbons of light green. In the main hollow was Tesuque creek, threading an irregular way westward toward the Rio Grande. Several old adobe wayside houses sprawled at ease beneath huge cottonwoods in a setting of fruit trees and vineyards savored of the days of early settlement. Down this way from Taos came the earliest caravans over the first branch of the old Santa Fe trail from trading posts on the Missouri river—a way steeped in wild adventure, tragedy and romance.

In a widening of the creek bottom, at the foot of the tableland on the far side, almost hidden from view by cottonwoods and orchards, nestled the Indian village. It was constructed in fortress style—a compact rectangle of two-storyed houses about an inner court, some two hundred by one hundred and fifty feet. In the

early times the houses opened only into the court, the few gates to which could be closed against marauding Apaches or proselytizing Spaniards. And at that time only the second stories had doors, the first being entered by ladders. There are, of course, ground doors now, and many of the tiny windows, formerly filled with translucent plates of gypsum, have been enlarged to accommodate standard glass casings. But the general effect produced by the rude tapering ladders, projecting roof-beams, uneven balconies, queer oval outdoor ovens, perched in many instances on the roofs, and garish colors applied to doors and woodwork and sometimes walls—all of this, to say nothing of the life, is strange and aboriginal enough to unprepared visitors. In fact, the appointments of an Indian pueblo are so surprisingly different from what we are used to in our own cities and towns, that one is struck with a sort of blank astonishment, and the details register themselves only in time and by means of repeated visits.

The children playing about—round-faced brown cherubs, scantily clothed, possessing heavy shocks of lustrous black hair and winning eyes—received me with repeated “hellos,” oddly pronounced and emphasized. This attracted the attention of a number of suspicious dogs, who started a babel, snarling and snapping at me until they were hissed away by some wood-choppers in the court. One of the men directed me to Juan’s house, a second story, and I mounted my first Pueblo stairway. Walking across about eight feet of cement-like adobe roof, I arrived at the open door and stood there, not knowing exactly how to proceed. Then a woman appeared from an inner room, and without a moment’s hesitation invited me to “Come in.” But this, I quickly learned, was the extent of her English. She understood “Juan” perfectly and readily accepted me as his friend—and I imagine Juan numbers a good many of my skin.

Two little tots ambled out to inspect me and were shortly hanging over my knees in perfect confidence. Then the ladder creaked, there was a soft step outside, and Laughing Eyes entered, stopping in surprise at sight of a white visitor. Then her pretty face wreathed into a smile and she said something to her mother. But the girl did not offer to step forward and shake hands. Her mother, however, immediately did so, beaming upon me and murmuring quaintly elliptic syllables. She had a handsome, still youthful, face; her manner was gentle and refined. She was a fit spouse for Juan, and I

could trace the good looks and account for the good behavior of the children in their parents.

Laughing Eyes set the large dish-shaped basket she was carrying on the floor and disappeared. The mother moved a kitchen table over beside my kitchen chair, gently shooing away one of the tots, and Laughing Eyes returned with a watermelon and a butcher knife. The melon was plainly for my exclusive consumption, but when I cut it into five parts and passed them around, the act was viewed with obvious satisfaction, especially by the little ones.

The room was oblong, with exposed log-rafters and a network of branches for the ceiling, whitewashed walls having a wainscoting of yellow ochre, a drab adobe floor, a curious fireplace, one regulation window and two doors. Between the door from the outside and the fireplace was an abutment of wall, about four feet high, extending a short distance into the room. This half-partition created an extra corner into which the fireplace was built, the flume running up the wall. It served to deflect the draft from the cooking, which occurred in the fireplace, while at the same time casting the heat out into the main body of the room.

The kitchen table, two chairs and a wooden bedstead were the only imported articles of furniture. An attractively decorated water-jar, containing a gourd dipper, stood against the wall. A pole, suspended horizontally from the rafters by rawhide thongs, held a handsome Navajo blanket, together with articles of the household wardrobe. Other fancy blankets were spread out upon the bed. A floor pad or mattress, rolled up against the wall, served as a divan by day. Strings of red chillis, corn and jerked meat hung in one corner of the room. I noticed where Juan had stuck away his moccasin awl in a roof beam. Other instruments of his arts and crafts dangled from above—a toylike drill for bead making, a frame for some sort of weaving, strips of rawhide and rolls of buckskin.

Juan was out in the fields, Laughing Eyes timidly informed me. But he would be in pretty soon for something to eat, and the supposition was that I would, of course, wait. So with the watermelon disposed of, I settled myself for a quiet hour. The mother continued with her household putting, the little ones returned to my knees—each determined to occupy one this time—and Laughing Eyes turned to the basket which contained different kinds of colors of small beans.

She emptied the basket upon the floor, and

sitting down, with her legs folded under her, bent over the pile of beans. She was not arrayed in magnificence here at home. A one-piece red calico dress and high gray-white moccasins were about the extent of her attire. Two-thirds of the rings and bracelets had disappeared, and a necklace of vari-colored beads took the place of the fancy Navajo affair. Her tresses hung down across her cheeks, lending to her pose, as she rested upon one hand, a quality that made me long to be an artist.

She was sorting the beans, separating the pink, the brown, the black and white, and the speckled into piles. It appeared to be a tedious and unprofitable task. I thought of the impossible tasks imposed upon poor Psyche by her envious mother-in-law. Why could not the beans, which were all of the common frijole size, be boiled together? But not wishing to annoy Laughing Eyes with impertinent questions, I simply whiled away the time until Juan's arrival, playing with the children and enjoying the composite picture of Pueblo home life.

Juan was hot and dusty, ripe for a long noon siesta. He was delighted to see his friend and inquired, I imagined, as to what sort of entertaining the family had done. He grunted with satisfaction, so I supposed they mentioned the watermelon.

My knees were now deserted, while little three-year-old and five-year-old crowded upon their papa. He stroked their heads and looked down upon them with eyes full of love and wonderment. These gifts to his happiness and home certainly passed all comprehending.

His wife stirred up the fire. A black earthen kettle and a coffee pot were then placed on an iron support over the flames. Out of the other room—a store-room, I surmised from the glimpse I had of quantities of stuff stacked therein—she brought a plate of tortillas. She was about to set this on the floor, but, reconsidering, placed it upon the table. Then two places were set with bowls, cups and spoons. These were for Juan and myself. The steaming kettle and coffee pot were placed between us and luncheon was served. It consisted of hominy and jerkey stew, bread and coffee. Juan apologized for the meagerness of it, no doubt thinking of the goodly fare he had enjoyed as my guest. He explained that they were "very poor," and as regards money and the quality of the coffee I judged that he must be right.

Laughing Eyes, still patiently sorting beans, did not lift her eyes with a swift, guilty look as an American girl overly fond of fine clothing

and trinkets might have done. But she and I knew where the receipts from pottery, war-clubs and tombs had been going.

I stayed on for an hour or so longer. Then thinking that Juan ought to be getting back to his work, said good-by, shaking hands all round, and receiving an urgent invitation to come back any time. Followed by "hellos" from the children and barks from the dogs, I turned homeward in an exceedingly agreeable frame of mind.

One matter had been puzzling me. Laughing Eyes was the recipient of American education. Yet she had gone back unreservedly to the life



*"Spend much of their time stringing beads
and making baskets."*

of her people. This no longer seemed remarkable now that I had seen something of that life. And I may candidly add that it did not seem in any wise deplorable.

Of her experience in school, she said only that she "liked it" and "had a good time." A Pueblo child plays about home, imitating its elders and entertaining infant brothers and sisters, until the age of four or five, when it begins to attend school. If there is a day school in the Pueblo the child goes there first. After the third or fourth grade, which is the limit here, the child is sent away, usually at the initiative of the teacher, the agent or the superintendent, to one of the large Government schools. A good many little children of five or six are to be found in these schools. If the parents acquiesce at all, it is nearly always for an economic reason—they will be relieved of support during these juvenile unproductive years. In the boarding schools half of the school day is given to the usual grade studies,

the other half to occupational exercises. The girls are taught sewing, cooking, housekeeping American style, and do the laundry work for the establishment. The boys are given instruction in farming, blacksmithing, construction work, cobbling, tailoring and instrumental music.

The Government has established several large Indian schools in white communities a long way from the reservations. The children are sent to these schools for terms of four or six years. During all that time they do not return home. They are encouraged to spend their vacations in some sort of employment among the white people. Of course, the only employment open to Indian girls is domestic service. The boys find jobs as ranch hands or day laborers. It is the hope of the directors of the Indian Policy that the young people will there learn to shift for themselves in white communities, and at the conclusion of their terms not go home at all. This hope is often fulfilled as regards Indians from the one-time nomadic tribes. Some of their young people—the boys particularly—have risen to positions of consequence and responsibility in various walks of life. But the Pueblo youths and maidens invariably return home. There are exceptions, but not enough to make a fraction of one per cent. Six years and the white man's education do not weaken the ties of Pueblo home life. The returned ones may find themselves somewhat derelict in their native community; some bring back bad cases of swelled-head, thus for a time rendering themselves most obnoxious to Indian and white man alike; but swiftly or slowly all drift back into the ways of their forefathers. The two best dancers in the Pueblo of Acoma are a married couple, both graduates of Carlyle. Now the reason for this persistent Pueblo relapse is two-fold: in the first place, Pueblo social development greatly exceeds that of any other aborigines and retains hold on its units correspondingly; in the second place, the Pueblos are a happy people, and their homes and villages act like magnets on the absent ones. A little friend of ours in the Sherman Institute, Riverside, California, is

making the most of her educational opportunities and has cultivated or naturally come by the faculty of enjoying herself in everything and everywhere. She could, without doubt, by virtue of her adaptability and likeableness, become a successful member of one of our communities. But she is not looking forward to anything of the kind. At the conclusion of her term she is planning to open a bakeshop for fancy pastry in her home Pueblo!

This case throws light on a way in which many of the children, and through them the whole community, profit of the Government's desperate determination to educate them. Improved ways of housekeeping, cooking, farming, carrying on business and looking after health are unobtrusively incorporated into the native life. For these people, though dyed in the wool conservatives, are able and willing to adopt new ways, or modifications of old ways, obviously advantageous. If we did absolutely nothing to them except treat them considerately and deal with them honestly, as the good neighbors that they are, the Pueblos would soon be copying us in certain things, while at the same time not essentially altering their own customs and manners. And it may be that we could learn something to our advantage from them.

After a lapse of some years I revisited Tesuque and, of course, tried to find my old friend, Juan. But he was not living in the quaint second-story apartment. A young man who answered to our knock invited us in, however; he had some beadwork to show us. He spoke fair English and introduced us to his wife.

What was my delight to recognize Laughing Eyes, now handsomely matured to young womanhood. The old folks had moved down below, turning over the loft to the young couple. They spend much of their time together stringing small colored beads into flat necklaces of fancy design for sale in the curio shops in Santa Fe. They appeared very happy, and I was exceedingly glad that Laughing Eyes had chosen her future with such undeviating good judgment.



Red Roger's Treasure

By FRANK A. HUNT

BROADWAY SLIM was in jail and therefore in great distress. Not that "Broadway" felt the disgrace, or that he had been thrown into an environment with which he was not familiar, but there was the lure of Spring in the air. The birds sang sweetly and flowers beckoned along the railroad tracks.

He had "wintered" in California; it was time to be moving east, and now, according to all indications, his trip might be delayed for thirty days or more. It all depended on the judge, or, rather, on what the judge ate for breakfast. "Broadway" well knew the affinity between indigestion and injustice.

Besides, he had not stolen the groceries from the rear porch of the house near the depot. His game was of a different order—selling flatirons heated with cold water or shares in mythical oil wells, or, when really hard pressed, cashing checks worth the paper they were written on.

But hard luck often brought "Broadway" into the company of gentlemen of the road more crude in their way of collecting the debt they declared the world owed them. One of his late friends had stolen the groceries, but "Broadway" happened to be the man the sheriff had captured, and he was no "squealer."

"They're serving me with coffee and they're serving me with tea."

"I got everything I want, but the jail-house key," he sang pensively.

"But I've been in worse jails. I may get out yet," he said. "Luck and I have been pards for some time."

He rapped sharply three times on the little wooden table top, for he was superstitious and knew that if you boast of your good luck you must knock on wood or it will change.

The office door flew open.

"What was that noise," some one demanded.

The prisoner made no sound. A fat, tow-headed young man wearing a large star came to his cell. He was a deputy acting as jailer during the absence of the sheriff, who had gone to Salt Lake for a man under arrest in that city.

"Was that you makin' them knocks?" demanded the jailer.

"Nix," said "Broadway."

"I heard 'em," asserted the deputy.

"Maybe you did," replied "Broadway," with a slow smile. "I've known fellows that way. Seeing things is the next stage. Stay away from this cell when they turn pink and run up the wall."

The young jailer gave him a start meant to be crushing.

"You're too dam fresh!" he said, and turned to leave. He dropped a book. Before he could retrieve it "Broadway" caught sight of the title, "Spiritualism, or the Return of the Dead."

"That's a funny fish," mused the prisoner. "Wonder why he looked so agitated. Well! Well! So this is Blue Rock, Nevada."

Blue Rock? Where in thunder had he heard that name before?

Now he remembered. Back of a water tank in Davis, California, he had picked up a paper carrying a press dispatch on the hanging of Red Rogers, notorious bank robber, murderer and "Lone Wolf." The outlaw had refused to the last to divulge where he had hidden the proceeds of three highly-successful holdups. A large reward was offered for information which might lead to the recovery of the currency.

And he had been hung in Blue Rock, according to due process of law. Sure! He had been in this jail. "Broadway" had it at last. The outlaw had occupied this very cell. This is where they had kept the death watch.

"Ah, ha!" said the prisoner. "Fat" thought he heard spooks. He did hear 'em! And they're coming back. Guess I'll hop into bed and hide my head under the pillow."

He removed his shoes, got into bed and pulled the blanket over him. He put out the light. Then he knocked three times on the table. The office door, which had been standing ajar, flew wide open, much to his satisfaction.

The light of a lantern flashed into his cell. He pretended to be deep in slumber and snored loudly. The deputy kicked the bars. "Broadway" stirred, sat up and yawned.

"What is it? First call for breakfast in the diner?" he inquired.

The deputy was plainly puzzled.

"There's somethin' funny here. Say! Don't try to kid me. What was them knocks I heard?"

"Broadway" grinned. "Why, he's hearing

them again. Go away! How do you know they came from this cage? Maybe one of those boes in the other cells has a nightmare and she's kicking her stall."

The deputy was plainly worried, but he went back to the office. A half hour later an unearthly yell echoed through the jail. The deputy came running. "Broadway" moaned and hung to the bars, begging for release. The two drunks awoke and screamed loudly. They believed the place was afire. Confusion reigned.

Later, in the bright light of the jail office, "Broadway" related his story.

"First I felt as if some one was pushing me. I was only partly awake. Then all of a sudden some one kicked me right out of bed, and there I was on the floor. Seemed as if some one had taken my place in bed. I didn't dare look. Then I hollered. Gosh! man, it was awful to be locked in with a 'thing' like that."

He was acting. But it was convincing play. Beads of perspiration stood out on the face of the deputy and his hands trembled. Then he told of the death of Red Rogers.

"And I'll bet my star," he added, "that Red wants to tell where he hid that there loot and can't rest easy until he gets the secret off'en his chest. You oughter spoke to him. Now if you could only—only get him to talk—maybe—"

"Not on your life," said the prisoner. "Say, I'll fight like a wildcat before I'll back up into a place like that again."

The jailer was plunged in deep thought. "Broadway" almost guessed what was coming.

"Wait, I got an idea," said the deputy.

He rummaged about in the drawers of an old bureau that seemed to serve the purpose of desk and Rogues' Gallery. He brought forth a Ouija board.

"If Red wants to tell anythin' now's his chance," he said. He stopped and scratched his head. "I don't know, though, as you and I could work it. I never had any luck with the thing. Ever handle one?"

"Let's give it a try, anyway," said "Broadway." He mentally patted himself on the back. Freedom loomed ahead. He would see that a "message" came through that would give him a chance for freedom.

But try as he might he could not make the little board move in the direction he wished. Despite "Broadway's" admonitions, the jailer rested his fingers too heavily on the little three-legged Ouija. It was more like a tug of war than a seance. When the few letters which were touched by the indicator were arranged on paper they made a mere jumble.

The deputy was plainly discouraged. Broadway was disgusted and was already casting about in his mind for some other scheme when the door to the street opened suddenly and a girl of about eighteen, with sparkling brown eyes, red cheeks and a pleasant smile, entered.

"Broadway" felt queer. He tried to remember how long it was since he had eaten. No, it could not be hunger that made him dizzy. And his heart beat was above normal.

For the first time in years he regretted his wasted hours.

The girl caught sight of the board. "Oh, Tod!" she said, "How thrilling! I didn't know you ever got results with Ouija."

The deputy winked meaningly at his prisoner. The girl was not to know that "Broadway" was from the cells. It might lead to trouble with the sheriff.

"Meet Mr.—er—Mr.—"

"Archibald Van Hoyt," supplied "Broadway" with a bow reminiscent of his stage days. "Dealer in hardware, oil stock and—"

"I'm Mary Lee, the sheriff's daughter. What were you two doing when I came in?" she asked with intent to tease the deputy.

"We were tryin' to hear from Red Rogers," said the young jailer, with an attempt at a laugh. "Thought maybe he could tell us where he hid his treasure. But you know I don't get results like you do." Then he saw his mistake.

"Oh! Let me try," said the girl. "Perhaps Mr. Van Hoyt would try it with me."

For a moment the deputy looked forbidding. Then his cupidity overcame his scruples.

"Go ahead," he said sullenly, with a lowering glance at his prisoner.

"Broadway" was acutely conscious of his appearance. He wished for a shave and a white collar. There had been a time—not so many years before—when he had played in repertoire—notes from matinee girls—his picture treasured—But he had smiled on all alike until the "one" had raised him to the heights and then—well, she was responsible for it all. And now—now to fall in love again at such a time as this.

Perhaps Annabel Lee grasped the situation, for her eyes sparkled and she smiled bewitchingly. And it was Spring.

They placed their fingers on the Ouija board and at once it leaped about to the letters. The deputy jotted them down as they were touched by the indicator.

"It's comin'," he gasped at last. "Sure as shootin'!" When the board stopped he read the message:

"Go straight west to the hills. Take the trail to the right until just out of sight of Red Rock. Look for a low, brown cliff with a spring nearby and a round clump of scrub cedar. Dig between the cedars and the cliff. The money is there. Red Rogers, Outlaw."

Dawn found two horsemen, equipped with pick and shovels, well on their way to the hills. One was fat and a large revolver hung at his hip. The slender man was unarmed. He whistled gaily as he rode.

They followed the trail and passed over the divide out of sight of the town. The fat man was looking for a brown cliff with a clump of cedar at its foot and a spring close by.

The slender man was not. In fact, he doubted very much if there was just such a combination in the state. He was making plans to capture the fat man. It would not do to grapple with him on horseback, he decided. He would have to await his opportunity, and he must not discount the fact that the deputy was quick on the draw.

"Broadway" was suddenly brought to attention.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the deputy; "there it is! Cedar in a round ring and the brown cliff." He spurred ahead, wholly forgetting his prisoner. But "Broadway" knew better than to try and escape just at this time. The officer grew highly excited. He had found a small spring. He leaped from his horse when he reached the cliff.

"Grab a pick," he commanded. "Come on,

let's have it up. Must be within a few yards."

He was digging furiously. "Broadway" reached slyly for a rock cast up by the pick, and balanced it in his right hand. He carefully estimated just how hard to hit the deputy in order to put him to sleep. Then he thought of the girl and his better nature prevailed. He would not harm the fat, credulous young fellow even to gain his freedom. He stood holding the rock wholly undecided just what move to make next.

Then he noticed the weight of the stone. It seemed to be composed largely of mineral and it was streaked with yellow. Broadway believed that it contained gold.

"Hi! Fat!" he called; "what's this? Looks as though you had cast up something more valuable than Red Roger's treasure!"

That is the history of the discovery of the "Brown Cliff" mine which paid over a million dollars in dividends last month.

Broadway and the deputy are partners. The charge against the prisoner was dismissed for lack of complaint. The man who had lost the groceries was too busy staking out a claim to appear in court.

The mayor of Red Rock was once known as "Broadway Slim." Reginald Van Hoyt is the name he signs to official documents, but he is called "Van" by his loyal fellow townsmen. Mrs. Van has red cheeks, sparkling brown eyes and a pleasant smile.

Red Roger's treasure? Oh! that was never found.



YOU SAT AND READ TO ME

By Jessica Royer

You sat and read to me one night,
There in the circles of soft lamplight.

The swinging, ringing rhymes you read
Still go a-singing in my head:
A queer old lady with a cane;
Some scarlet poppies wet with rain;
A tramp who thought himself a king;
A pirate with a wishing ring!

And when I laughed aloud, why you
Just turned a page and laughed out too.
When sudden tears shone on my face
You took my hands across the space,
And gently from your selfless heart
You praised the comrade-poet's art.
I did not tell,—I did not try—
What made me laugh and made me cry.

But oh, it was not art, my dear!
I felt the soul of you breathe near;
'Twas living beauty waked and dared
To touch me in the hour we shared.

HIGH NOON

What if thy life,
Now coming to its prime,
Should gladden in its strength
And prove more rich and sweet
Than all youth's promise time.
What if high noon,
With light serene and fine,
Should glorify life's length,
And show thee, made complete,
Life's best in its decline?

—Lillian H. Shuey.

Annals of the Upper Valley

By AGNES CRARY

THE last crop of figs was just in its ripeness at Rancho Vicino, and if you are wise in times and in seasons this tells you also that late summer pears hang tawny and fragrant, that orchard wagons go creaking along with their load of apples for the cider mill, that on quiet roads bevies of quail whirl by or scuttle into the underbrush on your approach. If you live in Bragton or the Upper Valley, it tells you even more. The woods that all summer long have hung banners of grape vine from tree to tree now flaunt yellow and crimson streamers among their green, while the air is full of that sweetest but one of country-sweets. Best of all is the fragrance of Indian corn in the tassel, just at dew fall—faint and elusive, yet full of kindly promise for the homely needs of the farm. But next is the breath of the wild grape, as it blooms in spring and again as its acid clusters purple in the fall, a' sweeter, wilder fragrance than that of vineyards, when the vine has lost its freedom in its long service to man.

So the stream shrunken in its summer channel, the turning foliage, and the scents abroad in the air, spoke of the changing season to the girl driving leisurely along the Vicino road. Her mood seemed scarcely in accord with the lazy beauty of the day, for she pulled the horse up sharply when he wandered from side to side of the road, as is the custom of horses driven in country phaetons. She looked straight ahead, now and then talking to herself earnestly, until at last the stream curved to the right, where the open gates of the Rancho admitted the driver, too, and left the road to run on alone clear up into the hills.

The ranch, too, stretched far up on the ridge; wheat land, orchard, vineyards, that gave way to hill pastures and at last to the vast pineries, and here midway in its acres, set as the crown of it all, stood the Morton home—the Mansion, we of the town called it, in good old Southern phrase, and to many a child who had played in its sunny gardens I doubt not the heavenly mansions bore striking likeness to the great house of the neighborhood.

Just beyond the hedge of evergreen that shut in the garden from the road there grew a wide thicket of figs, which, banyan-like, had spread into a mimic tropics. But Helen knew better

than to stop here; the pale-skinned amber Smyrnas grow in no such mob of vegetation.

She was evidently expected, for as she drew rein by the garden door Mrs. Morton came out to meet her.

"I'm here at last," she said, as she kissed her hostess, "and now I feel as if I had gotten home, really, truly. Let me have a good look at you to see if you have changed one single bit."

Mrs. Morton drew herself up laughingly, "Inspection drill," she said, "I am ready."

A daughter of the Cavaliers, a lady of Maryland—some such phrase came to the girl's mind as she looked at the slender little lady before her—old lady you might say, as you caught sight of the white hair, curled and puffed and coiled in the elaborate manner of her early womanhood. There was the blue checked silk and the high-heeled satin slippers, just as of old; but best of all, the same sweet face, in whose serene spirit time and shock of change had but deepened the untroubled peace.

Mrs. Morton broke the silence. "You wrote me you were coming for figs, all the way from Berkeley to Rancho Vicino for figs! Is not that asking a good deal for me to believe? Come, why are you back just as college has fairly started?"

Helen laughed. "If I had written home that I could not wait till Christmas before I saw you, since we missed our summer visit, Aunt Hannah would call me sentimental, and what is more, you too, and lecture us both; and if I said I felt I must get away to finish my paper in quiet, to live it once more alone, she would not have understood that either. As it is, she is perfectly satisfied, for she puts it down as a part of my general shiftiness, and so it saves us all endless discussion. Besides, they are worth the journey," she said. "Let's get some now."

So they crossed the lawn and up through the side alley that opens on the driveway just where great trees stand, with wide branching limbs that stretch over the clean straw spread to catch the fruit. Now it is true that figs ripe on the trees are not to be despised, but figs afalling or drying on the clean straw, these were the ones Helen was piling into her basket. As she gathered them she talked of her work. She was only a senior, she feared her subject.

"But I've read and studied and thought again and again," she said. "It is Fiske on the Nature of the Divine Personality."

Mrs. Morton looked up, her face proud and happy.

"I am so glad you are interested in these things. We used to study such subjects together when you were in my Sunday school class. I shall want to hear all about it."

But Helen was silent and then began to speak of her college club. She was deep in the midst of it all when Doctor Douglas drove up.

"Under the figs as usual," he called. "When did you get back?" The old clergyman's heart had a soft corner for this one girl in Bragton who had read her classics with the best of the lads sent off to college, and he wrung her hand warmly.

"I suppose you are ready to demolish me again," he said. "But I have thought of an answer, child, that will show you old Butler is still to be reckoned with, for all you laugh at his Analogy."

Mrs. Morton looked up surprise. "But philosophy, Doctor, moral philosophy is what Helen is studying most. You must be mistaken."

"Philosophy, yes," he said, settling himself on a bench, ready to begin the encounter, "yes, but not such as we believe, for Helen—"

"Believes and hopes many things, Doctor Douglas." She spoke half imploringly, knowing his firm dislike of her work and the child-like faith of the friend to whom she had never hinted the mental battles, their victories and defeats.

"Yes, many things of your evolution, no doubt, but not in special providence if in Providence at all. Do you?"

The Doctor's keen eyes were watching her from under his bushy eyebrows. Mrs. Morton set down her basket of fruit and came over to the girl's side. She scarcely reached her shoulder, as she stood there waiting; some way she had never dreamed of change like this; she put her hand on Helen's arm tenderly, but the girl felt it tighten as she said, "Why do you hesitate? Tell him yes, child; tell him yes!"

For a moment she hesitated; she knew that she could have lived side by side with her friend's intense faith—but this pugnacious Scotchman, who argued his sentiments and prayed by syllogisms, as George, his nephew, used to say! Turning to Mrs. Morton, Helen took both her hands:

"Aunt Virginia, I cannot say yes to Doctor Douglas, when with my whole strength I believe no. No, Doctor Douglas, I do not believe as

you do—and I hope you are satisfied now you see what you have done," she added in a sudden blaze of anger as Mrs. Morton turned toward the house.

Helen not to believe! Her little Helen was lost in that grave young woman who stood there facing her clergyman. And like many another tenderest-hearted one, she mistook the first shock of change and pain to her own spirit for a divine impulse to flee a doctrine accursed.

She had passed beyond the lilacs when she saw George coming.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked, startled at her face.

She stopped irresolutely.

"Helen no longer believes in God," she said in a voice that struggled hard to be calm.

George did not stagger, or even grow pale, but he stopped abruptly. "Don't believe it, Mrs. Morton," he pleaded, "I've heard those two argue before. They go on and on, and neither believes in much of anything except quashing the other's points. Philosophy, as Helen gets it in college, may be hard on her faith, but as I've seen the students it's likely to be worse on their manners, and she has come through that fairly. She'll be all right."

Mrs. Morton started to go. He spoke more earnestly now, for if he could bring her back with him his own welcome might be more sure.

"It's certainly a new role for me, this being religious advocate as it were, but any way you put it, Helen seems troubled, and isn't that enough reason for staying by now?"

Mrs. Morton looked up. Could it be he, too, cared so much for the faith or for—, and she smiled a little as she said, "Come, let us go back."

She held out her hand to Doctor Douglas. "Forgive my sudden going," and as she seated herself she called Helen to her.

"You all know how I believe," she said. "Helen best of all."

The old clergyman frowned. He felt it his prerogative to know first in matters of faith.

"I know some day she will believe, too, not as I, perhaps, I hope with a broader knowledge. Still I trust she may find as I do, that everything even in its slightest detail is divinely ordered."

"Then Helen's doubt?" asked the Doctor.

She looked puzzled and George would gladly have tipped his reverend uncle headlong into the creek as she answered musingly, "It may be, even that."

"You may pardon me if I speak from my own faith, and my own heart," she continued.

"But even yesterday a special providence came to me, which I shall share today with you all. You were divinely sent here, Doctor Douglas, though you may not have known it."

It was now the Doctor's turn to look uncomfortable. Mrs. Morton sometimes spoke with such an otherworldly familiarity. George had settled himself in the straw a little to one side, where he could watch the faces and Helen's eyes, did she look up.

"It was only yesterday," Mrs. Morton resumed. "You all know how the gates of Rancho Vicino are always open to the children of the church. Nearly a week ago now I heard that the Reverend Washington Jones was to pass through on his way to his work in the city, so I had the Senator write him to stay over a train with us, and I sent down to the station for him. I was waiting in the library when I saw the carriage coming. There was Peter and some friend of his, as I supposed.

"Why, Peter," I called to him, "did you miss the train?" Peter rolled his eyes at me and before he could answer the other man spoke.

"I'm the Reverend Washington Jones, ma'am, and Peter was there in time."

She paused a moment as she lived again her surprise.

"Just imagine! But I invited him into the library, and Peter brought up his luggage just as for any real guest. You would be surprised too at how quickly the time passed as he talked of his work. I was so interested, yet all along I was thinking about lunch. What should I do? Even if I were willing to sit a table with him the Senator never would, nor would he allow me, I knew perfectly well. Yet he was our invited guest. I might put him with Peter and Rosa and have the table set on the side porch, I thought, but you see he was different and no more belonged with them than with us. Besides, they have belonged to us always, and do not like the free slaves who never belonged anywhere."

Mrs. Morton sometimes forgot there had been any change as she spoke of her old servants.

"As it grew later, I fear I must have appeared distract, but at last I excused myself and slipped up to my own room, where so often I have sought help in trouble."

She paused a moment. "The silence was fairly deafening," George said afterwards.

The fighting spirit of the old abolitionist was in the Doctor's eyes and his voice was icy as he asked: "And then, madam? And then?"

She did not notice his tone, nor the fact's about her, but her own was dreamy and beautiful, indeed, as she answered softly:

"And then a way was opened before me, for as I came down stairs I found you at the door. I knew you were sent to my aid. You invited him home with you—even pressed me to let him go, you remember. When James came in a little later"—Mrs. Morton never said "James" before others, save when she was deeply moved—"he said it was strange, though it seemed so natural to me. He said it was a blessed way out of it, too, and he was glad for my sake. Now, Helen, dear; is it not a proof of direct answer to prayer? Doctor Douglas has here a fresh instance of a special providence."

Helen had risen and was standing behind her friend's chair. "I think with the Senator that it is strange," she said, "a strange answer to prayer, and, Aunt Virginia, I, too, am glad for your sake."

She bent down tenderly to kiss her, but she could not resist one glance at George, as she continued, "And you, Doctor, are you not glad, too, and do you not feel you have in this fresh help for your side of the case?"

But just then the coach turned into the driveway and they heard the Senator shouting to Peter in many words, among which negro with two g's was not infrequent.

"Here comes the Senator," was all the Doctor answered.





Unfounded Fears

Effect of the Volstead Act on California Vineyardists and Agriculturists.

TWO years ago agitation over a recently passed law shook the whole United States, and especially California, in a degree second only to the World's War.

The decision rendered at that time literally metamorphosed a large portion of the country. This was especially noticeable in Northern California, where, for thousands of miles, over both hill and valley, the verdant green of grapes and hops refreshes the eye.

Driving through the beautiful Sonoma Valley at that time the very air was impregnated with that deadly stillness that comes only after the hum of a great industry ceases.

In particular—a home built on magnificent proportions, furnished lavishly with rare treasures from the Orient, and from its location, commanding not only a sweeping view of the rich vineyards of the Sonoma Valley, but of the vast hop fields of the owner's little kingdom, apparently was deserted.

Barns, presses, hop kilns were closed. No life showed over the great acreage. As we rested under the shade of age-old magnolia trees, Nature's incense, the fragrance from rose and oleander and sweet, dry clover rising in the warm breeze, we asked the master of these holdings what the outcome of the new law was going to be.

"We don't know; we cannot tell."

"Everything on my place is shut down. I gave employment to hundreds of persons from

the nearby villages and from the cities, to men and to women alike."

That was two years ago. The evolution and effect of a new law was just beginning to be felt—hardly felt, as yet—and the world was still uncertain whether it would hold.

No wonder fear and alarm was felt everywhere. The hop ranches of Northern California have the highest yield per acre of any in the world, although this is the most hazardous crop grown. And here, in this greatest of all hop-producing states in the Union—in fact, the greatest in the world in average harvest per acre—the vine was threatened with extinction as a commercial commodity, becoming, perhaps, a mere household pet to ramble at leisure over the humble cottage roof.

For decades hops have been one of California's greatest agricultural specialties, so the alarm was not altogether without cause. In spite of that notable law we, last year, produced 21,000,000 pounds of hops, which were sold for approximately \$5,000,000.

This, like many other alarms that too often keeps the world in a panicky tremor, was without real foundation.

To be sure, the grapes and hops are not bought for the same purposes they were in the past, and the markets abroad have created a tremendous export business, but a great business instead of becoming a loss has simply been diverted into other channels.

A. H. G.



RESIGNATION

By Robert K. Davis

Show me some sacred consecrated spot,
Where I can rest secluded from the throng,
Where low-voiced angels sing their hallowed song,
And misery and woe can be forgot.

—Robert K. Davis.

EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

Gene Stratton Porter recently said, "I've reached the place where I like to be out in the sunshine in the winter."

And so she turns to California.

Many a care has been lifted, and hours of happier thoughts brought to the readers of Mrs. Porter's books as, in mind, they have followed her little folk of the Limberlost.

Though Mrs. Porter has just published her new book, "Her Father's Daughter," we hope in time to see a story from her pen inspired by the mountains, the hills, the sunshine of California which she has already enjoyed. And, too, that she may become a part of California as have so many of the literati of the world, who have come and gone, taking with them greater development of mind, fired with greater enthusiasm and love for the West, leaving behind them the influence of their genius.

As we go to press we note extensive preparations for window displays of Harold Bell Wright's new novel, "Helen of the Old House."

Already the demand for this book has been so great that the publishers have been compelled to print it in different cities in order to have it in the hands of the booksellers on the day promised for its appearance.

The idea of printing a book in sections in two parts of the country, and rather widely separated from each other, Chicago and New York, has brought about an interesting controversy. It has resulted in bringing about a keen competition as to what section will gain the greatest number of orders, and the way the latter are coming in the only question seems to be whether the number published will supply the demand.

A book of great interest, both locally and abroad, is "The Life and Personality of Horatio Stebbins," by Charles Murdock, shortly to be issued by the Houghton, Mifflin Press.

That life, in its strenuousness, must find its lighter vein is proved in the way that fiction can and does hold its own.

The modern novel does hold its own, in spite of an oft times expressed criticism that the fiction of today can bear but a few months of popularity.

This is proved most recently by the demand for Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence." Press reports show that on this publication the ninth edition is twice as large as that of either the seventh or eighth.

Mrs. Wharton, it will be recalled, was awarded the Columbia University prize for having written the best American novel of the year.

Following on this comes the announcement that a second printing of Alice Hegan Rice's novel, "Quin," has been made necessary by the number of advance orders received by the Century Company.

Followers of Joseph C. Lincoln are glad to find another one of his cheerful and sunny books at hand. In "Galusha the Magnificent" Mr. Lincoln gives us a chance for a good laugh in his inimitable Yankee spirit of fun.

The mystery and romance in the story keeps one deeply interested and the humaneness of the characters is most appealing.

ARE PEOPLE BUYING BOOKS?

At a recent smart wedding the most talked of gift was a collection of books which stood out among the magnificent silver and glass and real old mahogany like the Koh-i-noor among the crown jewels of England. There they were—piles of red and brown and green and blue books, biography, poetry, travel, fiction—and every guest envied the luck of the young people who would start life with a library as well as an electric toaster, a vacuum cleaner and a complete silver service.

"That's the stuff!" exclaimed a bald-headed man. "The interior decorator can talk about color and harmony and atmosphere, but in my opinion a shelf of books will make a room more liveable than a whole bolt of English chintz."

"You're dead right!" fervently agreed a pink-cheeked debutante, "and books make such grand, inexpensive gifts! You couldn't buy anything but a book for two dollars that you would have the nerve to send to a bride!"

And she told the truth. Books are inexpensive, although we have been trained to think of them as luxuries. It is funny, isn't it? that we will spend twice the cost of a book on a show which only lasts two hours, or will eat double the amount in a quarter of the time, or buy a couple of jazz records which will make our neighbors wish we had started a savings account. We never think twice about such expenditures but a book. And yet a book can be re-read. It can be used as a bridge prize, or sent to Aunt Mary for a birthday gift, or given to Cousin Fred when he does to San Diego, or loaned to Mary Jones to read to her sick husband. You see a book is far more useful to have about the home than a pack of cards or a motor lunch basket.

It is funny, too, that every woman buys magazines to spread over the table until her living room resembles the reception room of a dentist or a doctor. If she would put the same money in books she would have the effect she wants and make people realize they are in a real home. The young people seem to under-

stand that books have a big part in the making of a home, for among the "showers" which are given for a bride, there is now always a book shower. Just listen how excited and important the pretty bride is as she names the volumes in her new library.

So people really are buying books. Praise be, it is the thing to do now. Only the other day, with my own two eyes, I saw a woman buy six new books at once. Yes; books, not records. Books by Edith Wharton and Harry Leon Wilson and Frederick O'Brien and Wallace Irwin and Dorothy Canfield and, of course, Frances R. Sterrett. It was as pretty a sight as I have ever seen.

The delicatessen has invaded the kitchen, the cafeteria has attacked the dining room, but, thank heaven, the library, the soul of the house, is not being threatened! Its shelves are being filled!

An innovation in the manner of presenting a book of poetry is claiming the attention of lovers of good books.

The Cornhill Publishing Company of Boston is issuing a most attractive volume of verse for which special drawings have been made for their extensive photogravure illustrations.

Mr. More is the author of "Songs of a Red Cross Nurse" and "The Lover's Rosary."

The Brooks More prize for 1920 was won by Sara Teasdale.

We have had so many books published on the League of Nations and from writers of such varied interest—politicians to diplomats, financiers and officials of the Army and Navy—that a really live interest has been manifested in a book from the pen of William H. Blymyer, an international lawyer, on the peace question.

His ideas are most practical and have caused a good deal of discussion among our diplomatic corps.

Published by The Cornhill Publishing Company.



THE UTOPIAS OF THE PAST

(Continued from Page 12.)

government was the only one possible. An absolute monarchial head was imperatively demanded, under which were hundreds of other monarchs fully as absolute, and with equal power over life and limb of their retainers. The injustice of feudalism was only made apparent after the commons grew in wealth, intelligence, and power, and were able to enforce their demands for an appropriate share in the affairs of state. It died hard, and slowly dwindled before increasing civilization, but its funeral was finally celebrated in the fires of the French Revolution. Under it, a republican form of government would have been an impossibility.

The monarchs of Europe are but relics of the past, and exist only as a lasting example of the power of custom. Their utility departed when feudalism became historical, and they exist as an anachronism in present civilization. The large constabulary and military forces maintained by each are a marked proof of their antagonism to the body politics. Ostensibly they are maintained to resist foreign aggression, but domestic restlessness is the main cause of their existence. The more absolute the state, the larger the domestic army employed. Could any of their supporters affirm that any absolute monarch of today could safely dismiss his military forces, and depend for the security of the state upon the voluntary consent of the governed, which is the only safeguard of the United States? The experiment would be refused by any absolute monarch or even constitutional sovereign. What stronger proof could be demanded as to their glaring inconsistency in the civilization of today, or what stronger proof that the social relations of the present age have outgrown the need for absolute or even hereditary power than feudalism imperatively demanded? The divine rights of kings perished with the vows of feudalism, and became obsolete when chivalry passed into history. Nor is it necessary to invoke the spirit of prophecy to predict that before many years a crowned head will be unknown to civilization. The present form of government of the United States, the best known to give freedom to the individual in the pursuit of happiness, is the direct outcome of the social system of today, in contradistinction to the feudalism of the past. Nor is the change from the individual competition to universal co-operation a greater one than the change accomplished in the destruction of

feudalism; although it would, perhaps, have a more direct and radical bearing on the affairs of state.

The disciples of co-operation are willing to labor and to wait for the Social Reform, confident that the future state will work out its own salvation. To criticize the coming state, judging and reasoning from the social relations of today, is as absurd as it would have been for the critic of the past to have called such a form of government as the United States impossible, judging only from the social relations of his day.

History teaches that every social cataclysm finds a master mind: whatever storm threatens the ship with wreck, some strong hand from the multitude grasps the helm. Moses came in response to the groans of the Israelites; Caesar to appease the spirit of Roman conquest; Cromwell to answer the demands of the British Commonwealth; Robespierre to glut the vengeance of the French peasantry; Washington to fulfill the demands of American Independence; and Bellamy may have come to answer the cries of oppressed humanity. The occasion calls the individual. Touch forcibly the keynote of justice that lies hidden in the heart of humanity, and musicians will arise to harmonize the discords, and arrange the tones into one glorious tune. Bellamy is the Moses of today. He has shown us that a promise land exists; he has answered, disconcerted, and put to shame the wise men of the modern Pharaoh, and has beckoned to us from the house of bondage and the land of slavery. Will the modern Pharaoh harden his heart, only to receive the punishment of the old? And now that the Moses has appeared, let us labor and wait for the coming Joshua, to lead us into the promised land.

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THE BRIDGE OF EPIRUS

(Continued from Page 24.)

Adams stumbled out to tell the transitman. Later he wandered down the track.

"This accursed road," he cried. "It takes the farmer's land, whether or not he wants to sell; it takes the lives of the woodmen in the lumber camps who cut the ties; the lives of the men who make the steel rails; and the lives of the workmen on the road itself and now—now, it's taken him."

He tramped along angrily. "It's a monster!" he shouted aloud; "demanding its yearly toll of lives, of human sacrifice. Jones was right: each foot of track demands a life."

Suddenly he stopped. "It's his track!" said young Adams solemnly; and into his mind there crept the memory of a legend of old Greece—of a bridge built in the first century with infinite cost of labor, yet all that the head-master and his men built in a day was swept away at night by the angry river, so that each day they started all over again. Finally, the river god sent word that without human sacrifice the bridge could never be completed—and the sacrifice demanded was the one most beloved—the beautiful wife of the head-master. . . . And thus was the Bridge of Epirus build . . .

"Of course," commented Adams, bitterly, "river gods are more scientific nowadays—they send typhoid!"

But as he stood there, anger permeating his whole being, his eyes unconsciously fell upon the double line of track, reaching back, across the state toward the East, spreading wide close up and narrowing and running together in the distance. The ties were still new and yellow. Golden rod and sunflowers grew beside the track and in the fields the golden corn waved softly. The sun caught the tall yellow poles, the golden ties, and every yellow sunflower's head turned westward, toward the sun.

It suddenly came to Adams that perhaps Nat had been right; as he looked at the road—this effect of sunshine and gold—he held his head high, for it came to him suddenly that it was all something greater than it seemed, greater than clay and cinders and sand, than ties and rails—than dead men. It was a new Bridge of Epirus, linking the East with the West.

THE CONVERSION OF AH LEW SING

(Continued from Page 35.)

sion, although Miss Kane visited him as soon as she heard of the wedding and exhorted him to hold fast to the faith that he had. His wife

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goes sometimes and sits in her old seat, but it is only an act of grateful remembrance, like the nice stale duck eggs and packages of roasted watermelon seeds that find their way occasionally to Grandfather Foo.

As for Foo Chou, he departed for regions unknown. He might have devised new rascalities to compensate for the loss of his property, but to be overreached by a mere vegetable gardener—a man who worked for a living! After that no self-respecting highbinder could hold up his head.

CROOKED PATH OF OPPORTUNITY

(Continued from Page 16.)

time Mary Duncan was desirous of purchasing a skirt like Mrs. Fred Whiting's. Hugh knew that Mrs. Whiting had been dead for six years. A terrible thought struck him. Had the years of toil and hardship unsettled his mother's mind?

The next home letter asked for the price of a velvet hat. A clipping from a mailhouse catalog was enclosed showing a cut of a sixteen year old girl in the most flighty style of headgear the season had produced. And the next time Mary Duncan wrote she told her son that she planned buying a half dozen pairs of silk hose with the check he would send. Silk hose! There was nothing in the world too good for his loved mother, but he had never seen her wear anything but the coarsest of woolen stockings in winter and the cheapest of greenish black cotton ones in summer. Her request would have struck another person as ridiculous, or perhaps funny, but to Hugh it represented the height of pathos, and the tears came to his eyes as he pictured the little round-shouldered, wrinkled woman who was making such strange demands upon him. Perhaps grieving over his absence had been at the root of the trouble—for he no longer doubted that his mother was deranged—and he spent the night in bitter self-reproach. An afternoon train carried him homeward.

On the stage that covered the reservation road the boy asked eager questions of the driver, but he got no information aside from the fact that "The old man's been drinking mighty hard lately."

"Drinking?" queried Hugh. "But I thought Montana went dry the first of the year."

"Sure," answered the driver, "but all these old booze fighters are making their own whiskey now."

Hugh's heart grew heavier and heavier. He

had regarded home-made liquor as rather a joke.

Fortunately old Angus was not at the house when Hugh arrived, and ten minutes after he greeted his excited mother the whole story of the letters had been told.

"No wonder you thought I was crazy," Mary Duncan said, her lips working with a sorry sort of smile, "but it was the only way I had. One day after the saloons were closed Ed Cooper brought a recipe for home-made whiskey from town, and after that your father spent a good part of his time at Ed's shack. They made gallons of the stuff, and Angus drank harder than he ever did in the old times. It was doped with laudanum, or something of that sort, and all through the worst storm this winter I had to look after the stock while Angus lay on the bed in a stupor."

"Silk hose, indeed!" thought Hugh bitterly. His mother was very thin, and her hair was grayer, her shoulders more stooped, than when he had left.

"It didn't take long to spend all the ready money the two of them had, and when their supply of the liquor they had made ran low Ed put it into your father's head to have me ask you for money—said he was entitled to a part of your wages. When Angus told me what was expected of me one day when I was writing to you I was afraid to refuse—it seemed as if he hadn't a spark of manhood left, and the least little thing would throw him into a perfect rage. He read the letters after I wrote them, and it was perfectly useless to try sending a letter without his knowledge so long as Ed Cooper carried the mail. Your father never did know anything about women's clothes, and in his constant half-drunken condition the foolish requests I made meant nothing to him. He knew that my letters asked for the money he wanted and that I made no mention of what it was really to be used for, and that satisfied him. Almost every penny you sent home has been used to keep that bottle on the shelf filled."

Around supper time old Angus came in. He and Hugh exchanged nods. The evening meal was eaten in silence except for the solicitous queries of Mrs. Duncan as to her son's wishes. As soon as he had cleaned his plate the old man went sullenly off to bed, and the mother and boy were left to continue their eager "visiting."

The following morning when Hugh arose he found his father sitting alone by the kitchen fire, smoking and taking occasional sips from a big cup of strong black coffee. The boy had just finished his cold-water scrub when a quick knock sounded outside. He hastened to throw

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open the door, and Joe Rousselle, a half-breed Indian, stumbled inside, brushing thick flakes of snow away from his face and clothing. He paid no attention to Hugh, but spoke rapidly to the old man, who started forward, dropping his pipe and knocking over the coffee cup.

"Ed Cooper was arrested early this morning. The officers are after you. Louis Two-Feather was drunk at the Falls last night and squealed. You'd better clear out if you don't want a term at Deer Lodge. It'll go damn hard with you—selling booze to that Indian."

The old man settled slowly back against his chair. Thanks to the early hour and the black coffee, his brain was clearer than usual, but he seemed slow to take in the full significance of the breed's words. The possibility of detection in his persistent violation of the law had evidently received little consideration from his drugdeadened, liquor-soaked brain.

"Great God!" stamped the breed. "D'y'e think you've got all day to set and think it over? I tell you, within an hour the officers will be here. Get to hell out o'here, you damned old fool!"

A vision of prison bars danced before the old man's eyes, and he struggled slowly and stiffly to his feet, his limbs shaking, his lower jaw dropping in abject terror. As helpless as a trapped rabbit, he looked appealingly, first at Hugh, then at the breed, then at Hugh again, but the boy watched him with cold eyes. Pity him? Help him? No!

At that moment Mary Duncan pushed open the kitchen door.

"Hugh," she cried eagerly, with extended hands, "just see what I found packed away in that old trunk in the shed—"

But like a flash the pleasure that lighted her face vanished as she became conscious of Joe's presence and the terrible strain in the atmosphere. She sank weakly onto a seat, the toy engine which she carried held between tense fingers. The thing which she had feared had come to pass.

Hugh looked at his mother, and his heart grew harder and harder as he thought of all she had suffered because of the weak, foolish man to whom she had been tied through the long years. In an hour she would be free—and he exulted. Then his eyes fell upon the gaily painted plaything she held. It was almost like new, and with good reason, he reflected bitterly. The chubby hands that had played with the engine had been yet small and tender when they had taken up a man's duties. He remembered how Bob and Nell had pulled the

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tough leather lines through his fingers until they had left great blisters.

The engine had been his father's gift to him on his sixth birthday. That was before Angus had staked his all on the homestead—before the bottle had come to stay. Hugh recalled how he had sat on his father's lap and looked with wide eyes upon the pages of a mail-order catalog in which were hundreds of the things children love, and when he had grown voluble and excited over the picture of a miniature engine his father had given Mary Duncan a happy wink. Not many days after, a package came. The package was placed on top of the high cupboard, out of reach of inquiring little fingers. On the birthday morning Angus Duncan had lifted the paper parcel down and unwrapped it with hands almost as nervous as those of the little boy who stood by waiting to grasp his treasure. Oh, what an exciting, never-to-be-forgotten day! He had hugged his father again and again, until his mother had threatened to grow jealous and run away.

Hugh was brought back to the present with a jerk when Joe Rousselle went out, slamming the door behind him.

He looked at his father. The old man had covered his face with his hands, and Hugh thought he saw tears creep from behind the calloused fingers.

"If he'd had only half a chance he would have been different," thought Hugh. "Life's meant nothing to him but slaving and hard luck."

He dug into his pocket and brought out a small purse.

"Here, Dad," he said, pulling the old man's shaking hands away from his eyes. "Take this. I'll saddle Gypsy. She'll carry you over the hill trail to Broadwater. There isn't one chance in a thousand that those government men ever heard of the hill trail. You can catch the night train for Canada out of Broadwater, and then you'll be safe."

To his mother Hugh spoke reassuringly. "Don't cry, mother. Everything will come right yet. Hurry now and fix dad a lunch."

In ten minutes old Angus was gone. Hugh's savings had gone with him, but Hugh did not mind. In his soul he knew that the Duncan family had been given their chance. Who could tell what the future might not hold for father, mother and son?

HONOR PREFERRED

(Continued from Page 31.)

returning to the vault door, though Easton received a share of the nervous scrutiny. The

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younger man evidently sensed the half-veiled examination of his features as he appeared to grow uneasy beneath the intermittent inspection. Reece's eyes again reverted to the vault door. A queer suspicious expression leaped to Easton's face and was as quickly concealed. For a moment his breathing quickened. He withdrew his eyes from Reece and the vault. His face became blank. Reece's lips twitched.

"No, you won't go to jail, Don," he said presently. "I didn't mean that—and neither will I." He paused. A whimsical smile twisted his lips. He fingered his watch chain absently. Easton was hanging onto his every word.

The telephone bell in the adjoining room cut into the strained atmosphere. Reece turned sharply. "You answer it," he jerked.

Easton started to obey, then glanced furtively at the vault. A second imperative summons of the bell drew him to the instrument.

Reece's eyes followed him into the inner office. As he heard Easton answer the call he sprang toward the vault door. Easton's voice arrested him.

"It's Olive," called the young man distressfully. "She—she wants to know—" he halted lamely. "She wants to know—"

"Whether it's honor—or the other thing," supplied Reece. "Tell her," his voice stopped. "Tell her—" he repeated slowly and carefully, the words forcing apart his lips, "that you two win on all counts; that you've made good a hundred times; that I'm going—straight." He laughed shortly, but with more than a hint of his old gaiety.

Easton was smiling happily when he hung up the receiver. When he re-entered the outer office the smile chilled into a ghastly smirk. The vault door was wide open. Reece was staring out of the window.

"So—you've called my bluff, or did you know I couldn't lock it?" Easton got out at last.

Reece swung round. His face was the vast substantial smile of a man whose heart has cast its burden.

"You're a good bluffer, Don, but somehow I thought you hadn't got that old lock right. You were a bit nervous. But I wasn't sure until just now. They are in there until it's time for them to come out—the bonds, I mean." His hands were on Easton's shoulders. "But Don, my boy, my boy, you've got grit! Grit!" Then he laughed out loud. "Shut up the vault. We'll go and get Olive. This will be our last night out for a long time. Let's make it a good one! We'll eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow—tomorrow—we're bankrupt!"

SPRINGS OF POWER

(Continued from Page 19.)

"Yes, you take this river of ours (for we had grown to feel a proprietary interest in the nearby stream) as an example. And consider how much higher it is in elevation here than down about ten miles where the big bend to the south is. Now, suppose some power company decided they wanted to utilize this river for power purposes. First they would build a dam across the canyon up here so as to store up water in case of a dry summer. Then they would dig a tunnel from here to a point on the mountainside immediately above the south end of that big bend. This tunnel would be nearly level, there being just enough down-grade for the water to flow through it. Consequently at the other end of the tunnel there would be a drop of about a thousand feet down to the river. Then they would build a power house down on the river immediately below the mouth of the tunnel and connect the two with a pipe line. You can easily see that by allowing the water to flow from the lake, through the tunnel, and then drop through the pipe line to the power house they get about as much force in that drop as a natural waterfall would give. After the water has turned the great wheels which generate the electricity it passes out of the power house, back into the river bed and flows on out of the mountains to irrigate the farmer's crops and provide water for his stock."

Again Bob paused. But we were not satisfied for him to stop now, we were too interested.

"And the electricity—" began Jim, hoping thus to draw Bob on with his story.

"Oh that is sent by wire on to the cities where it is distributed to accomplish thousands of different purposes. Just look back to the days before we had electricity harnessed as it is now. Picture the strange things we would have to go back to if electricity ceased to be generated. Think of the cable cars; the dimly lit streets, with the lamplighter hurrying from one lamp to another; your own home when you had to stumble around with a flickering match until you found the gas jet; your wife breaking her back with a broom, and you giving up your Saturday afternoon of golf to beat the rugs; no telephone, no telegraph. Why it all sounds ludicrous, yet any twenty-five year old kid can remember those days. I know of—but, no, it is getting late and I am going to roll in. Don't forget that three hundred mile drive tomorrow."

As the camp grew still Night crept in through the trees and tucked the glowing coals of our

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fire under a great grey blanket. Yet I lay there, half waking, half sleeping, and dreaming of several thousand men suddenly making the wilderness vibrate with the noise of their labor; of dams being built; of tunnels being bored; of railroads springing up over night to bring in the supplies; of towns bursting into existence to house the workers; and of homes in the cities, hundreds of miles away, being wired because the people knew that electricity would be supplied for their comfort and convenience, yet little realizing what battles were being fought far away in the mountains, that they might have that electricity.

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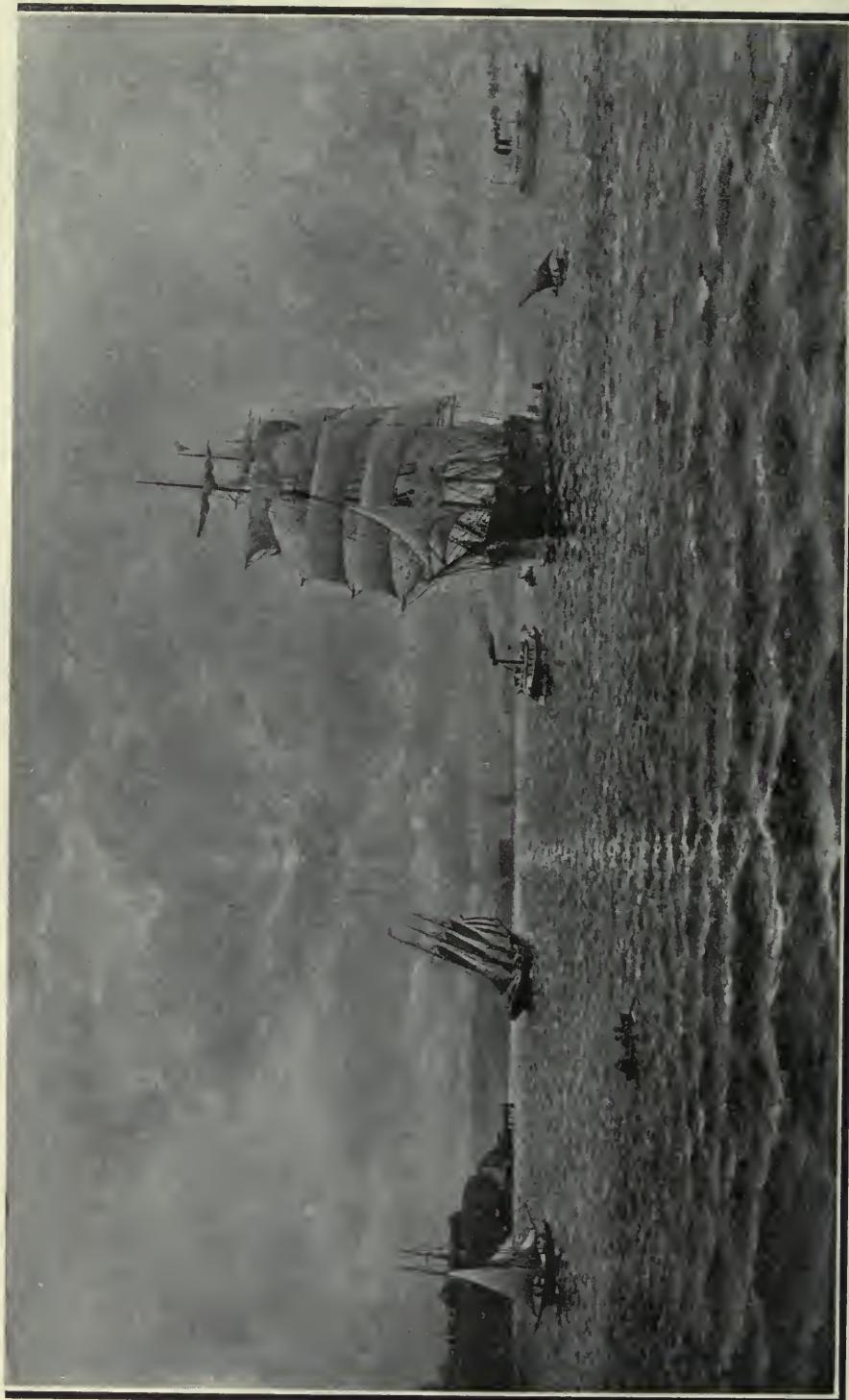
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MONTHLY

Bret Harte

San Francisco

Vol. LXXVIII

OCTOBER, 1921

No. 4

A Twilight Romance

By SUZANNE MCKELVEY

THE day was sunny and warm for San Francisco, where really warm days are few in the course of an entire year, but spring was in the air, and you know—"Then, it ever, come perfect days."

On wooden benches, set evenly along the walk in front of a grim, forbidding-looking building, sat a group of old men; old they were in years, and old in the hard, cruel experience which had placed them here to end their unsuccessful lives.

They were smoking and talking in subdued voices and getting what warmth and comfort there was to be found in the spring sunshine that ever glowed brightly on the solid masonry which proclaimed to the world, with something akin to pride, that it was a "Home for the Aged."

An old woman was slowly passing. A woman whose hands were worn and gnarled by hard, laborious work in the fields; whose face was seamed and lined with the pain of bearing and rearing many children. Truly, not an auspicious setting for a love story, but as she passed the groups of old men she was singing—actually singing in a quavering little voice—a simple folksong of her almost forgotten youth.

She passed on, scarcely noticing the faded old eyes which looked at her, still singing softly an old, old ballad of another clime, and another age.

One of the old men rose after she had almost reached the cross street at the next block, and presently she heard his footsteps and the sharp impact of his walking stick on the pavement directly behind her.

She turned to hear his cheery "Wie Gets," and answered it almost unconsciously with a "Wie Gets, Herr," and saw the sparkle kindling in the dim old eyes.

He stepped by her side and they walked on for a few moments, when he addressed her simply, in a matter of fact manner, in the old mother tongue which she had been taught in her babyhood in the faraway home on the other side of the world.

She turned quickly then, and peering into the faded eyes said, "How did you know I was German?"

"I knew by the little song you were singing. I used to hear it more than fifty years ago in Germany, where I was born and spent my youth."

Then they found a bench at the next corner which an obliging transportation company had placed there for the use of its waiting patrons, and seating themselves, they began a conversation in the tongue of the Fatherland, almost forgotten now by both.

They wandered in fancy back to the green fields, the flowing streams, and even remembered the hard and steady work which had

been required of them, as it was of most German children, in that faraway time.

The sun was sinking like a great flaming ball out in the ocean, beyond the Golden Gate, when, with a sudden start, she said: "I must hurry along now; I live with my daughter," and added with a hurt, wistful look, "I must not be late to supper."

At this he looked back and saw that the benches in front of the Home for the Aged were empty. The old men had gone in for the evening meal, and with a quickly spoken "Gutenacht," he hurried away, conscious that a reprimand for being late awaited him.

Days passed, days on which a chilling fog enveloped the city, and the sea, and the sky, and the earth were as grey as lead, and the wooden benches where the old men sat in sunny weather were empty now all day long, as the fog has a way of sending its chill keenly to old bones. By and by the bright days came again, as we know they will in this "City of Caprice," and the feeble inmates of the Home for the Aged crept out again to sit in the sunshine and smoke and talk, and perhaps to think and dream of other sunny days when hopes were high and dreams had at least a chance of fulfillment.

The same old woman, in her usual walk, passed them again, and just as though it had all been arranged, and they were keeping tryst, she was joined by the aged man who had recognized the little German song, and they went to the same bench and let memory take them wandering at her will.

Each thought there was something familiar in the other, something well-nigh forgotten stirred in her memory, and all in a moment she thought of a boy lover of the long, long ago. A boy, indeed, as she was only fourteen when her parents had brought her to America, and the playmate she had left in the Fatherland, in those faraway years, was but a dim memory now.

Yet she peered closely into the stolid, apathetic face of this grey old man at her side and wondered if such a thing might be—that he, too, had crossed the seas and found his dreams of the new country but disappointment after all.

The years were so many and had been so long and so full of labor and children, sickness and death. Memory stirred faintly, but still the haunting thought recurred again and again, until, with a boldness new to this woman, who had always suppressed her own feelings and desires, she questioned him about his early

youth, and where he had lived, and, just to test his recollections, told him the name that her boyish lover had been known by to her alone. So, thread by thread, they wove together a little fabric of memory and dreams, and placed a shining bit here and there, where they remembered a holiday or a little picnic where both had been, and wandered again, now hand in hand, through their childhood, until the great ship had borne her away and she was brought to this wonderful new America, where the threads of the little dream fabric were lost.

Each took a separate road which wound on and on through the years for more than half a century of not very happy living for either.

And now, when they were nearing the end, they began again to gather up the broken threads of this little web of dreams and put in a little woof of hope, and, almost timidly, a warp of plans for a future which might be very short, but peaceful and quiet, with no frowning faces and fault finding from middle-aged children or matrons of the Home for the Aged.

In their mutual confidences he told her that while he was homeless, he was not entirely penniless, for reposing in a city bank was a small account which might be sufficient for their modest needs, provided they did not live too extravagantly or too long.

And not to come to him even now with empty hands, she proudly confided that in her own name she had a tiny four-room cottage, with just a bit of garden at the back and a rosebush at the window. She could turn out the tenant and make of it a home.

So they planned, with perhaps not all the wild joy of young lovers building the first nest, but with a serene peace which only comes with age, and with a pathetic eagerness trying to make up for the blank years which had gone before.

With the plans all made, the days of frowning faces were over for her and he could turn his back on the Home for the Aged, with its hard and rigid rules. So they met and alone sought the quiet, unpretentious cottage of the minister of a little German church, where they were united in a simple ceremony.

They took their wedding journey out through Golden Gate Park, for where in all the world could there be a more beautiful place for such an occasion?

With slow steps, but shining eyes, they walked past the pansy beds; by the bank where blossomed the flaming rhododendrons; past Strawberry Hill, with its silver waterfall, where

(Continued on Page 66)

THE TRAIL OF LIGHT

By CALVIN WEISS LAUFER

Going down the streams of ages, as they foam and fret and flow,
Moving here in peaceful measures, there in cataracts of woe. —
Mankind, in his struggle upward, has been guided from the start
By the fervid faith of woman and the wisdom of her heart.

When the shores of time primeval echo with the vaunts of man
And his predatory exploits ravage forest, field and glen,
Woman's soul already answers to a finer, nobler law,
And anticipates the dawning gleaming o'er the hills afar.

In her hand the torch of culture shines athwart man's untried way
Till its shadows turn to sunlight in the golden light of day;
And he stumbles less each morrow that he wakes to heed the sign,
Safely held to guide him onward to attain his goal divine.

Great in goodness, love and mercy, woman holds within her breast
The philanthropy that heals the world and wooes it to its best.
By her nature, weaker vessel, yet she lifts above the clod
Kith and kindred, tribes and nations, with the tenderness of God.

In man's councils she is soul-eyed. Wisdom of a deeper mold,
Challenge him to truth and justice of a purer, brighter gold;
By her love and intuition, insight deep and strong,
She is always keen to issues and the enemy of wrong.

As she gives in birth earth's children, fearing neither death nor pain,
So she yields her life in service on hungered, dying, slain;
Everywhere she is God's presence, be it land or storm-vexed seas,
On the crimson line of battle or the sunny slopes of peace.

She is great in her ideals, seeking lofty thrones and ties,
And in sovereign self-abasement, shames the vice that round her lies,
Shadows flee before her sunlight; sordid sins before her face,
And a myriad needy precincts feel the virtue of her grace.

May the God of Heaven move us by the challenge of her soul
As it calls all struggling people to life's higher aims and goal.
In her bosom have we nestled, felt its love without surcease,
And its power never failing will restore the world to peace.

Health, Wealth and Happiness

Contributed by AMERICAN RED CROSS

IN the old saw, health, wealth and happiness are usually considered separate things. But they are not separate. Happiness depends on the other two.

A poor man who has lost his health isn't likely to possess a very great degree of happiness. Neither is a wealthy man, for that matter. You can be happy without wealth, but it isn't so easy to be happy without health.

All of which is simply to say that health is the most important possession that a man can have. Yet today we are wasting health in this country at a terrific rate. Look at these figures. Half of our school children suffer from physical defects, most of which are remediable. Every fifteen seconds a human being is injured; every fifteen minutes one is killed—by accident. Twelve million school days are lost to measles every year. Nine labor days are lost through sickness by the average working man every year. The death rate over forty is rising. Three-quarters of a million people die of preventable disease each year.

What is being done about it? We spend \$10 per capita every year for candy, \$9 for education, \$3.50 for police and fire protection, \$0.50 for chewing gum, and for health protection—twenty-nine cents. Is that a figure for Americans to be proud of?

The Red Cross realized this situation, and when its war work in Europe drew to an end, it inaugurated a nation-wide peace-time public health campaign, which it has carried on now for about two years. In that time it has accomplished a great deal.

One of the chief contributions that the American Red Cross Nursing Service has made to the American people is the public health nurse. She is working today in every State of the Union, preaching a gospel of disease prevention and good health for every one. She is the pioneer worker of her profession. She goes into the mountains, into the mining communities and into the lumber camps on her crusade of health. Sometimes she must make her visits on horseback, sometimes on foot, and often on snow shoes or in her trusty "flivver." There are 1,335 of these public health nurses in the employ of Red Cross chapters, and last year they made 1,144,692 visits to homes, nursed 499,800 patients, and examined half a million school children for physical defects.

There are 260 chapters in which health centers are established.

Health lectures given in such centers..... 4,015

Health exhibits held in such centers..... 780

Clinics held in such centers..... 6,264

Persons attending clinics..... 90,252

A permanent weapon against disease is being forged in the American Red Cross course, "Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick," to the teaching of which 1,726 trained Red Cross nurses have been assigned. During the past year 85,570 women and girls completed this course and received their certificates. This work reaches out into the highways and byways of American life. Such classes are held in the crowded high school for girls in New York City, in the Kentucky School for the Blind in Louisville, and among the Piute Indian women on the Pyramid Rock Reservation in Nevada—wherever the need for this work is greatest.

Nutrition instruction is now recognized as an important factor in public well-being, efficiency and resistance to disease. The Nutrition Service of the American Red Cross is being developed in response to this general awakening to the need for more intelligent application of the principles of nutrition in everyday life.

Physicians' examinations have shown that about 20 per cent of the school children of this country, rich and poor alike, are below normal weight for height and age. To aid in correcting this situation the American Red Cross Nutrition Service has developed three chapter activities—namely, Nutrition Classes for Undernourished Children, Hot Lunches for Schools, and a Course in Food Selection for Mothers.

The standard which the service has set for all this work is that it shall be educational. Spectacular results from proper diet may be obtained in a very short period, but the fundamental principles of nutrition must be applied by each individual every day if the benefit is to be permanent.

This service has enrolled up to date 2,514 trained home economics teachers qualified to carry on these activities. From September 1, 1920, to June 1, 1921, 22,006 undernourished children were enrolled in 1,114 nutrition classes. One hundred and sixty-three classes in food selection, with an attendance of 1,587 women, have been reported.

While this service is often carried on independently by the chapters, it always seeks to work in the closest co-operation with the public health nurses and the National and State Extension Service in Home Economics.

From January, 1920, to June 4, 1921, there were 70 disasters in the United States in which the Red Cross rendered relief. One hundred and seventy-seven chapters had to meet disaster emergencies.

In these calamities hundreds of persons lost their lives, thousands were injured, more than ten thousand were made homeless, and millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

The American Red Cross must hear the "alerte" when it sounds in order to render efficient assistance, for no one can know where the next disaster is to strike. The larger chapters keep disaster relief supplies in readiness, as well as nurses and other relief workers, who can go at a moment's notice. Preparedness for disaster relief is a strong plank in the permanent American Red Cross program. Since 1881 the American Red Cross has expended more than \$14,000,000 for the single purpose of disaster relief—such as the aid it gave when a cyclone struck a little town in Georgia or rendered when the flood swept Pueblo. Both in Pueblo and at Tulsa, Okla.—during the race riots—Red Cross nurses were among the first to reach and the last to leave the scenes of disaster, and in both cases worked for periods—often of a week—without pay.

Like disaster, accident comes unheralded and strikes in the most unexpected places. Accidents kill more people in the United States in one year than that dreaded enemy—cancer—and nearly as many as influenza. Last year 75,432 people lost their lives from accident. These figures do not include the men and women and children who were crippled and weakened. More than 200,000 persons were injured in railroad accidents alone. Thousands are killed in industrial accidents. Many of these lives might have been saved, a helpless cripple might be straight and strong today had somebody known what to do before the doctor arrived. Red Cross instruction in First Aid is offered that lives may be saved. Railroad systems, manufacturing and industrial corporations realizing the value of First Aid, have, through the co-operation of the American Red Cross, made it a part of the training of their men. Every chapter of the American Red Cross is prepared to organize classes and furnish instruction in First Aid.

The Red Cross is still on duty with the standing Army and Navy. There are 264 army and navy establishments served by Red Cross headquarters, and last year 997,140 services were rendered to enlisted men—services in connection with allotment and allowance claims, discharge and furlough investigations, family relief, liberty bonds and back pay of re-enlisted men and personal problems.

But the most immediately important work the Red Cross is now doing is that for the men disabled in the war. The highest and greatest obligation that the nation and the American Red Cross face today is the problem of the disabled service man. The number of these men is increasing continually as hitherto hidden disabilities assert themselves and an average of a thousand men a month are reporting for hospital treatment. Many thousands more are scattered throughout the country, and the task which faces the Red Cross is to seek out these men in their homes, advise them of the aid that the government desires to give them, and in every way assist them in obtaining that aid. There were 26,300 ex-service men in hospitals on June 27, 1921. There are 2,397 Red Cross chapters which maintain a service for the war veterans, and during the past year 1,508,640 men were given help. Headquarters handled 148,032 allotment, compensation and insurance claims and delivered 63,655 allotment checks to men who had moved from addresses furnished to the War Risk Insurance Bureau. There are 448 Red Cross workers in government hospitals where the disabled soldiers are under care. And last year the Red Cross loaned \$450,000 to 32,495 men under the Federal Board for Vocational Training.

Last year the American Red Cross spent approximately \$10,000,000 in service to our disabled ex-service men alone, and this was \$4,000,000 more than the aggregate receipts from the year's dollar membership dues. Obviously if the work is to be continued and expanded to meet the need that exists, the membership must be greatly increased this year. The men must be cared for and the public health work must be continued. Calls for Red Cross aid are more frequent and insistent than ever before. The Fifth Annual Roll Call has been set for the two weeks from Armistice Day, November 11, to Thanksgiving, November 24. The membership dues are one dollar. It is hoped that several million new members at least may be added to the rolls this year.

TAKA

A Story of the Yellow Man and a Wild Rose
Which Would Not Be Potted

By FLORENCE ESTELLA TAFT

TAKA, Fred Robinson's Jap servant, entered the room where Miriam Robinson was arranging a bouquet of wild roses, carrying a stack of freshly laundered shirts. Advancing with his customary cat-like stealth, his entrance was not evident until he had come close upon her. Miriam started, as she always did at Taka's entrance, pricking her finger, as she did so, on a thorn of a wild rose.

Robinson had picked Taka up when he left college and Taka had been just starting in with the intention of returning, after completing his education, to instruct his own race. But he had met Robinson, who possessed just the distinction and personality to invest in Taka a sort of dog-like faithfulness. So Taka had left school the day Robinson received his degree and during the following years had followed him about, careful of every need and ever conscious of his comfort—for no other reason in the world than that he had found his man.

Repeatedly had Miriam urged—nay, even begged—Robinson to let Taka go, but with a record of unequalled service behind him, extending over a period of years before their marriage, the ruling was obviously against her, and her husband always laughed at her ill-founded fears, kissed her and called her his "little wild flower." And so she was. Never without wealth, but unhampered by the peremptory demands of convention, she lacked all the restriction of a flower free of cultivation.

Taka paused at the door, partially turning to watch her adjust each flower into place. They had been sent by a step-brother, Al Fisher. His was a name that had never been mentioned to Robinson, not so much on account of a doting fondness which Al had for her as his scapegrace encounters, from most of which he managed to extricate himself with the dexterity resultant of long experience. What to Robinson's well-regulated mind would mean idle days and ill-spent nights, drifting from nowhere into even greater oblivion! So she held her peace, fearing her husband in his comfortable conventionality might think that in the "wild flower" lay tendencies not altogether dissimilar.

"The wild rose," said Taka, in almost perfect English. "It makes me long for Japan. I wonder, would you mind giving me one?"

Despite the brazen audacity of the fellow, Miriam hastened to comply, knowing very well she would not refuse that sinister person whether she minded or not.

"A wild rose in the winter time," he mused, noting Fisher's card which lay on the table with an original verse to the "Wild Rose" from the "Bud."

"Oh, this is a cultivated species," she replied, "the only kind cultivated, I believe." Then, "Mr. Robinson, when will he be in?" she queried by way of diversion, although the continued necessity of being compelled to ask a question on which she deemed it her just right to be informed always caused her to feel like a menial. Her husband would be in at the usual time and Ted Alden was expected for dinner. With that Taka resumed his pile of immaculate linen with the rose lying on top and slipped noiselessly from the room.

Again Miriam broached the subject of Taka as Fred bestowed upon her a doting caress. She simply could not tolerate the man about—always creeping up on her unawares, and it drove her nearly into a panic. Once more, wouldn't he let Taka go? She was frankly afraid of him. And, as always, he laughed at her fears and called her his "little wild flower." He did not feel justified, he said, in discharging a man without a reason, and no one had ever rendered such excellent service. The chronometer-action of his mind could not comprehend a move without a certain degree of equity.

But Miriam was not to be easily put off. "Fred, I can't stand it," she said, drawing away from him, "and it has come very near to the place where either he or I must leave."

He tried to take her into his arms again, but she evaded him. So he merely passed sentence. "No one has ever been discharged by me without a good reason, and, as my policies are not based upon childish whims, until Taka is found undeserving, he remains."

Miriam grew sick. She even swayed slightly, wishing he had struck her or beat her or almost anything, and as she looked into his not too handsome but very strong face only one feature was fully visible to her dazed senses—a too firmly set mouth above an adamant chin, and for the fraction of a second his eyes seemed to hold in them the same kind of a glint that always rested in the black eyes of Taka; which somewhat enlarged the situation, for Robinson himself had a liking for Taka, and his undying devotion—only unlike Taka's—it did not cut

ter solely on the one object where anything or anybody necessary to Robinson's happiness became an obstacle to be gotten out of the way, if possible, and his ardency for one man in no way included what to the man was the one woman.

Robinson watched Miriam's trend toward hysteria with a feeling of aversion—it all seemed to him so unnecessary—and being a mere man, he added. "See if you can't get yourself in hand a little better by dinner time."

Miriam left the room and passed Taka, who



Through some hidden impulse she donned a creation that was a transformation from a wildflower to a hot house poppy

off all other affection. His fondness for the little yellow man merely increased his scope and lifted him to a greater height—made him a little kinder and a little more tolerant. Taka's narrowed his horizon until it had come to cen-

was just coming in, his eyes lighting at the sight of Robinson. It seemed to her whatever way she turned, she beheld him. It was as though he were one man in a dozen places at the same time. How could he be coming in

through that door when she had just seen him in the yard?

She appeared barely in time for dinner. Through some hidden impulse she had donned a scarlet creation, trimmed in jet. It was a transformation from a wild flower of the woods to a hot-house poppy. All her customary naivete was supplanted by the gross complexity of sophistication. She wore bracelets on her carefully moulded arms. Her cheeks seemed a little pinker, her eyes and hair a little blacker, and, above all, she was poised with perfect control. Robinson looked at her in surprise as she entered the dining room. He had expected her to appear just that way—not that the effect was particularly displeasing, but it was unlike her, and he felt somewhat annoyed, regarding her with a degree of uncertainty bordering on disapproval which affected her not in the least, more especially as Teddy Alden warmed to her.

With the advent of bouillon, the conversation drifted to politics. Alden pressed the argument to a point where Fred was forced, in lieu of his convictions, to maintain that one should stand by his political party. It was the party that influenced the man—not the man of the party. Alden, for his part, favored a vote "for the best man."

"And you, Mrs. Robinson, how do you vote?" Alden queried.

Miriam smiled back at him with daring camaraderie.

"I vote for the 'best man,'" she replied.

Alden's eyes held her dark ones—almost black above the scarlet and jet gown, and his responded. Growing a little bolder and leaning across the table, he said in a low but very distinct voice, "I don't believe your husband appreciates you as I should."

Miriam caught her breath. The matter was going further than she had expected. But, though she felt Robinson's eyes upon her (perhaps it was due to the impellent scarlet and jet), she inclined slightly toward Alden, and with all the jeopardy in her nature, broke the dead silence with, "It's too bad we didn't meet two years ago."

"The regret is all mine," replied Alden, and as she looked up to see what had been the effect on her husband, she met the direct gaze of Taka, who was standing behind Robinson's chair, and she somehow felt trapped. Although she knew that Taka was serving that night, as he sometimes did, the full realization of it had not presented itself. Taka held her gaze for fully half a minute and then looked from the flowers on the table back to her and Alden with what might have been a suggestion of a smile

—if such a movement could present itself on an immobile countenance. A flash of hatred passed over her. This was a small dinner for only three, and Taka seldom served except at large dinner parties. Fred was merely proving her self-control and she hated him—hated him almost as much as she hated Taka. But had she seen Robinson's face she would have found no trace of jealousy thereon. What was there was something deeper and more mysterious—something compelling, for Fred Robinson was incapable of jealousy.

He had left long before Miriam awoke the next morning. As usual, she breakfasted in bed about ten, and it was shortly after she had finished that Taka brought her a telegram from her step-brother, Al Fisher, who had been on a train which was wrecked some three hundred miles from there. He was at the point of death in a local hospital at that point and had sent for her. She was as dear to him (perhaps more so) as though she had been his own little sister. She knew she must go, and she knew also she must get word to Fred. Never had she dared to 'phone him at his office and only once had she attained admittance into his sacred domains. That had been one time when fearlessly she entered upon what she considered a most important errand. He had been preoccupied and coldly aloof, and afterwards asked her not to call under any circumstances. Should it be really necessary, she might send Taka. Taka knew what was and what was not important. So she sent Taka with a request that Fred phone her if he could not come to drive her to the station. Taka returned half an hour later with her railroad ticket. Robinson had been busy at a directors' meeting and could not be interrupted. He, Taka, would drive her to the station. The train would leave in twenty minutes; she must hurry. Not daring to 'phone Robinson, Miriam made preparations previous to departure. For one thing, she had forgotten the name of the hospital where Al was, and in her haste had mislaid the telegram—at least, it was not to be found, and the telegram would mean a saving of time even though there were only two hospitals in the town. And Fred—she had thought he would care enough just to call her for one little goodby. She waited as long as she dared for the call and then, after a last frantic search for the telegram, allowed Taka to drive her to the station. If Fred would only surprise her and be there! But he wasn't. Fear crept into her heart that he did not really care for her. If he had, would he keep Taka when he knew she was mortally afraid of him? She probably would have doubted much less

his inherent affection had she known that Taka had not given him her message, but merely the telegram from Fisher and the card, on which was the original verse about the "Wild Rose and the Bud." Also there was the rose Miriam had given him. He had pressed it and handed them all together in the seclusion of Robinson's office. (There had been no director's meeting.) Robinson had winced and Taka spoke then for the first time.

"I was asked to say that Mrs. Robinson wishes to go to her cousin, who has been hurt in a wreck." Miriam had said "step-brother," but this was Taka's revision of it. "She would be pleased to talk to you."

Instinctively Robinson pushed the 'phone from him.

"Buy her ticket and drive her to the station."

"Yes, sir," said Taka, and turned toward the door.

"And, Taka," Robinson resumed, "you might board the same train and follow her. Make it possible for her to have anything she wants without her discovering you."

"Yes, sir." And with that Taka had left.

Robinson, his elbows on his desk, rested his head in his hands, his eyes closed.

"It has all been a mistake," he moaned.

Then Robinson did something he had never before done in all his well-ordered, routined life. He put aside his correspondence which was to have been answered that afternoon, locked his desk and went home.

When Miriam arrived at the hospital she found Al Fisher with two broken bones, but otherwise not in a dangerous condition. The seriousness had been overestimated at first. Already he was improving and it would be merely a matter of time until he recovered. It was then that a wild plan formed itself in Miriam's mind. She would not return to Robinson. He no longer cared for her. She would stay with Fisher. A large estate, belonging to both of them, still remained undivided, and she would go there with him. Two days of waiting, which brought no word from Robinson, reinforced this plan, and finally she imparted it to Fisher. It met with his decided disfavor.

"Go back to him, Sis. This will all blow over."

"It never will," came the world-old cry of a woman in distress. "This was different—and that awful Jap terrorizes me. Oh! There he is now."

While she spoke the form of Taka had slunk by the door. In a panic she was on her feet, and Fisher followed the direction of her gaze, but saw only one of the nurses at the desk in

the corridor recording on the charts.

"It's your imagination, Sis, that's got the better of you. You're just a bit over-wrought. I'll tell you what: you go back to him and give it another good tryout and if things don't split right, you can come up and take charge of the estate. I'm not there much and I'm afraid the gardener is getting a bit careless."

"Let me go now, Al."

"Not yet. Give it another try first."

"You won't go back on me?"

"Of course not, little 'wild flower.' "

"That's what he calls me," and her dark eyes grew luminous at the memory and then hardened. "It won't make any difference, but I'll try."

So Miriam went back. She thought she saw Taka, or someone very like him, board the train at the station. Was she going mad or what? She concluded she might be mad because, though she watched very carefully, she did not see the man alight at her station, and after a short wait, procured a taxi and arrived home. While she was fumbling for her latch key, Taka admitted her.

"My husband, is he here?" she asked.

Before Taka could reply, Robinson appeared behind him and relieved her of her bag, declining to yield it to Taka. With a feeling of gratification, she followed him upstairs, for she had expected him to discipline her by having her submit to Taka's service. At the door of her sitting room he paused. He had not offered to caress her before, and now he only looked down at her soberly.

"Always remember that when you are ready to leave for good, my protection goes with you—the best protection I can offer—which is in the shape of Taka."

"When I leave for good," she repeated, not comprehending:

He flushed darkly. Her idea of his stupidity was not in the least flattering to one who prided himself on sagacity.

"Oh, I know all about it," he went on, not without sarcasm. "I know the colorless routine of my conventionalism has driven you not only to flirtations with Ted Alden, but to the bedside of your cousin, Al Fisher."

He was pulling out the telegram which she had been unable to locate, the pressed rose and the card. She grasped it all in a flash. Taka had "double-crossed" her.

"Al Fisher is—is—"

"Is your lover," he supplied. "And just because I cared for you so, in spite of all this, I did not allow you to travel unprotected. I

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From the far-away hills and gulches we bring you our wealth.

Sons of the Maestra

By JUDITH GRAVES WALDO

IT was to the store of the Maestra—not the big company store, but the little adobe one across the road—that the Mexicans brought their week's gold from the placers. The Maestra had once been the teacher in the village, had hunted them out from their secret hiding places, driven them to school and taught them in spite of themselves. Succeeding teachers were called by their names—she was always the “Maestra.”

They were a group of lithe, hearty young fellows, dirty and dust-dried from the canyons round about. There was the Sunday of games and feasting before them, and they laughed with each other and gossiped with crafty unconcern while they watched the Maestra weigh out the heaps of gleaming dust and nuggets and enter the amount in each smutty book. On the shelf behind her were the bottles, labeled, and as she finished each man's account she put the gold into these bottles, according to its color or location.

“You went far for this, Cruz,” she said, patting the yellow-green flakes from the scale into the bottle, “and the Chac'walla lodes carry you over much dead ground. I'll wait on you when I've weighed Mateo's; he comes only from Pot Holes,” she added, nodding to the next heap of pure yellow grains.

“Ah, the Maestra tells our wanderings from the color of our gold and the shape of the nuggets!” Santa Cruz answered in pride, “and she has the pity for our weary miles.”

“Ah, the Maestra is so wise, always,” said Mateo. He leaned carelessly on the counter, a little close, as though to watch the weighing. His mouth hung agape like a chicken's in the heat and he breathed chokingly with soft sighs. The scale rose, tipped past the balance, and drooped on the golden side. Without looking at him the Maestra put out a firm hand and pushed the man steadily back from the counter; the scale rose again and quivered to a balance.

“Would you cheat me with the breath of flattery, Mateo?” she said, and through the shouts and jeers of his companions, which Mateo took as vociferously as they were given, trying to escape the jabbing fingers that were at him, the Maestra quietly heaved over the sack of flour from behind the counter and hooked the bacon from the rafters for Santa Cruz.

But Cruz waited nor seemed in haste to be at his rest, and each man as he was served stood about, peering in at the ribbons and fal-lals be-

hind the dusty cases, nudging and whispering like lads at their mischief, for there was always that last requiting joke to be had with the Maestra. At the corner near the door a strange Mexican was standing. He swaggered a little in his pose and then, as though annoyed with their fooling talk, he went outside and squatted against the wall with his cigarette. The men paid little heed to him, for the Maestra was nearly through with the weighing.

“Ah, Maestra,” Santa Cruz said at last, when all had been waited on, “we are your sons, and from the far-away hills and gulches we bring you our wealth, and you, the good mother, fill us with food.” This never failed of its loud greeting, for the Maestra added her laugh, too—big and comfortable, with the full gleam of “sabe” mellowed through, which was the best of it. Then she shoved the little bags of dulces across the counter to them; these never failed either.

The Company lounged across the road, drawn by envy of the free laughter, and stood by to watch the grinning fellows go off with their loads to the families down on the flats, each peering into his little bag for the “luck” hid among the sweets.

“They always work that gag on you,” he said; “and they cheat you every chance they get,” and the Maestra laughed.

“Yes, they cheat me if they can, but they don't let anyone else do it. They let no one cheat me but themselves. They are my good sons.”

“Good coyotes!” sneered the Company, and he turned about to give place to the strange Mexican who had now come up to the counter.

He was a Cholo—the low class Mexican—sallow and ugly and insolent-faced. He had gold to be weighed, too—some nuggets which he carried in a little sack, and he shook them into the scale as the Maestra waited. Red gold they were—burnished and warm—and the pieces were not smooth like bed-gold, but serrated, showing they had traveled far when gathered. One nugget, deeply engraved, had been bent, a leaf turned back, giving it the shape of a squatting animal with a flat tail curved against its side.

“It is shaped like the river beaver,” said the Maestra, holding it up; “it is very beautiful gold.” She was going to speak again, but the Company asked the Cholo where he had placed her, and the Maestra waited.

"Ah-i, 'Pacach,'" the Cholo answered.

"There is no gold like this at Pachacho," the Maestra said; "are you just down from Los Trigos?" She noted as she spoke the parched drab of his skin behind the tan and the heavy eyes.

"La Paz," he corrected; "the old diggings; I start back there tonight."

"Yes, the La Paz gold is very like Los Trigos," she said with another glance at him. Then she put the gold in its bottle, paid the Cholo his exchange, and put the trade he took out into a sack for his better handling.

"You have been drinking bad water," she said as he took the sack from her.

"The wells of La Paz are bad," he said simply, but she shook her head at him.

"This time of year you should not drink from water holes, they are full of fever," she answered him sternly, but he only shrugged a little insolently and went away with his sack of trade.

When the Company had lounged back across the road the Maestra marked the Cholo's gold "Los Trigos," put it in the safe with the rest, and went out to cook the children's supper. She heard the stage go by to the company's store, which was likewise the postoffice, and saw the leisure camp follow for its mail. The sun was down and all the little hills, so gentle in the sunlight, were merging into the mountain shadows. The scrub and cactus that had hid in their color all day now rose up and took bold shape against the sky. It was when the Maestra turned to the door to call the children that something moving on the ridge of one of those aspiring hills made her muse a moment. It was a man, and he walked hurriedly, bowed a little forward by the weighted sack across his shoulder. He was going directly away from La Paz.

"Of course," thought the Maestra, "poor, simple soul!"

At the big store across the road the Company was telling the loungers about the Cholo's gold as he unwrapped his official mail.

"There was one large nugget—\$12 if a cent—that was shaped like an animal with its tail about the side, like the river beaver, the woman over there thought—the prettiest gold of the lot."

"Where from, this pretty gold?" asked Santa Cruz, peering over the Company's shoulder as he unrolled some warrants and glanced through them.

"She said Los Trigos, but the Cholo said La Paz, and as it's his gold he's most likely to know; she don't know everything." The Com-

pany stopped abruptly, with a startled look at a warrant.

It was one of those warrants sent to Post-offices for placarding, and was for the apprehension of the murderer of a member of the Survey, killed and robbed in Los Trigos district while separated from his party. A Mexican, prospecting near the camp, was suspected. He was described at length, but with little significance. However, one certain gold nugget taken with others from the murdered man was described with clear detail. It was this description, a part of which had just passed his own lips, and the size of the reward, that made the Company suddenly crush the warrants together with a quick look at Santa Cruz standing behind him. Santa Cruz hunched his shoulders and answered the Company's last spoken word.

"Oh, the Maestra knows. She knows a man's soul that he knows not himself—he, Mateo?" And Mateo laughed with shame-faced good nature.

"You think the Cholo lied, then, about where he got the gold?" the Company asked, maybe a bit too eagerly, and Cruz shrugged again.

"Quien sabe," he said indifferently, and went out with Mateo.

But once down by the flats, with no chance of an over-hearing, Santa Cruz told Mateo about the warrant he had read over the Company's shoulder.

"It said of the gold how it was marked and scarred, and then the words that the Maestra had said to the Company, 'shaped like the river beaver.' Ah, the wise woman!" whispered Cruz, with his arm over Mateo's eager shoulder. "Ah, the wise woman, Mateo! She taught me to read. She will know all this Cholo's soul and life, so we must find out from her where he would go before she hears of the reward. That Company will not post those warrants, the dog! He means it for himself."

"For a woman with a store full of rich goods the money is not needed, but for poor Mexicans this reward is a good thing," said Mateo.

"She is a wise woman and her mind follows where her eyes cannot go. Also this is a desperate man, and we must go soft. We must question the Maestra carefully, without suspicion, to find where he does."

"There is time to do it now before she closes the door; that Company may be already there filching her wisdom!" cried Mateo, and the two hastily retraced their steps to the store of the Maestra.

The Maestra was washing just outside the back door, scrubbing vigorously and singing to her youngest child the while, but she wiped her

arms and came into the store when she saw the faces peering through at her.

"Ah, Maestra," said Mateo, greeting the full, kind face behind the counter, "I have just been saying to Cruz that it is wonderful you should know where we all placer, from the color and shape of our gold—Pot Holes, 'Picach,' Chas-walla, even Los Trigos—you know the ground that bears the fruit."

"Yes," said the Maestra, pulling down her sleeves, "but it is not so strange. I have weighed your gold for so many years I know it as I do you. But you did not come from the flats at seven o'clock to tell me that, Mateo?"

beautiful gold," said the Maestra.

"All gold is beautiful," said Mateo wisely; "but some looks more like itself than others," and the Maestra smiled kindly at him.

"That Cholo, now, that was here," ventured Cruz; "he was from Los Trigos—no, Maestra?"

"He said that he was from the old La Paz diggings," answered the Maestra. She moved about, putting things to rights here and there.

"I will ask him if he knows Los Trigos. Does the Maestra know if he stays in camp?"

"He said he was returning to La Paz," said the Maestra. "Is there anything you wish to buy, Cruz? It is time to close the store."



Starting back to the diggings.

"No," said Mateo, hastily; "I need a little cheese. You can charge it to me, Maestra."

Mateo was at a standstill, so Santa Cruz said boldly:

"I think I shall go to Los Trigos for my next placering. It is rich there, I have heard. I have never seen the gold. Do you have any of the Los Trigos, Maestra?"

"I have had it from time to time. It is very

"I have here two dollars," said Santa Cruz; "that I would pay on the account which the Maestra so kindly lets me run." The Maestra took the money and entered it to Santa Cruz's credit.

"Thank you, Cruz," she said, "I am needing all the money I can get."

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THE END OF THE GYPSY TRAIL

By ALFRED F. OGDEN

Down at the end of the Gypsy Trail,
Close to the sun-kissed sea,
There's a dear little hut, a queer little hut,
That calls and calls to me.

The roof is thatched, and the walls are patched,
And swallows nest in the beams;
But my love is there, and my heart is there,
Along with my golden dreams.

Dreams that come with the tinted dawn
And weave their fancied way
'Till the laughing feet of a baby meet
With mine at the close of day.

Love that waits in the open door;
A chair in the purple dusk;
The fragrant twine of the Jessamine,
And a garden filled with musk.

A song, a song of the Gypsy Trail
That leads to a sun-kissed sea;
And a dear little hut, a queer little hut
That calls and calls to me.

CALIFORNIA

By CAROLYN SHAW RICE

If I, most humble of all bards, dare sing
The glories of this storied land of gold,
Esteem me honest, friends, if overbold.
I love thy circling hills—a giant ring—
Set with the sapphire of Saint Francis' Bay;
I stand upon their russet heights and gaze
O'er mystic miles of blue and wat'ry ways—
Out through the Golden Gate at set of day,
And deem that Heav'n itself lies close at hand.
And when God's white stars look, with radiant gleam,
Through drooping leaves of eucalyptus, I,
A vagrant idler in this lang'rous land,
Confess her beauties utterly, and lie
Upon her breast and dream and dream and dream.



"Gypsy Trail that leads to a sun-kissed sea."

The "DUD"

By VERNE BRIGHT

SUMMER lay over Picardy with a mild, alluring loveliness all its own. Three years had passed since, on that autumn day, the last sharp crash and roar of battle had echoed over the fields of northern France. Everywhere in the shell-torn land homes had been rebuilt. Fields, replanted, bore rich, golden harvests of grain and pungent scented hay. Laughing, happy-hearted peasants went about the roads and toiled in the fields.

Beside a wood—a wood where young sprouts and leaves struggled valiantly to hide the shell-shattered boles—two young men and a girl were raking and piling the purple vetch and loading it on wains. The young men were former poilus of the Iron Division, and had been comrades of the war.

Francois Fontaine was a big, genial, open-hearted boy, and was good to look on. He had that appeal in his dark blue eyes that women, no matter of what estate, find it hard to resist.

On the other hand, Gaston Laboul was a restless, wiry individual who looked upon life through misanthropic glasses. He smoked much, kept his own council, and seemed to shrink from the facts of existence.

The girl was Heloise Lafleur. There never was any doubt in the minds of the simple folk who dwelt in the village of Bon-Sur-Meuse which man held the heart of the piquant daughter of Pere Lafleur. And Heloise of the adorable mouth and the shimmering hair, not insensible to the stir she had created in the hearts of more than these two young men, non-committally accepted their attention as her due. However, a close observer could have seen, had he peered deeply into her soft brown eyes, the tender glow that burned quietly there when she looked on the joyful Francois.

The three young people were laughing and jesting with each other. Francois told a story of the Great War. He told of how, one night, the boche were entrenched near the village, and the French lines cut through the woods here; of how the captain sent him, with two other men, to reconnoitre the enemy position. The night was black and closed them in like a wall. An intense silence seemed to fill the universe. Suddenly the stillness was shattered by the scream of a shell, hurled from somewhere beyond the enemy's line. "With my two companions," he said, "I was crawling along just where we are now standing, and the shell landed a few feet away in the edge of the wood,

but, by the grace of Le Bon Dieu, it did not explode."

The girl's face flushed, first with a sort of dread and then with relief.

"And did you recover the shell afterward?" she tried to ask casually, but the faintest hint of a tremor crept into her voice.

"Mais, non! The next day we were relieved by the Americans and we withdrew."



The shell landed a few feet away.

Then, with a laugh that was half leer, Gaston spoke.

"Maybe Francois will find it and give it to you for a souvenir."

Fontaine was slow in answering, looking long at the other youth, and then up at the girl, who stood upon the load of dry grasses, outlined against the evening sky.

"Perhaps I will," he said presently.

* * * *

The dusk was spreading a misty robe of quiet over the fields, when, after supper of the same day, Heloise tripped merrily across the meadow on her return from a neighbor's house. As she came near the spot where Francois had told of the unexploded shell, a dark form stepped out from the edge of the woods and walked to intercept her. The girl started to run and unconsciously gave a little scream; then, recognizing Gaston, stopped and waited for him.

"You're not afraid of me, are you?" asked the man.

"Non! But you startled me." And not liking his tones, and still timid, despite her words, she resumed her way toward the lights of the village.

With a sudden fierceness, Laboul seized her shoulders and turned her to him.

"Listen to me! You've got to! Do you love Francois?"

"What is that to you?" The girl tossed her head indignantly.

Then in a tense voice Laboul continued. "You always seemed to encourage me—to like me as much as any of the other boys. I love you! You knew it before we went away—you know it now. You think you love Francois. But it makes no difference to me. I'll be good to you, Heloise. I'll do anything—anything—if you'll promise to marry me!"

She stared into his face, her fear turning to anger, then tried to struggle free. But the man's hard hands held her arms the tighter.

"Let me go! Let me go!" She screamed, disgust and fury so intense in her face and tone that Gaston shrank away, releasing her sulkily.

His face shone pale in the dim afterglow—pale and dogged; the girl was quivering with anger.

Francois, walking on the road beyond the wood, had heard his sweetheart's scream; now, crashing through the undergrowth, he burst upon this tableau. Instantly he knew what had happened.

"You dog!" he snarled, as he advanced on the cringing Laboul and, with one blow of his clenched hand, knocked him to earth.

The action aroused Heloise from her trance of rage. With outstretched, restraining hands, she ran toward her lover. Tripping over an exposed root, she fell. Upon leaping to her feet she saw Laboul, who, in his blind fear, groped around for a weapon with which to defend himself, tugging at what appeared to be a

stone imbedded the earth. With quick intuition she knew at once what it was. With a wild leap, half scramble, the girl threw herself upon him, tearing his clutching hands from the object. As, panting and dusty, she rose to her feet, silence fell upon the group. With kindling horror they recognized the percussion cap of an unexploded shell.

"Don't touch it—for your life!" gasped Fontaine.

Then, "Heloise!" he breathed.

Slowly he was beginning to grasp from what horrible fate the girl's quickness had saved them.

As Laboul rose shamefacedly to his feet, Heloise looked long at them both without stirring—looked at her strong and comely lover, her man—then at Gaston Laboul, trembling yet with the terror of the narrow escape, appalled at what he might have done.

"Please, Francois and Gaston," she said, with forgiving earnestness, "you have been good friends, so let bygones be bygones; shake hands and forget all about it; won't you?"

Fontaine's face was dark with emotion.

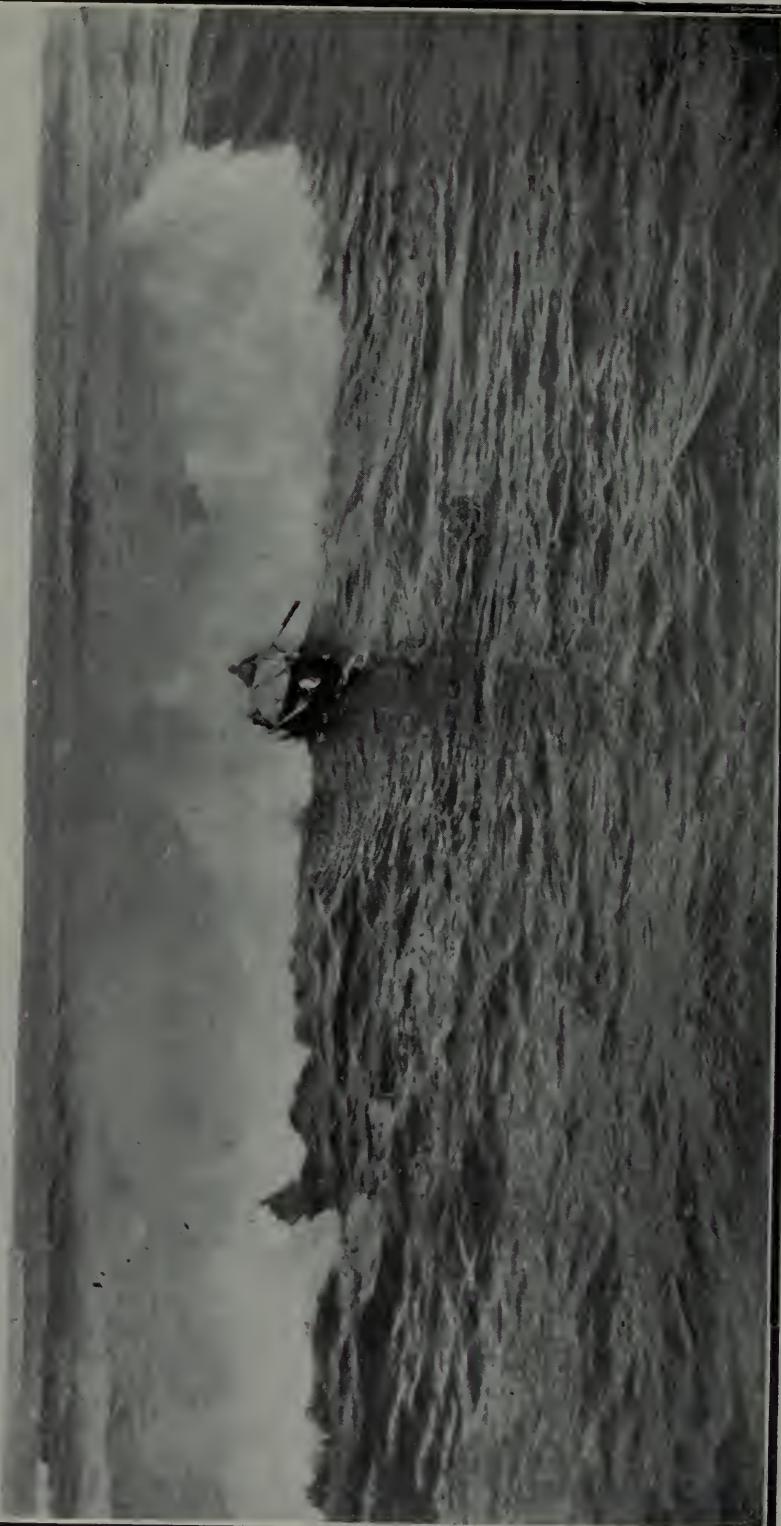
"What? Forgive? Heloise!"

"But, Francois, for my sake?"

The tide of anger slowly receded from him. He thrust out his hand to the envious Laboul. But, with a gesture immutably sullen, the man swore.

"Canaille! You think I am a fool, to be made sport of by you two! Dieu, non!" And, turning on his heel, he disappeared into the black shadow of the wood.

It is not a question of how much we are to do, but of how it is to be done; it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better.—
Ruskin.



There was great excitement, for not once in the memory of the oldest fisherman had a man got through that boiling surf alive.

Possy Earns His Keep

By NELSON SCHOFIELD GIBERSON

THERE'S a ship going to pieces on Light House Reef!" my father shouted up the stairway, one cold winter morning. "Come, Ned! Hurry!"

I was out of my blankets with a rush and dressed in no time.

The cliff below our house was like a broken stairway all the way. I had never gone down on the double-quick before. I made it all right, but I stumbled, fell and rolled over and over, skinning my knees and scratching my face on a wild blackberry briar.

When I picked myself up and looked about, it seemed to me that every man and boy who lived within ten miles of the place stood on the beach watching the breaking to bits of the great ship, spiked on the sharp teeth of the outer reef of the California coast. John Galt, our nearest neighbor, who had been a sailor in his boyhood, was squinting at the wreck through marine glasses. He let me take them; I could see quite plainly that there was no sign of life aboard the ship.

Just then my father left a group of men and boys and came where we were on the higher ground. Mr. Galt handed the glasses to father with a gruff:

"Take a look at 'er, Mr. Smith."

"No shattered lifeboats or smashed rafts," father pointed out. "I should say that the crew got off all right. It's luck the sea is smoother than usual at this time of year."

Mr. Galt slanted his cap over his eyes to shade them from the early morning sunshine, and gazed at the foundering vessel.

"I'm a deck swab, if y' can't hear th' sea swooshin' in an' out of th' hull of 'er!" he said. "She's been blown from 'er course, caught in th' current and swept onto th' reef—"

A shout went up from the group of men and boys. Mr. Galt took the glasses and trained them on a stretch of heaving waters where a small object bobbed up and down.

"Life raft with three men, an' maybe a kid," he told us.

We ran down to the water. There was great excitement, for not once in the memory of the oldest fisherman—I heard them say—had a man got through that boiling surf alive. It seemed as if we must all stand there and watch the men die, as we watched the breaking up of the ship, without being able to prevent it.

Every one was willing and anxious to do something. Life belts were put on and ropes

were stretched along the sand where they would be needed. The old sailorman's idea that there might be a baby on that tossing bit of float set me wild. I got in everybody's way and tripped on the ropes in my frantic efforts to be useful.

The raft came plunging on; it touched the first line of breakers and went nearly out of sight. As it drew in to the line of undertow, it began spinning 'round and 'round till the sight made me sick and giddy. One man had a big oar, and he tried hard to steady the clumsy float. Another man, hanging on with one hand for dear life to the line which was strung about the four sides of the raft, with the other clutched a bundle to his breast.

A fisherman threw off his jacket, hitched a light but strong line to his life belt, and giving the slack to a comrade, plunged head first into the water. He swam like a porpoise, fighting his way toward the raft. The men reached out and dragged him onto the raft, and made the line fast. The raft stopped spinning, and when the men on shore tailed onto the rope, the craft marched steadily to the sand. Fifty willing hands seized the clumsy life-saver and slid it up beyond the surf.

Sheath knives came out; each man was cut loose, carried off and placed face down on the sand. They were half drowned. I had my eye on the sailor with the bundle. When he was feeling better he sat up and carefully unwrapped a rag of sail from the bundle, from which he had refused to part. The men and boys crowded about him, curious to know what it might be.

The circle narrowed about the man as the last fold of the sail was unrolled, showing a little dog! His foreleg was broken or sprained and the hair was rubbed off his back. I put out my hand and he licked it, looking pitifully into my face. I took him into my arms and wrapped my warm jacket about him.

No one wanted him but me, I told myself, hugging him close. I pulled at father's sleeve to attract his attention. I had to speak loudly, for the pounding waves made a great racket.

"I'd like to take this little dog home," I said. "He's such a very small dog; he won't eat much. I'll give him part of my meat—"

"I guess not," father broke in. "One dog in the family is enough. Towser is a good dog, but even so he doesn't earn his keep. What could this half-drowned beast do?"

"I'll teach him to catch rats," I promised. "And when Towser is away on a hunting trip with brother, as he is now, this fellow can be watch dog. Won't that earn his keep?"

"Leg's broke!" snorted John Galt. "Hit 'im on th' head."

At that the sailorman who had brought the dog ashore shook his fist at Mr. Galt.

"Blarst me heyes! Ye'll do nothing of th' kind!" he bellowed. "'E was our mascot, 'e was!"

I begged so hard that it ended in father's inviting both the sailor and the dog to stay with us until the man should be well enough to join his shipmates, all of whom had landed in safety farther down the coast, so we learned later.

"Possy" was white and black in distinct patches. Homely as he was, mother took a great fancy to him, and wished to send for a veterinary to do something for the injured leg. Father let it be known that he hadn't quite lost his mind and that when he spent good money on a thing that wasn't worth its keep, we might be sure that he had gone crazy.

Possy got along all right without the veterinary and when the first mate, leaving, gave him to me, the little dog had won a place for himself in the house. Even Towser, our old dog, was his friend. They were always together.

Towser, a dignified beast as big as a three-months'-old calf, was a full-blooded Newfoundland dog. As the woods beyond our ranch were full of foxes, coons, coyotes and bob cats, with now and then a stray bear or panther among them, the two dogs had their hands full, so to speak. The way they hunted together was this:

Whenever Bre'er Fox or Mr. Coon came too near our chicken house, Possy would give chase, and the animal pursued would run up the nearest tree. Old Towser, not so quick as Possy, would come after, and, marching back and forth under the tree, would keep guard until Possy had time to go to the house and bring help. He would yelp, whine and scratch at the kitchen door until some one—my brother or myself—came out with a gun.

It had been a good year for pigs. The oak trees in the pasture had never before dropped so many acorns, which went to fatten the porkers. When butchering time came, and my father asked some of the neighbors over to help him kill, we had the finest, fattest pork in the country.

It was after nine that night before the butchering was done and the nicely dressed pigs were hanging in gambrel sticks. Every one was

tired out. Panthers (mountain lions they call them on the coast) had killed a number of pigs, lambs and chickens that year; we caught two in big steel traps. John Galt, whose chicken house had been raided the night before, spoke up as he was leaving:

"Y' better keep an eye peeled th' night for panthers. Hog meat smells good to a cat, an' if y' don't watch out, y' stand to get th' meat toted off."

My father laughed.

"Towser here can lick a whole canyon full of panthers," he said.

It must have been three o'clock in the morning when I was wakened by Possy scratching on the door. He had never acted as he did now; he seemed all out of breath, as if too winded to bark. I jumped up and called to my father:

"Possy's treed a panther."

My brother was not at home, so I got his old smooth-bore Springfield that he used for quail shooting. I was so excited that I could hardly get into my clothes; my hands shook and my fingers were all thumbs. I brought out the lantern and lighted the stubby end of a candle. When I opened the door the damp wind from the sea slapped our faces like a wet towel.

"It's the same old thing," father said, partly to himself and partly to me. "That fool dog that isn't worth his keep has treed a coon or a bob-cat."

"That fool dog" danced and whined and wiggled, now in front of us, now behind us, trying hard in his doggy fashion to hurry us on. The lantern made the darkness seem blacker. It was hard to keep track of Possy.

We had followed him about half a mile up the creek, and I had begun to wonder when we would find his game, when I heard old Towser's bark. We followed Possy a few hundred yards further and at last came to a high bank where the creek made a sharp turn. There stood the old dog, under a giant alder. He was looking at something hunched on a big limb that extended over the creek, about fifteen feet above where we were standing. The lantern light was so poor that we couldn't make anything out for sure, but I saw that a pair of cat's eyes were watching us from the limb. I held up the lantern so that father could get his front sight. He brought the gun to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. Just then the candle sputtered out and we were in the dark.

"Son," said my father, "we'll have to make a light or we'll lose our game. Here's my jack

The Pursuit of Ideal Right

By J. H. CAMPBELL

First Paper

NOTHING so intimately touches the well-being and happiness of mankind as the proper conception and enforcement of the rights of man. Many lawyers believe that this is a matter about which there is no rational room for controversy. But a controversy does, in fact, exist, and upon the conflicting views are based irreconcilable theories of the scope and purpose of the education of aspirants to the bar; one class of educators urging that the great mission of the lawyer is to learn what has been decided by the courts to be right and another equally insistent that the lawyer's chief duty to the bar, and to mankind in general, is to learn what should be decided and to aim at and fight for the ideal right as a gift of Divinity regardless of any number of decisions which may stand against it.

These hostile theories lead to widely divergent methods of teaching law and the writer's present effort is in defense of the pursuit and establishment of the ideal right despite every obstacle, by setting principle above precedent in the teaching of the law in opposition to what is known as the case system of instruction.

It is an interesting fact that at this time, when precedents are at the lowest ebb of depreciation in the courts, they should be exalted in many of the law schools as the only well springs of the unwritten law, and therefore as supplying the rational method of teaching jurisprudence. By the case system, it is said, the student draws his legal knowledge entirely at first hand and directly from the fountain-head and not at all from what case instructors call the secondary source of treatises or lectures. Many, perhaps a large majority of the adherents of the case system of instruction, do not stick to their text. They are virtually renegades to the cause by using case books which are in part imperfect treatises, or adding commentaries which are in effect desultory and unsatisfactory lectures. All these compromisers are chargeable with being deserters of the cause by their practical admission that some measure of treatise or lecture is indispensable. It is not with them we are dealing. The true case men would say with us that this class has surrendered to the enemy.

We are told by the case men that principles are best learned from illustrations of the manner of applying them. Of this method, the New York Journal says: "Its adherents have not shown any real reason why in law, any more

than in any other science, the most elementary instruction should be given inductively instead of deductively. To carry such a principle out to its logical end would be to require each person who came into the world to adjure the generalized assets of the generations that have gone before, and proceed independently to acquire all his knowledge by his own observation and generalizations."

Will not a medical student get much more benefit from an operation which he witnesses, if he has thoroughly studied the subject in advance? Will not a student in botany know better what to observe if he is familiar with the works of the great masters of that science? Would any head of an engineering school teach his pupils wholly by work in the field?

To carry out the idea of the case system, the operation of every problem in arithmetic, algebra, geometry and calculus, should be fully set out. Instead of working out the problem, the student should be required only to give his assent to the correctness of the operation.

We are told that the case system is good because it is best for the student to get his law by "digging," but if the point involved is easily understood, no digging is needed, and if it is really difficult, it may demand a fortnight's digging with every other matter laid aside and this is far too slow a way.

It strengthens the reasoning faculties, says its admirers. The object of a law course in this view is to qualify its students to study law. But that seems irrational. The student's reasoning power should be developed by a prior study of mathematics, logic and philosophy as a preparation and qualification for the mastery of the law. Moreover, the reasoning powers of a student lie dormant when he sees before him the full solution of a legal problem. They are best exercised by giving him legal problems to solve. The case book is like a geometry with every theorem fully worked out.

Law is not entered upon as a method of mental exercise or discipline. To have had such discipline should be a prerequisite for entering the law course. To study law for the purpose of preparing to learn law would seem to be an obvious absurdity. Upon that view, when the student has finished his course in law he is for the first time ready to begin it. No student has the time to gather all the law from the cases. It is unreasonable to expect an untrained mind to accomplish in three or four years what it

took a dozen specialists a much longer time to accomplish, each devoting himself to a single topic with the amplest facilities at his command.

Case books do not convey all the law of any subject to the student. It is not in them. Many volumes would be required in every instance to effect a substantially full presentation of fundamental principles, and the length of the course necessarily exacted under such conditions would quickly deplete a law school of its students. The able treatise writer often in effect decides a million cases and enables the student to decide a million more by his complete, logical and symmetrical presentation of a legal topic.

Bishop on Contracts is the work of a master mind whose opinions deservedly have great weight in every court. It is supported by nearly eleven thousand cases. Let us compare this work with Huffcut and Woodruff's well selected Cases on Contracts. The case book contains two hundred and sixty-seven cases and refers to five hundred more. Who can believe that the contents of Bishop's work are in it? They are not. Thayer's Case Book on Evidence contains eight hundred cases, while Greenleaf's Evidence cites fourteen thousand six hundred cases. Naturally, the contents of Greenleaf's treatise are not to be found in Thayer, although it is a very large volume. From Wigmore's Cases on Evidence the student will learn four presumptions only, and by no amount of reasoning can he infer from those the long list of presumptions set forth in the codes of the various states. California has forty-two others.

If we run over the table of contents of one of the very best case books—namely, Huffcut and Woodruff's Cases on Contracts, already mentioned—it may seem to cover the subject completely, but if we make a careful analysis of it, we find that ratification, estoppel, conflict of laws, parol evidence affecting contracts, and, above all, the interesting and extensive field of implied contracts are scarcely touched.

Decisions are not given to impart instruction to students and are unsuited to that purpose.

An able treatise presents a subject as a symmetrical whole, like a body with its members, without either head, arms or legs wanting. That can never be said even of the best case book. A treatise presents a complete and harmonious picture to the student, while at examination time to many earnest students the case book seems to be an appalling mass of isolated instances having no inter-relation.

Why should the great authors in law be discarded? The rule of admission in California

from time immemorial until very recently, when some case man we surmise secured a rescission, required a knowledge of Blackstone, Kent, Story, Parsons, Gould and Lube, and section 1899 of the Code of Civil Procedure of that state informs us that we are to look for the unwritten law not merely in the decisions, but also in the treatises of learned men.

If we study the history of the Netherlands, are we to deny ourselves the aid of the learning, skill and industry of Motley and of Prescott and devote our lives to getting our knowledge as they did? Moreover, could Motley or Prescott have studied the history of every European country in that way?

With very rare exceptions and of necessity the case book does not deal with uncertain points. It is the sure thing that is usually illustrated in the case book; but why force a student to read twenty pages, it may be, to learn what his mind could grasp and hold for a life time from a clear statement occupying only one line, as, for instance, that there may be a remainder in durable personality. The length of the opinions of courts on propositions which seem to the world at large equally obvious, is sometimes astonishing. It is a lamentable fact that decisions are pouring in upon us in a gigantic and rapidly increasing flood and the tendency should be to compress them into the briefest compass, but they are, on the contrary, spun out very often to almost interminable dimensions. Hon. Edward J. Phelps, formerly our ambassador to Great Britain, says:

"The unhappy tendency of our time, not merely in schools, but to a considerable degree in the profession and in the courts, is to encumber the law with much that is called learning, sought to be deduced from millions of heterogeneous, often irreconcilable and sometimes incomprehensible cases, each of which instead of being a decision upon the point involved is a dissertation upon the general law of the subject. The terse, clear and logical judgments that are found in the earlier English and American reports, in which conclusions are deduced from principles, instead of from other conclusions, are not now much in fashion. It is easy to find single opinions in which more authorities are cited than were mentioned by Marshall in the whole thirty years of his unexampled judicial life, and briefs that contain more cases than Webster referred to in all the arguments he ever delivered. To plunge a student into this chaos with all his powers untried and imperfect and his knowledge of principles incomplete, to grope his way through it as best he may, and to triangulate from case to case, sup-

posing that he is getting forward when he is only going astray, is not to educate him, but tends rather to make him proof against all education.

Why should the time of a class be consumed with the discussion of a principle the mere statement of which carries conviction with it? The great mass of cases in the case book is of that nature, and students are constantly wondering that an obvious principle should be the subject of litigation.

Let us take a few cases selected at random: The case in Wigmore, at page 539, advises the student that a surveyor general may be compelled by a subpoena duces tecum to produce an original paper in court. The case in Huffcut and Woodruff, at page 210, holds that one dollar is no consideration for a promise to pay one thousand dollars. In Finch's Cases on Property, in Land, at page 245, are told that gas fixtures put in by the owner of a house some time after the house is finished and screwed on to projections left for that purpose are not realty. In every such case the student regards the decision as a matter of course and cannot understand how any other view could be taken of the matter. But even in such cases, if the door is opened to discussion, one or two weak members of a class may block the wheels of progress and a dozen others, like rival canaries in the same cage, will then be eager to give voice to their explanations and to demonstrate how well and swiftly their bright intellects grasped the stupendous proposition that three times four inches are equal to a foot. If the case men were right, every man graduated under the case system would always turn first to his case book with assured confidence that it would at least set him upon the track of the solution of the problem in hand, but the case book is no such guide and counsellor and is rarely to be found there, and in this face we find a practical test and proof of its inadequacy. This is the inevitable result of the nature of a case book. There is too little law in the best case book to make it probable that the solution of any difficult problem will be found in it.

If the principle involved is obvious, the briefest case wastes time in imparting it. If it is very doubtful, the student is unequipped and unfit for the consideration of it, and the case book could probably be filled with the conflicting cases upon it. One of the surest qualifications for eminence at the bar is the capacity to estimate precisely the worth and significance of a decision. This function often calls forth the best efforts of the most capable and experienced lawyer. The case system really elimin-

ates such a function in a large measure by presupposing that every case given to the student is of purest gold and of full weight. This is the general attitude of case teachers of necessity, for if distrust of the cases gets a lodgment in the student's mind, then for him the foundation of the system is swept away.

The case system is said to have originated with Professor Langdell of Harvard in 1870. His view was that the essential principles of law were few and could best be assimilated by the student if he extracted them for himself from the so-called original sources of the law—namely, the cases. No other source of information was to be resorted to.

It is an argument not to be slighted that in no country in all the world's history had such a method of instruction ever before been adopted. The plan was to show the historical evolution and development of the law by appropriate cases. As the result it will be found that the first case books were crammed with the decisions of the long line of English judges almost to the exclusion of those supplied by the comparatively short legal history of our own country.

It is easily discoverable that this plan is being universally abandoned and that the case books in favor are those which confine themselves almost entirely to our own decisions and as far as convenient to the latest that are serviceable, and many of these case books contain a considerable amount of supplementary matter such as is found in treatises. All this is far away from Professor Langdell's design.

The case men say that the student should get his law as the practising lawyer does—directly from the cases. This idea assumes that there is no other way in which a lawyer gets or can rightly get his law, but this is a gross error springing from the baseless notion that the fountain-head of the law lies in the cases. The most eminent and successful lawyers with whom the writer has come in contact during a long experience at the bar have always fixed the principle sought for first by reflection or by recourse to their favorite treatises on the subject and then looked for precedents and were not dismayed if they found none or found many, but all adverse.

Professor Baldwin of Yale tells us that a great American lawyer and law teacher has said that "cases do not make principles; they only illustrate them, and the well trained student has a higher learning than they can furnish. He does not need to wade through hundreds of volumes of books to see whether a particular point has been decided. He knows how it was

decided if it ever was, and how it ought to be decided if it never was."

Moreover, the cases of the class room are not the cases of the courts. There is no syllabus; the points made by the respective counsel are not set out; the statement of the facts is often too meager and most frequently a mere morsel of a long decision is given. The student does not know how many points were involved in the case nor their relative importance. All this is often inevitable, but that consideration does not change the result that the student has something very different to deal with from the actual report of the case and is not doing what the lawyer does.

It is an excellent exercise, we are told, for a student to read cases and extract from them the principles involved. This suggestion conveys the idea that it is only by some exercise of the reasoning faculty that a student can discover the principle upon which a decision rests. If any one who thinks so will look at any set of case books at any school he will probably find that a great many of them are handed down from some prior year, and that in practically every case in such a book the principle involved is conspicuously located and all labor in seeking it removed by a heavy red ink line drawn around the statement of it by the first owner of the book. So the case system as it stands is open to the charge that it is a lazy system for both professor and student and excludes the need of digging. One of the fascinations of the case book seems to be the satisfaction of apparently covering much ground at each session of the class. Where the assignment of five pages of a treatise would raise a wail of remonstrance, the mastery of twenty-five pages of a case book is pleasantly feasible.

In the first enthusiasm of the case men, they did not hesitate to assert that the object of the case system was not to impart a knowledge of legal principles, but to develop the power to reason rightly upon legal topics; to train the student's mind in legal thinking. Professor Langdell says: "The real purpose of scientific instruction in law is not to impart the content of the law, not to teach the law, but rather to

arouse, to strengthen, to carry to the highest pitch of perfection, a specifically legal manner of thinking."

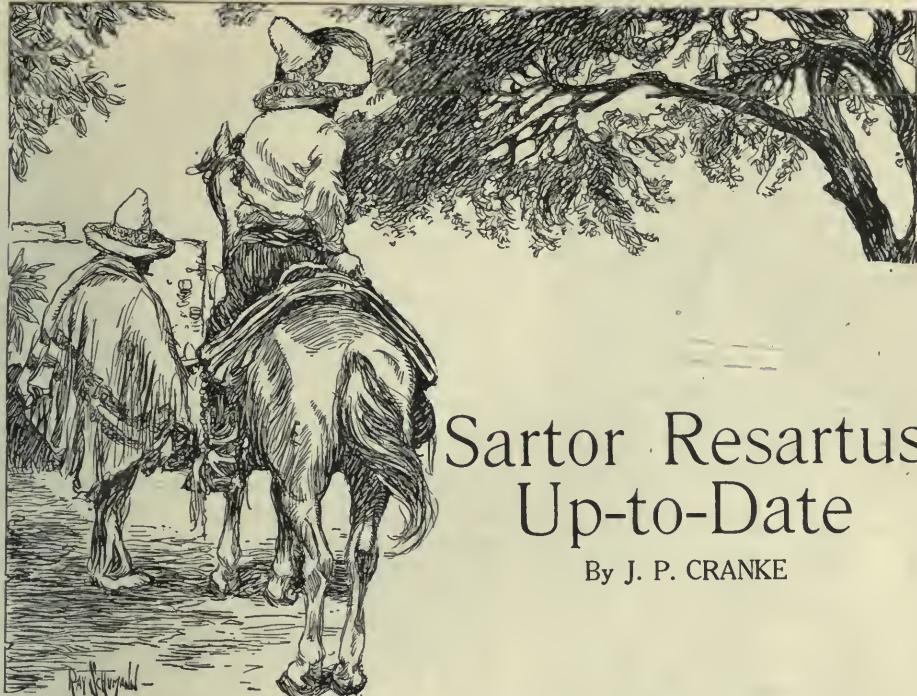
A popular method of the case teachers at present is after the discussion of a case or series of cases to sum up the result. If this summing up is confined to an interpretation of the case it adds nothing. If it goes beyond the case it is so far a lecture, and if lectures are given they should be complete, methodical and in the aggregate cover the subject thoroughly. The geography of the law is of the utmost importance and the lectures should not only set forth the principles of a subject, but the inter-relations of principles and subjects as well.

Professor Redlich, in Bulletin number 8 of the Carnegie Foundation, expresses strong admiration for the case system and yet clearly puts himself beyond the pale and compels his rejection by every case man as an advocate of it. He tells us that the case men say that there should be no dogmatic instruction of the student; that he must draw out the law himself from the cases (28); but it is his opinion that in this way the students never obtain a picture of the law as a whole nor even of its main features (41), and that to remedy this defect there should be an introduction to the law effected by means of a scientifically systematized course of lectures (44), and, finally, a second course of lectures succeeding the study of cases (45), and since he admits that this is not the case system as properly understood (43), his Bulletin in effect condemns the system as now advocated and pursued.

The idolatry of the case in the case system comes as it seems from an untenable and baseless assumption—namely, that in the cases lie the original source, the fountain-head of the unwritten law, and that the student should examine the cases for himself for the same reason that a Froude or a Buckle would examine an original treaty or royal proclamation. But the matters are not parallel. In such documents the historian actually has the original sources. To be such an original source a decision must create a principle of law.

Second Paper Will Follow in November Issue.





Sartor Resartus Up-to-Date

By J. P. CRANKE

COLONEL Frederico Gonzales de Galan lay stretched in luxurious ease upon his cot at headquarters, said headquarters at the present time being the shade of a mesquite tree. Occasionally puffing at a big black cigar and drinking his coffee but recently placed at his elbow by Private Felicte Angeles Sanchez, he communed with himself with considerable gratulation over the favors of Fortune. All round about on the sunny landscape in the late afternoon lay stretched, in equally luxurious ease, the gallant colonel's gallant detachment, the Regiment Villaldama, said regiment being employed, in its active moments, in freeing the Land of God and Liberty from the yoke of the Tyrant. Just what tyrant had his foul yoke upon Mexico at this particular juncture was not exactly clear to the regiment, nor, indeed, to Colonel Galen, but the tyrant's name or habitat did not at all concern officer or man. That he existed was not doubted in the least, and the colonel was not one to be making impertinent inquiries of his military superiors demanding names. All he had to do was, occasionally and in a leisurely manner, lead his men from one point to another in diligent search of the tyrant and his dastardly brood, taking care to route his marches through ranches known to be well stocked with fat cattle and commissary stores.

For the moment there was surcease from hot marching and war's stern alarums; the regiment had reached the land of Old Terrazas Fernandez, owner of a state or two, and distinguished as an oppressor of the poor. Here were thousands upon thousands of lowing kine, and over a million broad acres capered enough horses to mount an army. It was a delightful spot upon which to halt and rest his brave men preparatory to other hot marches when he must again go in quest of the tyrant and, maybe, engage in desperate battle. Colonel Galan had not yet engaged in desperate battle, but he was sternly resolved to fight—when fighting became absolutely necessary.

Thirty miles to the eastward lay Palafox on the Rio Grande. Its three thousand inhabitants had long groaned under the exactions of the tyrant's minions. The colonel was resolved to rescue Palafox. For this daring resolution he had reasons, both public and private. The public reason he had that very morning explained to Major Concepcion Panteleon, his second in command:

"Our chief, the lieutenant general at Monterey, demands Palafóx at our hands, Senor Major. It is a port of entry through which we can get arms and other war material so necessary for a brave people in a state of revolution. The pigs of Gringoes have plenty to sell

and our great chief has the money. As we are nearer to a port than any other of our armies we are to be honored with this glorious duty."

But the private reason of the colonel for subjecting Palafox to the horrors of war was far more impelling. Here, on the outskirts of the town, stood his ancestral home. It is true the home of his ancestors was neither a brick mansion nor marble palace; however, sticks and adobe, if they be the shelter of one's childhood, possess a certain grandeur for the imagination—and Colonel Galan had imagination. He was continuously visioning himself in the role of conquering hero, riding over the streets at the head of his army driving out the hordes of the tyrant, while his fellow townsmen vociferously applauded.

"If the sweetest hour in the checkered career of the soldier is the hour of victory amid the scenes of his youth, how much is that satisfaction enhanced," thought the colonel, "if the eyes of beauty are there to look on in admiring wonder and awe! And eyes, too, that have looked with cold disdain upon one's suit in that past time before renown came to cover one as with a mantle."

The colonel had a dream there in the shade of the mesquite tree in which he dreamed that very thing. Not in exact form as above set out, but in substance the same dream—old as the world, old as man's ambition to win the admiration of woman. He saw the Divine Alicia, daughter of Senor Juan Garcia, gazing upon him with startled eyes as he galloped at the head of his brave men.

"She will hardly scorn me now," said the colonel to himself, "as she did in those days of slavery when I was merely one of Old Terrazas Fernandez' vaqueros at ten pesos the month. No longer will she look with favor upon that pig of a Gringo, the Captain of the Texas Guard from the other side of the river."

At this point in his dream, as he was accustomed to dream the same thing daily, he spoke to himself in violent language; for his vivid imagination conjured up a painful scene—there, on the encircling walks of the plaza, while the band played, he, the vaquero, had many a time and oft beheld the Divine Alicia coqueting with the despised Gringo Captain, while the pig walked by her side with cool confidence. Now did he hope, as he marched along the streets at the head of his gallant regiment, to catch the hated Gringo in the very act of making eyes at the Divine Alicia and brazenly walking by her side. What he would do to him! Thus dreamed the colonel.

By and by, he would do these great things; but why hurry? He had orders to take Palafox, but his chief had left the time for taking it largely to his own discretion. Now he was undisputed lord of all the country round about, a country exceedingly rich in those resources so dear to the hearts of brave soldiers engaged in freeing their native land from the grasp of the tyrant, and it would be a crying shame to hurry away from it.

It was all familiar ground to the colonel, for over this very plain he had labored like a slave branding Old Terrazas Fernandez' cattle. The time then and now: what a contrast! Now, the tyrant Diaz and his rurales were no more, and he, the former vaquero at ten pesos the month, could roam at will and live off the fat of the land by simply helping himself. Old Fernandez and his family were long since fled, and, thanks be, he could not take with him either land or cattle. In this pleasant frame of mind the colonel contemplated the blue sky and listened to the shouts and laughter of his soldiers with intense satisfaction. Ah! It was good to be alive, and the most excellent thing in the world to be a soldier freeing one's country from the tyrant and living joyously meanwhile off the fat of the land.

The colonel's day dreams were suddenly and rudely disturbed. A volley of rifle shots from the brush nearby stampeded horses and men. There was a wild shouting and the sound of running feet, and the next instant Major Concepcion Pantaleon, frightened, breathless and bursting with the news, was reporting an attack on the outposts. The colonel was already hurriedly buckling on sabre and pistols and now strode forth to quell the panic and form for battle. Through the brush, pell-mell, came the outposts, screaming that an army of ten thousand bloody-minded tyrant's minions was at their heels. Officers were shouting commands and the men were running hither and thither, looking for rifles and cartridge belts. Into this melee strode the colonel, and the instant he did so, a song greeted him—the song of rifle balls overhead. At this sound he made a quick, really instantaneous, decision—he ordered a retreat and instructed Major Pantelon to form the rearguard. Trusting to the valor and soldierly qualities of the major to do this, he lead the main body in retreat.

Through the brush galloped the enemy—tall, fierce of aspect—shouting and firing. A huge crescent-shaped line all but enveloped the camp. It was too much for the Regiment Villaldama. In a twinkling it had scattered to the hills a short distance to the rear, the major's rearguard

melting and mingling with the rest. Horses, commissary—everything—was left to the enemy except rifles and ammunition. Most of the men managed to get away with these. The victorious yells of the enemy plundering the camp made the colonel's men flee all the faster, and they ran until they could run no more.

Five miles from the battlefield the colonel halted. Gradually his men, woe-begone and still with a great fear upon them, came straggling in. Belated troopers, crackling through the brush, started several stampedes, but the colonel had gathered himself together, and these he sternly suppressed. He shot out quick, decisive orders. Captains formed companies behind the hills and scouts were sent back over the line of retreat to learn if they were being pursued. These signaled that all was well and the coast clear. The rich provender in the camp of the Regiment Villaldama had proven too strong a temptation for the military discipline and virtue of the enemy. Then everybody breathed freer, and rank and file lay down on the grass and informed each other how it happened.

The colonel and Major Concepcion Pantheleon had drawn apart and were discussing the retreat with some heat, not to say acrimony. The colonel pointed out to the major that the latter had moved too rapidly when the order to retreat had been given. Both officers now realized that as there was no apparent pursuit by the enemy the regiment had fallen back too precipitately—at least, with undue haste.

"You should have formed the rear guard at once and thus given time for the main body to get on the march in military order," said the colonel sternly.

"Indeed, sir," protested the major, "there were no troops with which to form the rear guard in my vicinity. I barely escaped with my life, and when I was out of range everybody seemed to be ahead of me and you were leading."

The colonel manifested great annoyance.

"Where should I be but leading!" he retorted with indignation. "I told you I would be with the main body and gave you specific orders to protect the march with a rear guard. Furthermore, I will not permit a subordinate to criticize my actions."

"I was not criticizing the colonel," replied the major with a proper show of respect, "and you should make allowances for the panic that had seized the men. They were falling back in all directions and I had to move at a brisk pace to keep them in view. They were retreating with exceedingly great rapidity, Senor Colonel."

The colonel saw the solid reason in this speech now, that all danger seemed over for the present, he began a review of his own situation personally. He had been marching diligently for several weeks from one point to another in search of the enemy, and, strange as it might seem, he had, himself, been found. He would be compelled to report the incident of this day and it would be difficult to explain to his chief at Monterey just how Major Pantheleon had too long delayed the forming of the rear guard. By what bold move could he redeem the situation and retaliate upon the dastardly enemy? An inspiring thought suddenly obsessed him.

"Major, we are going to return, fight the enemy and wipe out this disgrace with a glorious victory or leave our dead bodies on the field of battle," he exclaimed, "and we are going to do it this very night."

"What—what—do you mean?" gasped the major.

"I say we are going back," striding up and down and even drawing his sabre in his excitement. "We are going to creep up on them and stampede them as they did the Regiment Vil—er—ah—I mean we are going to give them battele and you shall have an opportunity to redeeme yourself. You shall lead the advance."

"But maybe they won't stampede," exclaimed the major fearfully. "Unless they get into a panic like we—er—unless they get frightened there will be awful fighting. Let me suggest that the colonel take the advance and win all the glory. It will be—"

Here they were interrupted by a delegation from the men.

"Senor Colonel," said the spokesman for the squad, "where are we to get water? Where supper? Also there is a great paucity of blankets and the night at hand. Will the colonel please issue orders for water, supper and blankets?"

"I was just about to do so," replied the colonel with a fearful grin. "Return to your command and the orders will be issued immediately."

When the men were out of earshot he turned to the major:

"Form the regiment!" he exclaimed, with stern demeanor, not to say with majestic mien.

There was no help for it. The major saluted punctiliously and advanced toward the men. His stentorian commands made the welkin ring and caused prodigious excitement. The colonel stepped forward and observed the forming of the column. When all had been brought to attention he addressed them:

"It was necessary, my brave men, for the Regiment Villaldama to fall back before overwhelming odds today, but we are going to return and wipe out the disgrace of our defeat with the blood of the enemy," a storm of 'vivas,' "and if any man lags behind or attempts to steal off in the brush I shall shoot him. I will be at the rear with the main body and overlook the whole column. Our brave major shall have the post of danger and of glory—commander of the advance guard. However, the main body will be right at hand to support the onset. We shall strike down the cowardly minions of the tyrant the moment we can reach them. There in our camp is water, supper and blankets," once again that fearful grin beamed down upon his soldiers, "and we are going to sleep there tonight or leave our dead bodies on a glorious field." There were no "vivas." Indeed, the regiment gave vent to a gasp of utter astonishment. When the colonel had said they were going to return, the men naturally thought it would be tomorrow or next day, or, perhaps, next week, and by that time said minions would likely be elsewhere. But this very night! Caramba! "One gallant charge, my braves, and the victory is ours. Officers: to your commands and let the march begin. Lead off, Major Panteleon."

"You take the advance, colonel," begged the major in an undertone, "and let me stay behind and shoot the cowards."

"Sir, the order for the march has been issued," exclaimed the colonel, again greatly annoyed by the major's suggestion. Then in a whisper: "All you have to do is yell and charge and they will run just like we—they will run. I will be right up with you and on top of them almost as soon as you are. They will run, I tell you," as the major still lingered, thus bringing about an embarrassing situation, the men staring at the two leaders suspiciously. "They think we are retreating and will be resting in fancied security. The surprise will be complete. Go now, and if you push home the charge and we win I will promote you to lieutenant colonel."

The major moved off as if the promised promotion were little temptation for a display of such headlong, reckless courage as he would be compelled to make. The leading companies also realized they were in for it and began suggesting that others were far more competent for the hazardous service. Amid considerable confusion a battalion at last marched off, casting backward anxious and fearful glances toward their comrades of the main body. When all but lost to view in the darkness, the moon

began rising and they perceived the main body was at last moving after them.

There was a total absence of their usual gaiety. In exceeding quiet they moved, the silence broken only by the song of insects and the occasional scream of a coyote. Consuming anxiety pervaded the ranks and every clump of bushes and mot of timber was scanned with fearful imaginings of sudden onslaughts and grim battle. The advance guard expected nothing short of annihilation when they should close with the enemy, for was not their colonel driving them back to fight ten thousand men? The post of honor and of glory, to which their colonel had so graciously assigned them, would be little consolation after they were dead. They looked ahead for the gleam of the enemy's camp fires, then to the right and left for openings that might be used in case of emergency. But there were the officers, their eyes fixed on the men, and the colonel stalking at the head of the main body, a rifle in the hollow of his arm.

Major Concepcion Panteleon never knew exactly how it happened, although he had many versions which he afterward related, no two of them alike. The true story of the great "Battle of Galan y Panteleon," named thus in honor of the two chieftains in the official records, was as follows:

The major, diligently searching the distant plain for the camp fires of the enemy, suddenly found himself in the very midst of a large body of sleeping men. When he realized the situation his hair bristled up with such an excess of intense feeling that it lifted his sombrero several inches. And instantly he let out a yell that could be heard a mile. This seemed to set off his men and simultaneously they made the welkin ring with deafening screams. In their extreme nervousness several accidentally pulled triggers and the bang, bang of rifles, mingled with the major's yell and the yells of his men, for they were one and all screaming like frightened wildcats. The enemy was up and away before the major could realize what had happened. The colonel heard the agonizing shrieks of the major and then the sound of running feet.

"To the rescue of our brave comrades in arms!" he shouted. "On men; on!"

It was now or never. The main body surged forward, yelling. This wonderfully heartened the major, the major's gallant advance guard, and the welkin was split wide open with their shouts and shots. The main body, Colonel Galan leading and waving his sabre, came on like heroes. They heard the minions of the

tyrant scampering away in the distance and felt confident against the world in arms. Now they debouch from the low hills and enter camp, shouting like mad. They are received with equally wild shouting by the advance guard. Colonel Galan, in the presence of his cheering regiment, embraced his brave major and promoted him to lieutenant colonel on the field of battle. The men embraced each other and executed a war dance.

The enemy made a clean getaway, but left the spoils—cart loads of jerked beef, a great number of rifles, cartridge belts and ammunition. There were several hundred horses staked nearby with saddles and bridles piled alongside. Whatever happened, the gallant Regimen Villaldama would no longer have to walk. And there, in the center of the camp, the enemy's artillery—a real cannon. Although of somewhat ancient vintage, having been brought over by the Spaniards a few hundred years previously, it looked huge, formidable, and would certainly bristle and frown in the report of the battle to the commanding general at Monterey. Both colonel and lieutenant colonel searched diligently about the piece for artillery ammunition, but there was none to be found.

"Doubtless the dastardly enemy carried it off," said the colonel.

Just how the enemy might have done this, fleeing panic stricken as they did, the lieutenant colonel did not bother to conjecture.

Colonel Galan had learned something of the art of war during the day, although previous to these very recent harrassing experiences, he would not have thought that possible. A grave surprise to his own command near the close of day, a disastrous surprise to the enemy during the evening of the same day, resulting so gloriously to himself and his fortunes, had taught him the exceeding great value of surprises. He resolved he would never again be surprised. If there were to be surprises he would pull them off himself. Accordingly, he went with the men and saw personally to the placing of the outposts.

"We must never permit ourselves to be surprised as the enemy army was tonight," he remarked to Lieutenant Colonel Panteleon.

He next dispatched a messenger to a telegraph office on the railroad a few miles distant with a wire to his chief at Monterey announcing his victory. The message described the night attack and concluded:

"Five hundred dead and wounded strew the field. We captured eight hundred prisoners and six canon, besides innumerable small arms

and a large number of horses with their equipment. Enemy fled toward Palafox. My men exhausted with long march and succeeding battle and will not pursue until tomorrow. I did not lose a man."

The call of the sentries in the distance looking out over the moonlit plain sounded very delightful to Colonel Galan as he sank to sleep on his own cot, recaptured from the enemy.

The colonel's great victory had been an inspiration and now his soul panted with visions and dreams of high emprise. Accordingly, the next morning the column marched. Lieutenant Colonel Panteleon, whose popularity since the evening previous had become dangerous, commanded the rear guard, while Colonel Galan, himself, led the advance. The regiment covered fifteen miles during the day, an unusually long march, but now nearly everybody had a horse. The colonel picked up great numbers of the enemy along the route—men grown tired of retreating on foot, and stopping a moment to rest and make coffee. These, one and all, saw the error of their way in fighting for the tyrant and promptly enlisted under the banner of God and Liberty. The colonel's army was thus considerably augmented.

At the close of the second day's march the army encamped within three miles of Palafox. No fires were lighted, absolute quiet was enjoined and the outposts were doubled for the night.

"Sentries must not call the hours and number of their posts," ordered the colonel, "but maintain absolute silence and a sharp lookout. Every hour during the night Lieutenant Colonel Panteleon will visit the posts in person and see that these instructions are carried out."

The fateful night passed without incident, the enemy sleeping in fancied security. Just before the dawn Colonel Galan formed his army in one vast crescent-shaped line and marched forward.

The Rio Grande washes the walls of Palafox on its eastern side and on the west the city is bordered by a range of hills. At dawn a policeman, happening to be awake, saw giant ghostly shapes on the hills and rang the fire bell. This awoke the town and army post. The population, civil and military, rushed into the streets and now beheld a vast line of horsemen topping those western hills. Rifle fire suddenly spurted from the line and the balls whistled ominously overhead. A cannon was observed at the center of the line, and while they yet gazed, fascinated with horror, it was wheeled to the front and belched forth in flame and thunder, threatening instant destruction. A

dozen stones hurtled through the air and some of them dropped on the military barracks.

This was too much for the commandant of the tyrant. He promptly evacuated the city, taking the road leading northeast and paralleling the river. Palafox was at the mercy of Colonel Galan, and his army set up a mighty shout, a shout that was heard in the town of the Gringoes beyond the Rio Grande. At this instant, to the surprise of the army, the colonel stopped the advance.

"The army will pitch camp right where it is," ordered the colonel.

Lieutenant Colonel Pantaleon protested; captains of companies protested; the entire army rose up as one man and kicked mightily against the tyrannical order that held them back from the delights of Palafox. The colonel was adamantine in his determination that not a soldier should enter Palafox until he gave the word. The officers were furious and the men on the verge of mutiny. Into the midst of warring counsels and cursing soldiery a party of the most distinguished citizens of Palafox, headed by the alcalde, suddenly appeared. They sought at once the commander of the brave troops that had rescued Palafox. A hundred fingers pointed him out, and the surprise upon both sides was mutual. Colonel Galan was surprised to see these mighty men of yore before him ready to do him honor and welcome him as a conqueror; they were thunderstruck to recognize the hero as the erstwhile vaquero of Old Terrazas Fernandez. The colonel realized very suddenly he had become a great man in the world of affairs and welcomed his former fellow-townsmen with a condescension befitting the occasion.

The alcalde stuttered somewhat in the beginning of his speech, but directly recovered. His welcome was eloquent and long. He related instances of oppression under which the citizens had groaned since the hordes of the tyrant first occupied Palafox and who now rejoiced at their delivery with such exceeding joy.

"Your birthplace is proud, Colonel Galan, that the fortune of war should have made you its deliverer from the barbarous and intolerable thralldom of the tyrant. The city is yours. They who oppressed your brother townsmen are now in disgraceful flight," here the alcalde dramatically pointed to a low cloud of dust on the far northeastern horizon. "May you continue this career so gloriously begun in the service of your country, the land of God and Liberty."

That the colonel was touched by this welcome from the great men of his city was manifest.

He embraced the alcalde and aldermen and a brace of distinguished citizens.

"Now we insist that the colonel lead in his army instantly," continued the alcalde. "Palafox will rise up as one man to do honor to her distinguished son."

At this urgent speech the colonel manifested painful embarrassment. He made excuses for an immediate entry. Then they pressed him to name the hour when he would march in at the head of his gallant army. This he also evaded, being visibly embarrassed. The alcalde and delegation were nonplussed, then became uneasy and hurriedly took leave. As they drove away a great shout went up from the army. The cause of the demonstration was the arrival of a bunch of fat beeves some of the more enterprising troopers had located nearby and now came driving into camp. By the time these were slaughtered and sizzling over the fires a wagonload of bread, hastily dispatched from the city, rolled in and was received with acclamation.

In the meantime, an improvised telegraph station by the railroad track was exceedingly busy, and it was a wondrous story that went over the line from Colonel Galan to the lieutenant general in command at Monterey.

For some time previous to the above events the cause of God and Liberty had languished. The tyrant's minions were victorious at Tampico, Vera Cruz, San Luis Potosi and Aguas Callientes. Worst of all, no port of entry had been taken by the revolutionists, the dastardly tyrant being in possession of them all. Here was, at last, a rift in the canopy of night. Suddenly, an unknown colonel of an unknown detachment had opened a gateway to the "Estados Unidos," and now, ammunition, rifles, machine guns and field artillery would pour through. Doubtless many Gringo warriors would now realize which way the cat was jumping and draw their six-shooters for God and Liberty. Doubtless, also, Gringo moneybags would be opened in lavish fashion. This stupendous victory of Colonel Galan centered upon him the calcium and all Mexico gazed at the new star.

The great man at Monterey telegraphed Colonel Galan his congratulations and promotion to the rank of brigadier general. General Galan immediately promoted Lieutenant Colonel Pantaleon to the vacant colonelcy. There were promotions all down the line.

The main army of private soldiers were not interested in these details. They were receiving no such plums. They were thirsty—O, very thirsty—and wanted to get into town where

cool, vine-clad patios invited to drink and repose. In revolutionary Mexico this is the warriors' mead. But the general had surrounded the camp with heavy guards and sternly forbade a single leave of absence. The men chafed and complained loudly at this unheard-of restraint.

That night the camp fires along the heights presented a threatening aspect to the citizens of Palafox. The city fathers held solemn counsel.

"We do not know whether Fereri—the general—intends to protect or loot the town," said the alcalde, "but I greatly fear me the latter; else why delay his triumph?"

"We may well expect rough treatment," exclaimed an alderman, "if he hears of the courtesies we extended General Linares. I am fearful we made a grave mistake in giving the grand ball in honor of General Linares the night before he marched out to attack the Regiment Villaldama."

"How could we know the general was going to get licked?" inquired Senor Alderman Smith, a transplanted American. "If he had shown sense enough to come in out of the rain he would have captured this Federico and all his ragamuffins. Then we would have been celebrating a victory with our friends instead of licking this bandit's boots."

"That is shocking language, Senor Smith," exclaimed the alcalde.

"I am merely stating the situation in plain language," replied Alderman Smith. "There is only one thing to do if we save our precious skins; that is, kotow to this Federico—give him a triumph. Let's have music and flags galore tomorrow morning. Let the police rout out the citizens and get busy."

"The very thing," said the alcalde. "Let each alderman get to his ward at once and begin the work. We may yet save the city."

At an early hour next morning the army was awakened by the strains of music. It came from the main plaza of the city—now low and sweet, barely reaching the ears of the listening soldiers; then swelling in triumphant melody, an inspiring welcome. While the army stood and stared in the growing light innumerable flags fluttered to the tops of flagstaffs and waved in the breeze. Streams of bunting unrolled and bedecked in gorgeous colors the fronts of houses. Now, the alcalde is seen again approaching the general's headquarters, and with a much larger delegation than that of the previous day.

"We come with a second and most pressing

invitation to you and your gallant army to enter the city at once," said the alcalde, shedding tears of eagerness and cordiality. "See, your native city, general, is en fete to do you honor. Why delay when thousands of your fellow citizens long to embrace you, the most distinguished son of Palafox?"

"All in good time, Senor Alcalde," with little or no embarrassment this time, as he realized he could get away with most anything. "I am but awaiting some orders from my chief at Monterey. At any moment now they may arrive. Rest assured I will then acquaint you with the hour I shall occupy Palafox."

The alcalde and delegation left the presence with considerable perturbation of spirit.

"I am greatly alarmed, indeed," said the alcalde. "Federi, General Galan's delay bodes us no good. It may be that even now he and the lieutenant general are quibbling over a division of the spoils."

"Hardly that," answered Alderman Smith. "If the general at Monterey wanted some of the spoil he would not trust Federico to save him his share. He would be on the spot to get it himself. There is something else in the wind. My advice is, prepare to spread it on thick when Federico sees fit to march his bunch in. Order the city, under the pains and penalties of treason, to rise up as one man and bend the pregnant hinges of the knee. It will tickle him to death."

"Your advice is excellent, sir," said the alcalde. "Let each official see to it that our citizens surpass themselves. In the meantime, we must bethink ourselves of a befitting present for our distinguished fellow citizen."

"Why not give him the silver set we presented to General Linares?" inquired the Gringo Mexican. "The general hit the road so suddenly yesterday morning he left all his baggage."

The other aldermen exploded with laughter and the harrassed alcalde's eyes shone.

"The very thing, Senor Smith," he exclaimed. "Let the silver be taken to the jeweler at once and General Galan's name substituted for that of General Linares. It can be done very easily and expeditiously."

The civic delegation had no sooner reached the city than the efforts at decorating were redoubled. Every house, down to the humblest jacal, bore flags, and miles of bunting flamed along the streets. At the main plaza the municipal band played as it had never played before. The very musicians seemed to have be-

SONG OF THE WEST

By ELRA C. PORTER

A dream's a beast back in the East,
 The money songs o' men
 Just fill my heart with a knowing smart
 For the West of Now or Then—
 The West of Now or Then, boy,
 That's the place to be;
 They may talk o' the wonderful East, boy,
 But the West 'll bury me!

A wonderin' while others is slumberin'
 Under the fire-shot stars;
 A ridin' along and a singin' a song—
 Why Eastern life's a farce!
 Eastern life's a farce, boy,
 West's the place to be;
 They may talk o' the wonderful East, boy,
 But the West 'll bury me.

The moon up over the mountains loom
 'S a casting a stretch o' light
 Clear over the lake where the shadows break
 On a moose eatin' lilies at night!
 A moose eatin' lilies at night, boy,
 Canoe stealin' easy an' free!
 They may talk o' the wonderful East, boy,
 But the West 'll bury me.

Before sun's up, the stirrup's cup
 'S a rattlin' free on the go;
 A foll'in' a trail that makes your heart fail,
 What's comin', you never can know.
 What's comin', you never can know, boy,
 There's mighty strange sights to see;
 They may talk o' the wonderful East, boy,
 But the West 'll bury me.

The long day at end, you turn the bend
 Back to the camp-fire's haze
 An' smoke and eat till your full to your feet
 An' seek your old trails in the blaze.
 Seek your old trails in the blaze, boy,
 Just dream of the use-to-be.
 They may talk o' the wonderful East, boy,
 But the West 'll bury me.



Chet, or a Hoosier Village Hallowe'en

By WILL B. LINDER

IT was the day before Hallowe'en. The Gang, for many days, had been planning their pranks for the night. Now, since they had reorganized and elected the "new boy," Chet, for captain, they must go over the matter with him. He listened attentively, but when they had finished, replied:

"Boys, I enjoy fun just as much as any of you, but such tricks cause a lot of inconvenience, to say the least. And sometimes they get us into trouble, too! You know it is supposed to be bad spirits that do all these deviltries, but, really, don't you think there should be good spirits about on Holy Evening? That's what teacher says Hallowe'en means, you know—so why not try being good fairies this year?"

At this suggestion there were mingled murmurs of disappointment, anger and disgust! But Chet grimly smiled and continued:

"Let us think of Farmer Brown—you know we have always picked on the farmers—he has been sick and is behind with his work; today he is working at his corn-husking. Suppose we go out there, when the moon is up, and shuck a few shocks of corn for him?

"Again, consider Widow Malone. Last year her steps were torn up and yard gate carried away. You all know how hard it is for her to get along. Suppose we gather some of the waste wood lying around and leave it in her shed? I know you boys can think of many good things to do. Then this would be something new and unusual. We all like to do something new, you know!"

"New and unusual!" That appealed to the boys! Older people oftentimes wrack their brains to find the new and unusual. So it is not surprising that this suggestion appealed to them. But it wasn't easy to give up "regular Hallowe'en fun." A long time ago it was written: "Little foxes spoil the vines." Perhaps the little fox within every normal boy, who likes to turn things upside down and inside out, and maybe destroy them sometimes, was put there so, that by overcoming his like to do such things, he may prove how much better is a boy than the little foxes who spoil the vines. So we are not surprised that the boys did not at once accept the ideas which had been drilled—yes, drilled—into Chet by his mother. But, after much arguing, they agreed to "try it once!"

But I must tell you about "Chet"—Thomas Cheثارد—and "Jim"—James Leeks — how Jim, the village bully, boss and gang captain, lost his captaincy to Chet, the "green country boy."

It was this way: Chet's folks had recently moved from "the country" into town, and, of course, the bully thought it his right to lord it over the new boy. But Chet did not like the ways of Jim and couldn't approve of some things he would do, so he chose rather to suffer in silence the consequences of Jim's enmity than to follow him as other boys had done. For this reason the bully had vowed to lick the "mamma's boy."

Chet had thus far succeeded in avoiding his persecutor, but at last the bully planned to waylay him, at a certain hedge, on his way from school. Of this Jim had secretly boasted to the other boys. So, on that day, as soon as school was over, they hurried to the allotted place "to see the fun" and were there in hiding when, as Chet was passing, Jim rushed at him, saying: "Now I've got the baby boy!"

Chet did not run—he wasn't built that way—but, as usual, he did try to reason with Jim.

For answer, the bully's big fist shot out, as he sneeringly threatened: "I'm goin' t' spile that pretty face o' your'n!"

Though Chet was slight of build he was quick, and being really afraid of big Jim he was also extremely alert. Further, the brutal attack had uncovered in him a cunning, courage and ferocity of which he himself was unaware. But Jim was over-confident, and being sure of his mark, struck with all his force! But Chet dodged and his assailant, unable to check himself, lost his balance, then Chet, taking advantage of the situation, sprang at him like a desperate animal at bay, and Jim went down in a stunning fall, with Chet on top; quickly catching his breath he tried to grapple with the little fellow! Again the nimble lad was too quick for his bulky antagonist. He was on his feet and belaying Jim's ribs with his heavy copper-toed boots before the disconcerted braggart had fairly begun to rise! Down to earth again he dropped, winded. Holding his sides, and between gasps, he began begging off. "Begging"—like the real coward he was.

All bullies are cowards at heart!

But Chet was afraid to let him up, knowing

that once in the big fellow's grasp his own chances would be small, indeed! But now the other boys, who at the first on-set had come out of hiding, seeing that Jim was "licked," begged Chet to let him up and promised that he should not molest him again.

Their fallen leader, though very much ashamed for having been beaten by the despised Chet, after all his bragging, was really not much hurt, and, on being urged by the other boys, shook hands with the victor and "called it square."

In their evening's plans "the country boy" had been ignored by the gang. But now he was nominated for membership in their club, and, of course, even Jim voted for him.

Whether as a boys' leader, or a king on his throne, only a rule of love will hold in the day of adversity. Jim's rule over the other boys was not of love, and they were quick to desert him once he was down. A motion was now made to reorganize, and though the captain knew it was intended to depose him, he was powerless to stop it. The motion carried and Chet was nominated to run against Jim for captain. The vote showed six out of ten for Chet, with him not voting. This was quite too much for one of Jim's nature. He promptly announced his decision to desert and called for volunteers to join him in a new gang. George Crooks ("Crooky") and Tim Spiker ("Spike") went over to his side, and with repeated jeers the three strode off toward the village.

With Jim and his two supporters now gone the others, together with the new captain, finally thrashed out the program, as before mentioned. Then they set a time for meeting at a certain place near the Brown corn field for the next night. In order not to arouse suspicion by being seen together, they then scattered and kept apart the rest of the evening.

Promptly at the appointed time and place they all met the following evening and were soon busy in Mr. Brown's corn field. They worked fast and were almost ready to move on to the next job when suddenly a gruff voice accosted them:

"Now I've caught you, you rascals!"

Every boy jumped at the sound! There stood the farmer right over them!

Of course, they had to confess all, but there was no little surprise to find that, underneath, the time-seared farmer was still a boy like themselves. It is needless to state that he was delighted at this new way of celebrating the event, and he assured them of his sincere regret that he could not join them. He also told them where they would find wood on his own place

for the widow. Whereupon it now happily occurred to Charley Boston to nominate the farmer for honorary membership in their club, and he was accepted, with a rousing cheer, which Mr. Brown cut short by reminding them of what night it was and their business! Then, with added good wishes and regrets that he could not accompany his "brother members" on their rounds, he bade them a hearty good night and went home for a good rest and sleep, not to be disturbed by the usual Hallowe'en deprivations, while the boys at once proceeded with their fun of stocking the widow's woodshed.

Then other jobs were begun and despatched, according to each boy's plan. The climax of the evening's adventure came when, on passing an alley, they heard the loud barking of a dog and a boy's frantic cry for "help!"

"Come on, boys!" shouted Captain Chet, as he lead them to the rescue! Of all things! It was big Jim, himself! With his trousers caught on the top of the paling fence and feet dangling in the air, as he thus endeavored to fight off the snapping dog. We may be sure he was glad for even the help of the despised Chet, who was first to the rescue! He was quickly released and they all "scuddled" out of range of the dog. Then Jim told how he and the two other boys had ventured into Nancy Sidebottom's back yard with the intention of removing her kitchen steps, and being attacked by the dog, they all ran for the fence; the other boys got safely over, but his foot slipped on the top of the fence, and, falling, the picket had thus punctured the seat of his trousers, holding him so that he could neither get up nor down! Of course, they were sorry about his trousers, otherwise it was a funny joke—except to Jim!

The runaways now came by, and on seeing their leader attempted to apologize to him for their cowardice. Fully repentant for his own bad record, he waved them off, saying:

"Never mind, boys; it was all my own fault, anyhow, and, considerin' all things together, perhaps I got less than I deserve." He then expressed profuse thanks for what the boys had done for him, but when he attempted to humiliate himself before Captain Chet that gallant officer dismissed the matter, after quoting these well-known lines:

"There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it little behooves any of us
To speak ill of the rest of us."
"There," he said, "let it go at that!"

Quitters

By L. H. HAYUM

EVEN after he left the penitentiary, men had said that John Malden was not through with life—that he would still play a big part. He had gone behind the high grey walls because of a woman and forgery. He had banked everything on the spirit of youth and the courage to do. Fear had been unknown to him. It was Fate's turn then—Fate and the woman who mocked him and made promise evaporate. He had left the world a boy of twenty-one for prison and had re-entered it five years later, seemingly a man of forty. Of one thing he had been certain—no woman would again play a part in his life.

He went to a practically new country, changed his name and began over again. The endless expanse of unpeopled prairie stretching off into space inspired Malden, and putting his past into a wall without a gate, he fought his fight. He spent no time in weary, poignant regret, but believed in himself again, and this belief manifested itself in his few dealings with the world about him. He was content in knowing that he had paid in full for his error and in realizing that this world no longer held anything for which he longed.

And into this existence came the girl.

It was a day in January. He had been to the village for provisions and was about to start home, when he noticed the heavy greyness in the sky and the sudden blasts of cold, bone-piercing wind. It was already dusk and night was coming on rapidly. He realized at once that the ride of eighteen miles could not be attempted in the approaching blizzard, so prepared to remain in Statsburg at the hotel for the night. The storm continued, and soon the snow fell in a heavy white whirl, and the darkness with it. At supper time he entered the small, sparsely furnished dining room and took the seat offered him by the slovenly waitress. There was but one long table in the room, and he found himself in a far corner not far from a small wood stove, where a fire snapped and radiated warmth within the little space.

For a few moments he ate the ill cooked food placed on the table before him, without glancing up, being entirely oblivious of his surroundings. The snow was beating against the windows with violent ferocity. The wind howled bitterly about the low frame building and occasionally blew fine, white particles inside the room through thin cracks in the window casings. It was dark outside. Sitting there in the low

room, in the half light of a smoking oil lamp, there seemed something almost terrifying in the weird silence. A slight stir at the opposite side of the table caused him to glance hurriedly up. He had thought himself the only occupant of the dining room. His eyes met those of a girl. In silence he watched her. She seemed frailly slender and rather boyish in figure as she turned her head toward the window.

She seemed out of place in the crude, uncomfortable surroundings. Malden had not yet accustomed his finer senses to the idea of any woman daring to brave the hardships of the prairie winters. He found himself watching his silent companion intently. He felt interest for the first time since he had come back. Her fair hair and wistful blue eyes made him think of a painting he had once seen in the gallery of a friend, called "Springtime." She looked like that to him.

Malden could not remember the exact incident that prompted him to speak to her. The sound of his voice in the stillness seemed to startle her and her slender fingers moved nervously about on the table for an instant before she raised her eyes. There was something tremulous in her timid smile when she spoke. He soon learned that she also had a small plot of government ground in the deserted portion of Colorado; that she was fighting against Fate for success, and that her name was Elsie Williams.

"I have not been here long," she went on. "I came from further west—and you?"

"I am from New York." He told the truth.

"New York, the big city," she smiled.

"Have you ever been there?" he questioned.

"Never east of Denver."

"I have lived in New York all my life, practically," he said. The girl was gazing at him, deep wonder in her eyes.

"Then ranch life out here must seem very new, very strange."

"Yes, it did at first." He brushed his hand across his eyes as though to banish an ugly memory. "But I have had experience now—two years of fighting the weather and coyotes—and I guess I am all the better for it. But you—you are the brave one—a girl fighting all alone out here in this barren land. Don't you think so?"

"That is the sport," she answered, hesitatingly; "the uphill climb all alone and trying to succeed."

She talked like one who had illusions and ideals. Her words were making a hazy sort of impression upon his mind. It was a new sensation for him to hear any one who had a gleam of imagination in their conversation. When they finally left the dining room and entered the hotel lobby it was late. Here the yellow flare from another smoking oil lamp, set above a crude desk in a corner, was the only light. A dying fire flared feebly in the stove. The room was deserted. As they entered the girl drew away from Malden and walked over to a window.

"The storm is past," she said. "It would be wonderful ploughing our way through the snow down to the depot. It is just about time for the Eastern Limited. Shall we?"

Malden had turned his back to the stove's warmth and stood facing her. Something about the sweetness of her smile gleamed out to him like a star; something about the wistfulness of her eyes stirred his tired soul.

"All right," he answered.

They went out into the keen, fresh night together. The cold, pure snow lay in heavy drifts and mounds about them.

"Do you think you will be able to make it?"

"Sure," she said, and her half dreaming eyes looked up at him out of the shadow with the naivete of a child.

At eight o'clock in the evening the village was asleep; only the light from the telegrapher's window at the depot shone out on the glistening whiteness as they turned the corner.

As they plodded along through the heavy snow, making deep imprints as they went, she laughed and glowed and sparkled while he talked. There was little for her to say of the world and its doings as she seemed to have seen practically nothing beyond the unpeopled western part of the country, with its deserted stretches of sand and prairie.

When they reached the depot they had but a few seconds to wait. The limited rushed past—only a black blur with lights shining out into the night. They stood together dimly silhouetted against the snow and watched silently while the uproar of the train dwindled away into a hush. Malden's lips closed on the stem of his pipe. The girl had spoken to him; he scarcely heard. He nodded and smiled and turned away. For the moment a longing for the world—his world beyond the monster mountains—had conquered and he had surrendered to his mental fight. It was as if something stifled in his heart, stirred and cried aloud. He drew back unconsciously from the strange girl; his hatred for women violently surged

within him again. Those five years of servitude became poignant in his memory and he felt himself a vagabond on the road to nowhere. A woman had been the architect of his past—had made of him an ex-convict. He stopped short in his unpleasant reminiscence, aware that the girl had laid a hand on his arm.

"Come," she was saying, in a voice so low as to be scarcely audible. "Come; it has gone by."

"Yes, yes; of course we must be going back to the hotel," he said, and under nonchalance tried to hide his chagrin at Fate.

"Do you wish that you were on that train riding back into the world?" she lifted her face to his inquiringly.

"Why, why," he stammered; "yes, I do. Life is worth while back there. It is wonderful—sometimes."

"New York is my goal; it always has been."

"And you are planning the great things you will do in the world when you reach there?"

"Tell me some more about it," was all that she answered him.

"You really want to go there?"

"Of course," she said, without turning her gaze.

"Well, you will realize when you get there how pitifully little you know about life."

"Yes, no doubt, but there must be a great deal one could do if money were not so hard to find. Help strugglers; I mean people with all sorts of good intentions, but who go wrong because—"

"Yes?"

"Because they never had a chance to go right. How foolish, isn't it, to have those absurd ideas?"

They plodded through the frozen snow for an hour while he spoke to her of the world outside, and she listened. And as they wandered aimlessly about the lonely village streets she had filled him with wonder and delight in her innocence, after he had thought those emotions killed within him.

* * * * *

It was Spring and Malden was restless. He, who had lived indifferently through past springtimes, was feeling a new, bitter sensation. The vivid memory of the last splendid months flared up in his mind and he realized that he was caring more for the girl than he had ever thought it possible for him, who had grown so grimly unimaginative to care. This proved to him how vain a thing it is to speculate on the human heart. The days had gone on relentlessly until he had known her now for three months, and knowing each other as they had, in

the isolation of the prairie, was equivalent to years in the bricked up cities of stone and steel. For the first time since he had been a free man he had carried the vision of a woman's face in his dreams and had cursed Fate that he was a "jail-bird." This girl had aroused in his deadened heart and body all the romance, idealism and tenderness of which he was capable.

Riding along in the soft Spring twilight, he found himself wondering, why can't it last? He seemed content with the present; at ease, even happy, in the wilderness far removed from the turmoil of surging humanity. As he struggled up the pathway to her step she was waiting for him in the doorway in her faded khaki dress, her hair waving about her flushed face.

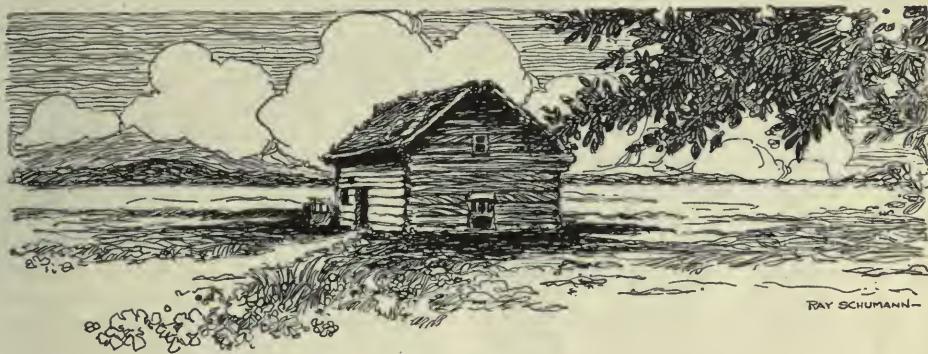
"You look as if you had stepped out of a story

"Believe in you, John? I have always done that."

Outside, the first shades of night had fallen and the first notes of the Spring were in the air. The world had suddenly seemed only a phantom dream to Malden. Her words had added another round of unutterable despair to his feeling of guilt. It all brought him face to face with the absoluteness with which she trusted him.

"And would you have cared so much if I had not come—would never come again?" he asked, and it was the question he had been asking himself—would she care so much?

"Care—why," she arose and stood before him in the dim, grey light. Her purity and youth called out to him and he, realizing so many



Elsie's shack.

book tonight, Elsie." She had run down to meet him, and at his words the slow color mounted to her face.

"You are always saying something that is good to hear. But you—you—are tired; you have worked hard this week, haven't you?" They had entered the small living room and he had immediately flung himself into a chair. In an instant she had settled herself on a low stool close to him.

"Yes, there has been a lot of heavy work, but every thing looks fine over there now. And you?"

"I have been lonely; more so than for a long time. You have not been over here since one week ago yesterday. I almost thought you were not coming tonight, but you promised as soon as the planting was over—"

"And how did you know it was over today?"

"Bud Long passed; he told me he had been helping and you had finished." She turned and he could see a faint smile play about the corners of her mouth.

"And you believed I would keep the promise?"

things, pitied himself. His heart cried out in his loneliness for her love. He felt her hand slip into his; he felt the nearness and warmth of her young self, so vital and awake. With one maddening impulse he took her in his arms. She did not resist.

"Why, what is happening, John; is this being in love, tell me?" was all she said.

"I am afraid it is, little girl."

He had a hundred things he wanted to say to her, but he could not talk. In his heart went up a prayer for courage and strength to leave before he had uttered something he might regret.

"It is late, dear; I guess I had better go. I will be over tomorrow again. There are a great many things I want to talk about."

The girl walked silently by his side to the place where his horse was standing.

"Good night, Elsie," his voice sounded dim and faraway.

"Good night," she said, and held out her hand. Malden took it mechanically. He was trying to make himself realize what her implicit faith in him had done. There was so much that

he might say to her; there was so much that troubled him and hurt him intolerably as she stood before him, fragile and beautiful in the pale starlight, but he was as though struck dumb. It would have been intolerance to have remained longer. In his mind were visions of high, grey walls, visions of men with the cowed look of animals in their eyes. Once a convict always a convict. He shrugged down his contempt, but stronger than that his love called out for the trusting girl. The unbelievable, amazing thing had happened to him and he shrank before his weakness. He wanted to snatch her in his arms, but instead he looked at her and solemnly said, "Tomorrow!"

The girl's eyes flashed with a gleam of understanding and Malden saw two tremulous tears shine on her quivering face. He thought she eyed him curiously, then, giving a little hoarse cry, she moved quickly toward him and suddenly embraced him. He had never seen her this way. He was bewildered. She seemed to draw him toward her as she hid her face on his shoulder. For a short while they remained this way, he staring straight ahead and unconsciously stroking the soft, fair hair. Finally he spoke very slowly as if considering each word.

"I have promised to come over again tomorrow."

For an instant she said nothing, then slowly drew herself back.

"Good night," she said, and kissed him.

He turned and was gone—riding down the queer, twisted road, lonely and utterly, desolately, miserable. He reached home after a weary ride through the night, planning what he knew to be useless. Against a wall of monotonous persistency his arguments were nothing, until the self struggle wearied him beyond concentration. Flinging himself upon his bed, he tore his hair and shrieked into his pillow that he might be given the courage to confess his past to the girl. For hours he argued and, underneath rested the framework of right and wrong. He remembered the girl's face as she had talked once about her ideals of manhood. The lights had played in her eyes and she had lifted to him a face of saintly purity. He shook his head and his lips drew straight and tight. What if he were to tell her now that he was a jail-bird? He laughed.

"I have been a fool," he muttered under his breath and sighed. What faith could she have left in the world after that, and she was only starting life? He walked to the window. The sun was coming up over the distant horizon and the dew was fresh on everything. He could hear the clear notes of singing birds, and as

he raised the window the morning air cooled his fevered skin. It was the beginning again and he felt tired. He wanted the end. He walked back to a table and took a new revolver out of a drawer. He looked at it a long time. He was not the first jail-bird who had done it. It was no greater sin than to rob the girl of her faith in the future, which rightfully belonged to her. * * *

The echo of a shot bounding over the prairie sounded at almost the same fearful moment of his decision. In despair, he listened, with the revolver still clutched tightly in his hand. A sudden realization forced itself clearly upon his overwrought senses—the sound came from the direction of her home. He became more disturbed than he had been during the previous moments of his ceaseless questioning and self-torture. He stopped, reflected, and then as in a flash the memory of her arms about him filled him with a new desire to cling to life; after all, the world was before him.

But a new, unspeakable dread came over him—that shot. Perhaps even now Elsie might be in need of him, and doing and enduring for her sake, with all his will power, he dropped the new revolver back into the drawer and set forth out into the dawn. There was a soft wind blowing and the smell of early dew was in the air as he rode rapidly down the road.

There in the weird grey light he stepped up to her door. There was no sound nor answer to his knock. He waited but a few seconds, then rushed indoors. Malden found the girl, outstretched upon the floor, an armor of defiant courage still shining in her eyes. By her side lay a revolver.

"Elsie," he shrieked. "You must not die!"

She gave an appealing glance at him as he raised her in his arms and moved with her toward the primitive bedroom. He paused an instant in the doorway as her lips moved.

"Wait; tell me later," he said, soothingly, as he laid her upon the clean, crude bed and covered her with a peacock-blue negligee he took from the back of a chair.

From the outside came sounds of confusion and mingled voices. The neighborhood had become startled at the sound of a shot on the early morning stillness and had traced it to Elsie's shack.

After assisting in dressing the wound, which they did not doubt was accidental, they slowly left for their homes.

When they were again alone she turned questioningly to Malden and made a helpless gesture, as though resigning herself to the inevitable. "Won't you let me die, John?"

"Not now, Elsie."

For some moments she lay motionless on her pillow as he nervously paced the dingy room.

"John, come here; don't speak until I have finished; then you will want me to die."

He sat by the bed, holding in his roughened hands her cool, limp fingers. Her eyes looked up at him, her lips moved and Elsie told him everything there was to tell.

How from the start she had been handicapped, how she wished some miracle had let her die in her cradle. Her parents had been of the poor, embittered class who had lost the few illusions Fate had dealt them in the beginning and blamed inequalities in life for all their failures. There had been nothing on earth but work—dreary, unremitting toil—as Elsie grew from starved girlhood into womanhood cheated from everything worth while. Life then had taken a hand and twisted and turned her until her degradation had become unavoidable.

"I was lonely, and poor, and embittered. At seventeen I stole. That is all—except the result. I could not confess to you I was Jane Moore—number 3314—at Auburn prison, New York. I wanted to die instead."

Over John Malden crept an unusual and gratifying sense of calm for the first time in many months. "It will not be difficult to forgive, because what you have just told me, Elsie—well, it will more than even up a score."

She started, "You—"

"Lie back; I have also something to tell."

"You—can forgive?" she whispered, her head drooping back on the pillow. "It is all I wanted in life—just that."

For an hour he talked of his past, his life and how no one cared whether he lived or not, until she came.

She did not move until he had finished, then held her arms out pleadingly to him.

"It wasn't your fault, John. You are good, all through. I can forgive you; but I—it seems different."

"Different? Did you ever hear this:

"There is another day—

God knows that yesterday I played the fool—

God knows that yesterday I played the knave—

But shall I, therefore, cloud this new dawn o'er with fog of futile sighs and vain regrets—

Thank God, there is another day.'"

She did not answer at first. There was a new radiance in her eyes, as her hand reached out to him.

"It seems wonderful—if it might be true."

"It is true—it always will be."

As if in another world the sun rose and shining into the narrow window seemed for this hour brighter and more exquisite than the sunshine had ever been.

ON EL CAMINO REAL

By CATHERINE M. BLOOM

All along that great highway,
Near the western sea,
Stand the bells, as sentinels,
Seeming more like ghosts to me—
Ghosts of bells whose sound no more
Floats out there upon the shore
Of the western sea.

And upon that great highway
Shadowy forms seem near;
Brown of garb and staff in hand.
Sometimes I can almost hear,
As they pass, the steady beat
Of their wearied, sandaled feet—
Men of God sans fear.

Yet the heedless throng rolls by;
I, alone, can hear them sigh.



"Snaking the Logs."

Dynamite

By LUCIAN M. LEWIS

IT was midwinter in the woods of northern Idaho. A deep snow had fallen and each evergreen hung low its many snow-laden arms, shaking them at every fitful gust into showers of miniature snowstorms.

For miles and miles from the head of Twenty-mile creek on downward the virgin timber extended unmarred by the hand of man. But down along the hill sides, at the mouth of the stream where it emptied into the lake, numerous tar-roofed shacks had been built, from which poured every morning a little army of weather-toughened men armed with axes, saws and peavies to give battle to these kings of the forest.

On this December night, while the wind down stream hissed a bitter song of desolation, driving the creatures of the wild into their snow-covered retreats, inside the longest of these shacks a big stove purred and glowed red-hot, stuffed to its full capacity with pitch-soaked pine knots.

There, after their evening meal, some half hundred lumberjacks had gathered. Some were lounging in their bunks reading thumb-worn magazines by the flickering rays of tin lamps bracketed overhead; others were sprawled on rude benches in front of their bunks, smoking and gossiping, and a larger number were broken into little groups playing cards.

In the far end of this shack, seated around a table on which a tin lamp flickered, were four men in the midst of a card game, while others looked on over their shoulders. Among this group of toil-stained men was but one who would have called for a second look. This one was a powerfully built fellow, with a big, red face, beaked nose, heavy jaws, thick neck and piercing, sea-green eyes. As he tilted back from the table, puffing clouds of smoke from an over-strong pipe, his very look and manner stamped him as a natural leader of men. And such, in a measure, he was. For fate had decreed that this man—"Eagle" Switzer, he was called—should lead a little army of valiant lumberjacks against these veterans of the Northland that had withstood the wear and shock of twenty centuries.

"I wonder why in thunder Hooligan don't get in with our new cook?" Switzer growled as he swept his night's winnings off the table. "Gee, but it's cold outside! I'm afraid she'll get frost-bit."

"She!" chorused a half dozen of the men. "Are we goin' to have a woman cook?"

Switzer threw back his head and gave a great bellowing laugh that came surging up from his huge chest. "Don't be gettin' gay! She's got a husband and he's comin' along with her. They do say, though, that the old girl wears the mittens and only takes her little hubby along to wash dishes and peel potatoes."

Even as they spoke, the crunching of the horses' hoofs in the snow and the shout of the driver were heard outside. In another moment the door was thrown violently open and a big woman, clothed in a long fur overcoat, loomed in the doorway, almost filling it. Shaking the snow from her garments, she turned her big, round face, glowing with healthy cold, full upon them. With one glance of her keen, snapping eyes she swept the shack from end to end, and in that one glance she was mistress of the situation.

"Well," she called, her voice ringing into a half laugh; "didn't you rubbernecks ever see a woman? That's a great way to welcome your new cook! Who's the boss here, anyway?"

Switzer, having partially recovered his mental equilibrium, lumbered forward:

"Beg pardon, ma'm, but you kind o' took us by surprise. You see, we hadn't seen a female for so long in this camp that we wasn't sure whether you was a real woman or an angel floated down from out this snowstorm."

"Angel!" she laughed. "You'll find out before long that my wings hasn't sprouted yet."

"All right, then," Switzer rejoined, somewhat discomfited by the titter that went round the room at his expense. "We'll let that pass for the time being. But is your—er—husband with you?"

This seemed to serve as a reminder. "Napoleon!" she called in a shrill, commanding tone. "Get out o' that bobsled and bring our duds in here. You've been huddled up under them blankets like a wet puppy under a hot stove!"

Presently a small man with a huge suitcase in either hand came wagging in and stood beside the woman, shaking the snow from his chin whiskers. Small, indeed, he was, but even more diminutive he appeared as he stood warming himself by the stove and looking up beseechingly at his buxom mate, as if to ask, "Now, what shall I do next?" And standing thus, his striking resemblance to a popular newspaper character struck all the lumberjacks at once.

"Step right this way, Mrs.—er—Simonds, I believe your name is," Switzer said when they

had both thoroughly warmed themselves, taking both suitcases and leading the way to the shack in the rear prepared for the newcomers.

When the door closed upon them an uproarious shout went up: "Little Jeff, by gum!" they exclaimed with one voice.

Before daylight next morning the clanging of the gong summoned the men to breakfast. When they entered the "chuck-house" they espied Madge Simonds standing by the stove, encircled by clouds of grease-smoke, stacking up pancakes for the expected onslaught.

Napoleon, or "Little Jeff," as he henceforth was to be known, was here, there and everywhere, firing up the stove, waiting on table or greasing the griddle, while his wife poured on the batter. To those rough, animal-like lumberjacks, accustomed as they were to mingling with men of their kind, "Little Jeff" seemed more like an animated mechanism, bobbing here and there as the big woman pulled the string, than a man of flesh and blood. Once during the meal, in his eagerness to answer his wife's call, the little fellow stubbed his toe and spilled a platter of pancakes, then looked up with a sheepish grin. This was followed by bursts of laughter and a buzzing of comment.

Then Madge Simonds asserted herself. Tapping on the table with her spoon by way of emphasis, she called out: "See here, men; I'm running this cook-shack and one of my rules is that there is to be no laughin' or loud talkin' at the table. If anybody oversteps that rule, I might get nervous and accidentally pour some hot coffee down his back."

"Good! Stay with 'em!" Switzer guffawed from the head of the table.

"That rule applies to bosses, too," she added, shaking her spoon at Switzer, and again there was a titter around the table. But so stern was the look that the big woman fastened upon them that the meal was finished in comparative silence.

If one had followed those lumberjacks as they emerged from breakfast and filed down the snow-packed trail, then spread out on the hill-side, he would have heard the thumping of axes, the whimper of crosscut saws, the swearing of teamsters and the chugging and splashing of logs as they shot head foremost down the log-chutes into the lake. At intervals the thumping and rasping sound would cease; then the warning cry from the hill sides, "Timber! timber! watch out!"

A treetop would quiver—a creaking, popping sound—and a giant pine would stagger, then go crashing and smashing its way earthward,

ending at last with a roar and boom that shook the hill side.

Pouncing upon their fallen victim, the waiting swampers would strip off the limbs and saw the tree into convenient lengths for the teamsters who, with two powerful horses hitched to skidding tongs, would "snake" the logs onto the chute.

On this particular morning Switzer was making his way in long strides to the top of the hill where the teamsters were at work. When almost alongside one of his teams, he observed a big roan mare to stagger and raise a blood-stained foot. She had caught it in the cleft of a rock and split the hoof.

Switzer, puffing and snorting like a donkey engine, came up and examined the injured foot. "It's all off with her, Jack," he barked at the teamster with an oath. "Take her down to the corral and bind up that foot with a gunnysack. She's no more good for loggin', but maybe I can trade her to some of these ranchers for a work animal."

As Switzer stood there in the snow watching the man unharness the big roan, slowly his big face reddened and darkened, then the storm broke loose on the head of the offending teamster. And it was not merely a storm—it was a whirlwind of withering abuse, culminating in a tornado of profanity. Not only was the man cursed roundly, but lumberjacks in general and all teamsters in particular were included in the scope of the enraged foreman's invective.

The very next day an old mountain rancher came driving by. Whether or not he had been tipped off about the injured mare Switzer never knew; anyway, his keen eyes immediately sighted her limping around the corral.

He brought his team to a sharp halt, climbed the corral fence and with head cocked at a sharp angle scrutinized the big roan, walking round and round her and finally examining the injured foot. Then he climbed out of the corral and made his way back toward the landing where Switzer and the landing crew were at work.

"Look out for a hoss trade," Switzer whispered to the men when he ascertained that the rancher was approaching. Meanwhile, he turned his back and busied himself with a log jam.

"Is this the boss?" the farmer asked, stepping up toward Switzer.

"That's me," Switzer replied, turning round as if in surprise. "What can I do for you?"

"Do you want 'o buy any hay?"

"Nope; have all the hay I can use," Switzer parried.

"Thought maybe you might be buyin' some," the rancher returned, packing the snow under his rubbers and rolling his long beard into a needle-like point between his rough palms by way of diversion. "But if you don't wan' o' buy, there ain't any use in pressin' you, so I guess I'll be goin'."

He turned and took several steps, then whirled round as if it were an afterthought: "Don't want 'o trade that lame mare hobblin' about the corral f'r a good work animal, do you?"

"Oh, I hadn't thought anything about it," Switzer replied indifferently. "She'll be all right in a few days. But what have you got to trade?"

"I've got a six-year-old hoss, a leetle bigger'n your mare, sound as a saw-log and as strong as a bull. I know your mare is plumb ruint, but she might make a good brood mare. I'll give you an even trade, 'cause I'm getting shut of my geldin's."

"Will your hoss work?" Switzer shot at him.

"I ain't never tried to work him," the farmer replied. "The truth is that I ain't had him long. But the man I got him from says he's a bull moose on the wheel. Why, man, you never seen such muscles as that hoss has got."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Switzer said after a moment's reflection, "I haven't time to quit loggin' and go hoss tradin', but if you'll give me twenty-five dollars boot and a written guarantee that your critter is sound, you c'n take the mare home with you and I'll send for your bull-moose in the mornin'."

For fully fifteen minutes they haggled and Jewed, but the farmer finally gave in, paying Switzer the twenty-five dollars and signing the required guarantee.

"I'll bet that old skinflint's beast is tricky 'bout pullin'," Switzer laughed to the men when the farmer had driven away with the lame mare tied behind his wagon. But I'll fool him a trip, for the critter never wore hair that I can't make pull."

"Look at 'Big Billy' over there," he continued, hooking his thumb toward a big bay and his mate, straining at a pair of skidding tongs hooked to a huge log. "When I first got that bugger he wouldn't pull a green chip off'n a pine stump. But the first dash out o' the box I anchors 'Mr. Billy' to a tree and sails into him with a stay-chain. Just look at him now—he's the pullin'est hoss I've got!"

The men were coming out of the cook-shack next day at noon, when the leader gave a

whoop: "Look yonder, will you!" he exclaimed. "There comes the 'Bull Moose!'"

Instantly there were hoots of surprise and roars of laughter, for the chore boy, astride the new horse, was coming into the corral. And he was all horse—that is, with one exception—he had no ears. Otherwise he was a splendid specimen of equine flesh—a dappled steel-brown, with heavy neck and flowing mane and tail, and great muscles that rippled with every movement of his magnificent body. The other horses were pawing and snorting in their stalls, doubtless mistaking the newcomer for the mythical "half-hoss-half-alligator."

Then Switzer strode up to inspect his new possession. Although the lumberjacks were bending with uproarious laughter and keeping up a rapid fire of depreciatory comment, Switzer stood puffing at his pipe and scowlingly surveyed the odd-appearing animal.

"Never mind, fellows," he announced grimly. "A hoss don't pull with his ears, anyway."

Switzer stepped up and stroked the horse's sleek sides and patted the bulging muscles. "Look what muscles he's got, fellows," he said. "I'll get my money's worth out'n him. The critter never wore hair that I can't make pull."

"The old rancher says tell you that the horse's name is Dynamite," the boy astride the horse piped meekly, and this statement caused a fresh outburst of laughter and comment.

Plainly the animal knew his name, too, for whenever it was spoken his stub ears would cock back and forth and the white in his indigo-blue eyes would shine and flicker knowingly.

"All right, Dynamite," Switzer growled, "you'll work for me or there will be one of the biggest explosions that ever took place in these woods. He's a crafty old bugger, though. Just see how he watches me, and see the whites in them little blue eyes!"

Next morning, after Dynamite had been shod, Switzer ordered him hitched with the lame mare's mate to a pair of skidding tongs, the driver being cautioned to hitch on to small logs at first to give the new horse a tryout. Dynamite watched every move that was being made, and when the teamster finally got him and his new mate hitched to the tongs and drove out through the timber, he kept snorting and prancing and looking behind him.

The teamster drove up to a small pine log, hooked the tongs into the end of it, then gathered up the lines and gave a sharp cluck. The other horse attempted to start, but Dynamite shook his unsightly head, braced himself and

refused to budge. The drive urged and encouraged, but all to no purpose.

Then Switzer, who had been watching from a distance, stepped up, his flushed face drawn into a wicked scowl. "Wait a minute, Jack," he called sharply to the driver, taking the latter's whip. "This fellow has got to be trimmed, and now is as good a time to begin as any."

"Better go easy at first," the driver protested weakly.

"Easy, the devil!" Switzer blurted. "That ain't my way of doin' business. A hoss is just like a person; you've either got to master him or he'll master you."

Switzer stepped back several paces to give the lash full play, then his arm shot back and forth in quick jerks. The lash writhed and hissed like a live thing, leaping upon Dynamite's sleek sides and stinging great, bloody welts.

Dynamite turned his big head and stared uncannily at his new owner. The white of his indigo-blue eyes flashed wickedly and his flaring nostrils were deep crimson with each intake of the crisp, wintry air. With a wild whinny the powerful animal reared, wheeled sidewise, then came down on the back of his mate, gashing that animal with his sharp corks as he brought himself to his feet.

"Ah, that's your game, is it?" Switzer swore at him. "That's a new one on me, but I'll go you one better."

Seeing the danger to Dynamite's mate, Switzer dropped his whip and began to unharness the unruly animal, after which he led him out and snubbed him to a tree by means of a log chain around his neck. And Dynamite seemed to sense just what was coming, for he kicked and plunged and tugged at his chain until it looked as if his neck would be broken.

Again the infuriated foreman stepped back and began to ply the whip, the lash popping an accompaniment to the stream of profanity that rolled from his lips. In a few moments Dynamite's sleek sides were streaked and welted and the snow beneath polkadotted with crimson. But through it all he fought back gamely, tugging at his chain like a stubborn bull dog, squealing and whinnying wildly, and kicking viciously at his tormentor at every opportunity.

"Now, then," Switzer bellowed at last, unfastening the chain; "will you pull?"

Again Dynamite was harnessed and hitched with his mate to the tongs, Switzer himself taking the lines and driving up to a log.

"Get out 'o here!" he shouted when the tongs were hooked into the log, cracking his

whip above Dynamite's head.

But the stubborn animal shook his head and braced himself against his mate. He wouldn't stretch a tug, and neither threats nor persuasion could budge him.

Switzer dropped his lines and came alongside the balky horse, while the amused lumberjacks watched the performance from a distance. "You infernal brute!" he spluttered, shaking his fist in Dynamite's face, "when the hoss-maker made you, he must o' left off your ears and put the very devil in your heart instead. But you are goin' to pull before I get through with you! The critter never wore hair that I can't make pull."

Then it looked as if the struggle would begin all over again. Switzer unhitched the horse and snubbed him to a tree, picking up the whip and stepping back into position. Up came the whip, but the blow did not fall—his arm was caught from the rear.

Switzer whirled round, and stood face to face with Madge Simonds. Her face was flushed, her eyes flashing, and when she spoke her voice rang with the authoritative note of a drill sergeant.

"Look here, Eagle Switzer," she sang out; "you ain't goin' to beat that horse any more."

Astounded at the woman's audacity, Switzer stood scowling at her. "You go back to the 'chuck-house' where yo: belong!" he bawled at her. "I'm runnin' this end of the woods. If I want any advice, I'll ask it, see?"

But the big woman met his gaze unflinchingly. Her days had been spent among frontiersmen, so Switzer's bluff did not affright her.

"I say you ain't goin' to beat that horse any more," she shouted at him. "I know you, Eagle Switzer, and I've heard how you killed a horse up on the St. Mary's last winter. But you ain't goin' to kill this one, at least not while I'm around."

The men hurried up and stood around, curious to see how their foreman would meet this attack, coming as it did from such an unexpected quarter. They had heard Switzer boast that he had never been beaten by man or horse, but what would he do now that a woman had bearded him in his den?

Switzer's mind was working fast. Already he had about concluded that Dynamite was too much for him, but he was too stubborn to give in before the men. The woman's interference would enable him to make a somewhat less humiliating truce. And, besides, there she was—two hundred pounds of her—holding on to Dynamite's bridle.

"All right," Switzer growled disgustedly. "Have your way about it and take that onery brute to the corral. A man can't do anything these days without some petticoat buttin' in. But remember, there'll come another day. I'll work that brute or kill him. The critter never wore hair that I can't make pull!"

A week or more elapsed before Dynamite's welted coat took on its normal gloss. Meanwhile, he had grown so vicious that the teamsters were afraid to go alongside him in the stall. The moment Switzer came around the barn, even before he came in sight or spoke, Dynamite would begin to paw and snort his disapproval, although the men were never able to determine whether the animal "sensed" the foreman's presence or detected it by the peculiar odor of his strong tobacco.

In some mysterious manner word had got to camp how Dynamite had lost his ears, and this information only added fuel to the flame of Switzer's chagrin and discomfiture. It seems that Dynamite had refused to pull for his former owner, whereupon, acting on the suggestion of a passing neighbor, the rancher had tied strings around the balky animal's ears. The experiment didn't work, so the rancher, in anger and disgust, forgot the tightly wound cords and turned Dynamite out to pasture. When found some weeks later, his ears were nipped off clean.

On a clear, crisp morning, some week after Dynamite's rescue, as Switzer was leaving camp, Madge Simonds accosted him: "I've got to go to town this morning for a little bill of groceries. How do you suppose I'm going?"

"Blest if I know, unless you take an airship," Switzer replied. "The hosses is all loggin'."

"The one I mean to drive ain't loggin'," she laughed.

Switzer stared at her, then barked: "Which one is that?"

"Which one? Why, Dynamite, of course," she laughed back at him.

"Aw, go on!" Switzer growled. "Ain't I never goin' to hear the last of that cussed brute?"

"I mean it," she insisted. "I wasn't raised on a Montana stock ranch for nothing."

Switzer threw back his head and gave one of his great, bellowing laughs. "As far as the

hoss is concerned," he answered testily, "I don't care a whoop what you do with him. I wish somebody would drive the contrary brute to blazes and leave him there. But you might as well think of drivin' a bull moose," and off he strode toward the timber.

When Switzer and crew were well out of sight, Madge Simonds put on her fur cap and overcoat, picked out several loaves of sugar from the barrel and stole out to Dynamite's stall. From the very first she had been cultivating the acquaintance of the ill-natured horse by grooming and talking to him as she fed him sweets. She was positive that she could drive the big fellow, and Switzer's sharp rebuff on this morning had only stiffened her determination to do so.

When she opened the barn door and called Dynamite's name, he looked round at her and whinnied softly. His eyes were soft and subdued as he stuck out his big Roman nose in friendly greeting. And while he licked the sugar, Madge Simonds soothed and patted him, meanwhile slipping a single driving harness on him. Then, without any protest, she led him out to water, hitched him to the buckboard, grasped the lines and climbed upon the seat.

Dynamite bowed his neck and turned his big face full upon the woman. It was a critical moment, and her heart beat a wee bit faster the next few beats.

"Dynamite!" she called, then clucked softly, and off he trotted, as if he knew nothing else to do.

A few moments later a startled outburst from the landing crew caused Switzer to look up the road. He straightened up and stared for a moment, as if unwilling to believe his own eyes, for Madge Simonds was driving down upon them with Dynamite.

"Be good!" she called to them presently, smiling and waving her whip as she drove by.

"By the powers of Old Peerless!" Switzer muttered. "What do you know about that!"

And then there were hoots of surprise and roars of laughter from all sides. For, seated in the rear of the buckboard, with feet stuck over the back, was Little Jeff. He, too, was smiling bravely, but through that transparent smile could plainly be seen a trace of apprehension.

"That little son of a gun," Switzer chuckled. "He ain't got the nerve of a jackrabbit!"



It Was in the Record

By FRANK A. HUNT

PLEASANT PRAIRIE boasted, among the element of progress, a newspaper with a high regard for the truth. In the Record sensation and literary merit were of secondary consideration. Whenever art and facts clashed, truth was the referee.

The good folk of Pleasant Prairie believed everything they read in the Bible and in the Record. Court records had been known to take a sudden change when they varied from the hurriedly gathered accounts printed in the paper.

But for this fact Jack Foster, youthful and ambitious reporter, might have been summarily dismissed like any other incorrigible. Foster was young and believed that newspapers had a mission in life. He was wholly indifferent to the business office and chafed at the staid old conservative methods which seemed to hold the Record in their grasp. If this newspaper was a true reflection of civic ideals, it was not Jack Foster's idea of what a newspaper should be.

As the youthful writer analyzed the Record it had character but lacked life. Faith it had in plenty, but it was without the pep and dash of the modern era. Foster had come from a progressive city with a young and burning desire to put the Prairie city on the map. Fast and snappy action from the townspeople was essential to his program.

But Foster failed to reckon with the dominant spirit of Horace Cummings, the conservative editor, and his associates. Plainly his courage had crumbled under the constant rebuffs of his elders. He determined to have a showdown, and, since he could not realize his ideals, he meant to get all the money the services of a young and aggressive reporter, with initiative and ideas, was worth.

Revenge was the only road left open when the expected raise was denied. An attack of measles on Cummings left Foster in complete charge of the editorial department of the paper, and gave him his opportunity to even his account with the Record and Pleasant Prairie at large.

"Dead on their feet!" muttered Foster as he set about a carefully planned program of destruction. "About the only way to put life into this town is to bury it and start over. They're so tight they shiver at the thought of free air for motorists. Oh, well, I'm through, but before I go—"

He turned to a grist of copy. He was almost

gleeful as he bent over a story detailing how John Grabson, leading merchant, had sensed the need of an orphan's home in Pleasant Prairie and had given \$10,000 as a nucleus for a building fund.

"The town sure does need it," sighed Foster while writing headlines which he knew would hit the town square in the face. "Only wish it were true!"

He chuckled again at the thought of how a certain board of church trustees would regard his next story, which told of a pension being awarded to the Rev. Paul Jones. This old, grey-haired minister was nearing his eightieth birthday. For forty years he had watched over his parsimonious flock and now a younger man was to succeed him. The old man had been practically turned out to grass. Foster apparently was the only one who had given a thought to his future.

The story he told was evidence of his thought and of his heart. He detailed the faithful service and the commensurate appreciation of the board of trustees. He even resorted to the editorial privilege to praise the spirit which prompted a life pension.

"It would be a good story if it were true," exclaimed the erstwhile editor as he sent it to the composing room for the edition which should seal his doom as an active spirit in Pleasant Prairie.

The composing room was waiting for copy when Foster wrote the head on his third story. It concerned an old bachelor, Hyrum Perks, and a lady who had been the belle of the town some fifteen years before. The romance of Hyrum Perks and Margaret Smith was one of those long standing affairs that furnish the yeomanry with material for countless witticisms and garden-gate conversations. Hyrum had never proposed. And now the town was about to learn of their engagement and the wedding was announced for the following Sunday.

"Land sakes! Pa, how did you ever come to do it?"

John Grabson, spare, tall and with an outstanding growth of chin whiskers, removed his glasses, squinted suspiciously at his wife and demanded: "How-did-I-come-to-do-what?"

His nervous little wife, assuming her habitual awe, mutely extended a copy of the Record. Grabson needed no glasses to read the banner line on the front page.

"Jumped up Jimminey Cricketts! That editor! That gentle, limping, bald-headed son of a— Me give \$10,000! By—"

His wife's horrified squeaks cut him short.

"John Grabson, don't you dare swear another mite. What is the matter? It's all in the Record, ain't it? You must 'a told 'em you was a-goin' to do it. It must be true. It's right there in black and white."

"I'll fix 'em," shouted Grabson, thrusting his hat down on his head with such force that his ears stuck out on both sides. "I'm the chief advertiser, I am. But I'll do more than yank out my ad that's been runnin' this eighteen years. I'll wring that editor's neck. 'Course I intended to give somethin' as a matter of policy—say, mebbe \$500—but \$10,000—and the nerve of him to tell of my oil deal. Said I cleaned up and was goin' to donate as a result. By the—"

But his journey to the Record office was subject to interruptions. Enthusiastic citizens stopped him to praise his generous act. There were hints of nominating him for mayor at the coming election. The druggist blocked his path. He wanted Grabson to know that he was also going to donate. He had already decided to give—

Grabson merely swore under his breath and attempted to forge ahead. Verbal denial of the story seemed useless. It was in the Record. Every one believed it to be true. This sudden feeling of popularity was not unpleasant when he came to think about it. His progress became slower.

The board of trustees of the —— church was meeting in the vestry. Deacon Withers was the last to arrive. He entered with a copy of the Record and a distinctly aggrieved air.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, holding aloft a copy of the Record. "You can't pass any such motions without my being present. I am well aware that I was not in attendance at the last meeting, but you can't—"

"Just a minute, Brother Withers," said Jed Shadrock, the banker. "Obviously you are referring to something that has appeared in the Record. May I trouble you for the paper in order that we may ascertain the cause of your intense agitation."

There was the hasty scraping of chairs thrust back from the table when the banker finished reading aloud the account of the pension awarded to the former minister. The trustees decided to go to the Record office at once. There was something—well, something—they did not understand.

When they neared the minister's house they saw him coming toward them. It was too late

to retreat. They halted and awaited his approach. They saw that his haste only made his step the more uncertain. They saw, as if for the first time, that he was old, very old. Whatever the pension, he would not receive it long.

Tears of gratitude were in his eyes. His voice was almost too low to hear. He held out a copy of the Record as if to tell them he knew of their great kindness. It had not occurred to him to doubt the story. Not for a second. It was in the Record.

The trustees were much embarrassed.

Hyrum Perks and Margaret Smith met in front of the postoffice. Hyrum looked like a boy who had just emerged from the woodshed after an efficient application of a razor strap in the hands of an angry parent. He had run the gauntlet of the gang in front of the poolroom, the grinning faces in the barber shop window and the subdued titters from the girls at the drug store fountain. His eyes had a wild and desperate gleam.

Margaret Smith was pale and flushed by turns, but there was a different kind of look in her eyes and some way she seemed younger.

"Guess you're goin' to the Record to correct that story about—about us," she greeted Hyrum.

"Yep," he said, looking over her head at a recruiting poster on the wall, "but I almost wish—"

"Almost wish what?" asked Margaret, eagerly.

"Nothin'," mumbled Hyrum in a swift panic, "let's go to the Record."

They took a side street to avoid the public gaze. If followed, it dwindled into a country lane where the air was laden with the sudden aromatic odors of a late Spring.

Foster was not unaware of the possible approach of the enraged subscribers who had figured in his biggest news stories of the day. In fact, he had packed his suit case and it reposed beside his desk. He had planned to take the next train out of town.

But now his head felt hot and he was very sick. He was appalled at his plight. He was unable to even reach the depot. He staggered as far as the door of his hotel. He asked the clerk to tell anyone who might call that he had left town. Then he collapsed and they carried him up to bed.

"Measles," said the doctor. "Must have been fighting against them for some time."

The next morning Horace Cummings strode into the room.

"Go way; I got the measles," said Foster weakly.

"Can't hurt me," said the editor jovially; "I just had 'em. We are a fine pair of infants catching kids' diseases at our time of life."

"I'm awful sick," moaned Foster, hoping to avert the expected storm.

"I won't stay," said Cummings; "I just dropped in to cheer you up. You get that raise. Want to congratulate you on that last paper you got out. How did you ever manage to get old Grabson to donate to the orphan's home? Never thought he would part with an anemic dime. And the Reverend Jones is sick a' bed. Surprise too much at receiving a pension. Every one in town sprucing up to go to the Smith-Perks wedding—"

"Wait!" cried Foster weakly, sitting up in

bed. "Did Grabson really give— Did Jones get— Did—"

"I'm going," said Cummings. "You must be full of fever. Of course, they did. Every man, woman and child within a radius of fifty to a hundred miles knows they did. If your memory fails, read the paper. It was all in the Record."

Cummings departed. A great light dawned on Foster.

"It was in the Record," he said, "therefore it had to be true." He raised his right hand in salute.

"Great Power of the Printed Word!" he said humbly.



SEASONS' GREETINGS

By EVELYN G. BROWNING

With the sunshine all a-splendor,
And the fields so fresh and green,
Comes the Spring in all its glory,
Pouring forth life's golden dream.

And the wond'rous blossoms blowing
Their sweet perfume o'er the earth,
Tells us Summer sure is coming,
Bringing joy, light heart and mirth.

With the breezes in the forest,
When the Autumn winds appear,
Turning leaves to crimson golden,
Tells us Winter soon is near.

And when Winter comes upon us,
With its blanket snowy white,
And the sleigh bells merry jingle,
Winter brings us real delight.

The Three Wise Men

By ERNEST HAYCOX

HEY came ambling down the depopulated, sun-filled street, one by one; stopping opposite a rickety building that formerly housed Jack's Dollar Bar; looking about them with careless, uninterested glances, then dodging into a stairway that led to the story above the erstwhile bar, and entering a barn-like room, empty of furniture save for a hugh sheet-iron stove, a card table and four chairs. The floor of the room was deep with saw dust, and, superimposed on this, in the immediate vicinity of the table, was a layer of torn cards, cigar stubs and other miscellaneous debris. On the table reposed a solitary plug of very black tobacco and four water glasses. The air was redolent with the odor of stale smoke, tinged with the fragrant, aromatic suggestion of that volatile and precious liquid known as Old Crow, Aged in the Wood.

They came in one by one—first the marshal, then the mayor, then the judge—sitting down in the chairs about the table. The marshal shaved a thin sliver of tobacco from the plug and adjusted it in his mouth with a few rolling motions of the lips; the mayor took a huge bite from the same plug and immediately commenced the reducing process. The judge drew a corpulent cigar from an equally corpulent waist pocket, lit it and brought a pack of cards from another pocket, while the marshal raked out a collection of chips from the table drawer and began distributing them. Silently they cut for deal; silently the judge shuffled, passed the deck to be cut, and silently dealt.

The legislative, executive and judicial branches of the public corporation of Calent was in session.

They played for the first half hour in absolute silence.

"This here joint's gettin' too durn dirty," finally remarked the marshal as he laid down three aces and raked in a small pot.

"Well, well," rumbled the judge; "ain't you got anybody in jail? Bring a couple of 'em up here and have 'em clean it out. You're too easy on them jungle bums." He shifted his big bulk about in the chair. "Every time I send a man to jail you fatten him up on your rest cure. First thing we know we'll have all the Weary Willies in th' country blowin' in here. I pass."

"Ain't got nothin' fer 'em t' do," said the marshal mildly. "I open th' pot fer three chips."

"G'n," gurgled the mayor, motioning for three cards on the draw.

"Hut, hut! Nothing to do?" repeated the judge testily, dealing around. "Give 'em shovels and put 'em to work on that big bump in Main street near the tracks. Seth Lowry came near breakin' a spring of his truck on that the other day. Bet?"

"Bet ten. Dunno 'bout that. We been hirin' Joe Rieneck to do the gradin' lately—three ladies I got—an' he might get sore if I was to use prisoners."

"Let him kick. Who's running this town? Him or us?" The judge grew red in the face at the thought. "Dang—that's the third time I been beat by queens." He passed the cards to the mayor. "I'm gettin' thirsty, Jim."

The mayor made a move toward his hip pocket. Suddenly the marshal stopped him.

"Hold on," warned that dignitary. He drew himself erect. "As marshal of Calent its my bounden duty to confiscate all licker and to pinch them as has it."

The mayor stopped his hand and looked mildly interested.

"Well, well," said the judge impatiently.

Slowly the marshal unpinned his badge of authority and laid it on the table. "Now," continued he, "as a private citizen I hanker fer a drink of that hooch. Bring 'er forth, Jim."

"Ah," said he, several liquid seconds later.

"Who-o-o-o-o-o-o," was the judge's reaction. "Gosh-a-mighty, Jim, that's strong poison. Who stung you this time?"

"Contraband — travellin' salesman — cut th' cards."

The game went on, with only the occasional click of the chips and the impatient grunts of the judge to break the silence. Then the blue eyes of the marshal lifted from his hand.

"Peg Nell ain't hashin' at the Greek joint any more."

The judge slammed his chips down with emphasis. "I knew it," he snorted. "Once bad, always bad. You can't change 'em. Bet ten."

Calent lies huddled on the edge of the desert, between the "V" formed by the junction of two railroads that, in their onward journey to 'Frisco merge at that point. Once upon a time it had been a boom town for something or other, and in the wild, lawless element that poured in the painted women multiplied and prospered. The town grew very frank about the matter and established public cribs, recog-

nizing the element, but segregating it. Then Calent went the way of all or most all boom towns, and in the general exodus all but a few of these women sought greener fields. The solid, non-floating population that remained felt a sudden spasm of virtue, closed the cribs and ran the rest of the women out. All but Peg Nell. From some inexplicable reason she begged to stay, and said she'd 'go straight' if they'd let her alone. So the three wise men, in solemn session over the card table, held council and consented. She found a job in a Greek restaurant near the railroad tracks, and to all outward indications Peg Nell was being decent. Now, as the marshal had said, she had left the Greek joint, but was still living in the town, which left a rather obvious inference to be drawn.

The mayor made undistinguishable liquid clucking sounds, evidently meant for pity.

"Course she may be sick. That's what the wop in the restaurant says is wrong."

"Ah—sick—rats!" was the judge's impatient rejoinder. "They're all the same. Once bad, always bad. They don't get away from it."

"Well, she may be sick." Suddenly the marshal had an idea. "If there's anybody who'd know, Kirschberg ought to."

Kirschberg was Calent's man about town, in the worst sense of that term. He owned a small curio shop near the depot, filled with a chaotic collection of genuine Indian pottery and baskets, made in a San Francisco factory, which he vended to an intermittent tourist traffic.

"Rot! No doubt about it. She ought to be run out of town—eh, Jim?"

The mayor shifted his lank frame. "Yeh; if she's gone back again; might see Kirschberg, though; can't tell a speck about it."

The marshall was already to the door. "We ought to kinda kid him along," he flung over his shoulder. "He's a strange sort of polecat."

He was soon back, followed by a heavy, black-jowled man, glistening bald.

"Ha, ha, gents. Want a little young blood in your game, eh? Well, maybe I can give you satisfaction. Wonder what our fellow townsmen would think if they saw their officials indulging? Sly old dogs! Ha, ha! Trust me; I'll never tell; know too much. Many a sweet bit of information I could peddle out. But no, sir; I ain't the man to blab. Know too much."

"All right, all right," the judge motioned toward a fourth seat. "Sit down; let's get a-goin'."

"Sure, sure. How much are the chips—nickel apiece? Nothing like a little friendly

game of poker. Little game never does any one any harm, so long's it's gentlemen that plays it. Up to me? I pass, gentlemen. No card above a six spot in my hand. No, sir; nothing like a little friendly game of poker. Enjoy life; that's my motto. Play a little, drink a little—"

The judge cleared his throat loudly, puffed up his cheeks and drummed on the table nervously with his fingers. "I hear, Jim, that Peg Nell's gone back to her old tricks," said he, addressing the mayor.

"H'm."

"Ought to be run out of town," repeated the judge.

"Some say she's sick," added the marshal reflectively.

Kirschberg looked up. "Peg Nell, is it, gentlemen? Well, now maybe I know something about Peg; who knows?" He winked slowly at the three. "Sol Kirschberg ain't no tortoise; enjoy life is my motto—drink a little, play around a little—" he smiled heavily at the old men around the table.

The marshal seemed interested. "Know all about her, eh? Mebbe been hangin' around lately?"

"Well, Sol ain't no tortoise."

"Gone back, has she?" The marshal dealt the cards with meticulous care.

Kirschberg held up a pudgy hand. "No, not exactly. But you give her time. She got sick and the Greek canned her. She'll run out of money pretty soon; then mebbe Sol 'll be hangin' around—" he stopped suddenly and looked a bit nervous. "Of course, this is among gentlemen, and gentlemen keep their secrets. But you know how it is—once a bad egg, always a bad egg. They don't change. That's what Sol says, and I guess I know some that's tried it. So Sol 'll just be on tap when the time comes."

The marshal appeared vastly amused. "Slick feller, ain't you? But she's still goin straight?"

"Yep."

"How do you know?"

Kirschberg flushed. "Well, between gentlemen—don't mind saying I was around the other night and she raised a rough house and had some mick kick me out. But wait; she'll go back when her money runs out. They all do."

The judge rose suddenly, strode to the window and opened it. The marshal's blue eyes asked a question.

"Air's too danged foul in here for me," snorted the judge by way of answer.

The mayor made a clucking sound and the other two old timers turned in time to see a curious expression on his face and note the strange way he was handling his cards. The judge said, "Um," and the marshal looked reflectively at Kirschberg's pile of chips.

An hour later that young man rose from the table rather awkwardly, his naturally oily face still more oily.

"Ha, ha; gents, social game; guess I'd better be trotting back to the shop. I've dropped about enough for one day. No hard feelings. Sociable game among gentlemen."

The marshal, as if by sudden impulse, turned toward the man as he stood in the doorway. "By the way, I don't figger I'd hang around Peg's any more if I was you."

Kirschberg appeared puzzled. "Why?"

The marshal shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I just wouldn't. I figger it'll be mighty onhealthy fer you—just a bit of advice from an old timer."

The judge appeared to be in the throes of an internal hemorrhage. When he did manage to speak it was with a benevolent, honeyed sweetness. "Yes, my son; I'd stay away, permanently, if I were you. Otherwise you'll be in danger—great danger."

"Unhunh," said the mayor, abstractedly fingering his chips.

Kirschberg paled a bit, murmured thanks for the advice and walked out.

"Pho-o-o-o," said the judge. "Dang, but the air is foul in here. I ain't got any respect for

Peg, but that low livered son of a gun is going to go to the calaboose fer as long as I can send him if he goes within a block of her roomin' house." He pounded the table violently to emphasize his words.

"Wish you wouldn't wiggle the table so much," said the marshal. "You'll knock off the chips."

The mayor stirred. "How much we win from him?"

They counted it up. It came to about \$50 in money and I. O. U.'s. The mayor reached over and took the winnings from both men, added it to his own, and put the whole into his pocket.

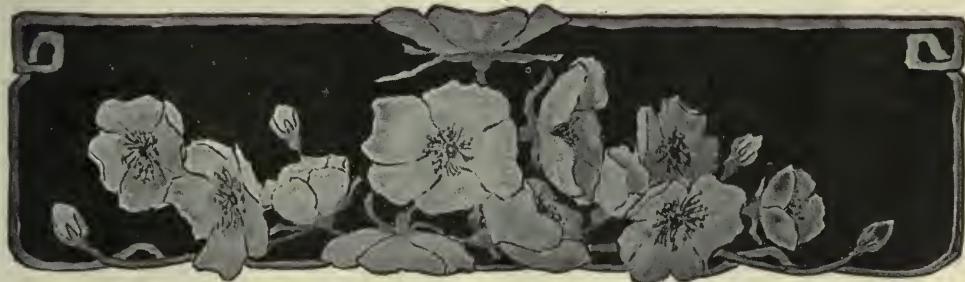
"What—what—what's the idea?" spluttered the judge.

"This'll be a little donation from Kirschberg to Peg."

The judge rose. "Rot—poppycock—sentimentality. We ought to run her out of town on general principles." He stalked out.

The mayor took a fresh chew and followed. removed the sliver of tobacco from his mouth. The marshal returned the chips to the drawer, still in its original, pristine shape, pinned on his badge slowly and likewise sought the door. One by one they left the place, glancing about them with uninterested looks, and hurrying off down the sun-filled street.

The august session of the legislative, executive and judicial branches of the public corporation of Calent was over for the day.





EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

The idea of Dr. B. M. Rastall for the manufacturing survey of the city is one of the most important in his plan to gain information for further industrial promotion of San Francisco.

The work will be carried on by the assistance of students of the University of Berkeley, cooperating with the Chamber of Commerce, San Francisco.

In this cooperation, to make a complete survey of the manufacturing and industrial districts of this city, is manifested that "pull together" spirit which has ever inspired the progress of the West.

The tremendous industrial advancement of San Francisco is indicative of that indomitable energy which we have seen from the days of oxen and "prairie schooners" to the hour when this almost leveled city rose from her ashes.

Progress, ever dealing a death-blow to romance, is bound to stir the hearts of those who remember the little "town days;" the days, for instance, when Rincon Hill proudly held upon her heights the "mansions" of the city. The days when looking out over the water front, that then lay close to her precipitous pathways, one could see the spreading sails of the old wind-jammers, the majestic white-winged sailing vessels and square-rigged clippers dropping anchor after weeks on the high seas.

But now that hill blocks a channel that is invaluable as the connecting link between the northern and southern commercial boundaries of the city. Legal steps have already been taken to open up a thoroughfare here and if successful the hill of early romance will soon crumble before the advance of progress.

Van Ness avenue, which later—along in the sixties—boasted of the homes of bonanza kings and was the show avenue of San Francisco, only to be superseded in 1906 by the hum of industry, will be extended through to that southern artery of business—Mission street.

The Civic League of Improvement Clubs and Association having already taken steps in that direction.

The purpose of the survey is to gain complete information regarding manufacturing activity upon which the community can base an intelligent industrial promotion campaign. It will take up the employment of labor, volume of business and, in fact, a detailed investigation of just what the industrial situation of San Francisco is and it will be of the highest value to the membership of the Chamber of Commerce and the community in general.

This work is being done by the junior and senior members of the economic class at the University of California, so the report that will be made will be thorough and efficient and the Chamber of Commerce will be enabled to carry on a campaign that will attract new industries and consequently more capital.

The "Phoenixiana," published and edited by "John Phoenix" or "Squibb" (Geo. H. Derby), satirist, historian and engineer, in 1856, is given an interesting sketch of a survey made in that year:

"Military survey and reconnaissance to the route from San Francisco to the Mission Dolores, made with the view to ascertain the practicability of connecting these points by a railroad.

"Mission Dolores, February 15, 1855. Appropriation of \$120,000 granted for military examinations for proposed routes connecting San Francisco with head of navigation on Mission creek.

"Routes that principally attracted attention of the public were the 'Northern,' following line of Brannan street, the 'Central,' through Folsom street, 'the extreme Southern' passing over the 'Old Plank Road' of the Mission.

"These proposed routes had many enthusiastic advocates but the 'Central' was undoubtedly the favorite, it being most extensively used by emigrants from San Francisco to the Mission."

The current number of the Century magazine is a veritable mine of diversified reading. It certainly contains food for every literary palate. There is some splendid fiction, including "The Black Hand," by M. L. C. Pickthal, strikingly illustrated by George Bellows, which is the featured story. F. Luis Mora contributes the beginning of a serial, unusual in locale and characters, the Tennessee negro. Sauce piquante is Richard Connell's "Mr. Pottle and the South Sea Cannibals," and San Francisco presents a native daughter, Adriana Spadoni, as the author of a charming little story of the people she understands in "Cecco Remains." There is much food for thought in A. G. Gardner's "Who Will Succeed Lloyd George;" mixing my metaphors, Mr. Gardner turns a startling searchlight on England's buffeted, un-piloted ship of state.

"Trailing the Robin Hoods of Medicine," by Glenn Frank, will undoubtedly arouse the wide discussion which Mr. Frank invites, and we can only hope with Mr. Frank that this subject of the public health, never more vital than since the war, will agitate itself into activity.

Moissaye J. Olgm gives us "The Balance Sheet of the Russian Revolution" (quoting the Century) as "the report of an honest eye-witness."

Art in Some Modern Wood-Block Prints by American artists; a bit of Amy Lowell's brilliant verse; articles on far-away lands, and the Movies versus Motion Pictures go to make up an issue abounding in variety, interest and information.

Living in the present age is a good deal like the good old fashioned days when the library table was stacked up with mysteriously wrapped packages the little neighbor from the west or the east, or from the north or the south of us having come in with a fresh load "from all our family to all your family." Everyone being on the qui vive to see what was coming next, as the ribbons were untied.

To sit in your office in the west and call up a business partner in the east was something of a wonder two or three years ago; to sit in the luxury of your suburban home with lights out and the sweet perfume from the garden floating in at the open windows while you listen to the strains of an orchestra playing at one of the

prominent hotels of the city, via wireless which your small son has rigged up on the roof, is an unquestioned delight and marvel.

But now comes perhaps the most amazing innovation, at least until we are used to the idea it is astonishingly novel in the publishing world. It is a matter of reaching the prospective purchaser by giving a vocal sample, as it were, of the latest book ready for distribution. The experiment is first being made with Harold Bell Wright's "Helen of the Old House," though this book has been given wide publicity.

The idea is to have the bookseller invite you into his shop to hear the author read a selection from his latest publication by means of phonographic records. Mr. Wright spent much time in the transmitting department of a New York phonograph house and in choosing one of the most dramatic portions of his story his thousands of admirers will receive the full influence of this powerful writer.

Charles Caldwell Dobie, whose book "Broken to the Plow" has recently been published, is soon to leave the scenes of his early inspirations to continue his writings in the east.

Mr. Dobie's "Blood Red Dawn" and "Broken to the Plow," with their local settings, the heart-interest of his characters, chosen from among those who live and battle through the ordinary complexities of life and showing their metal in the crucible, has made of his books ready sellers.

Among students of literature who have been greatly assisted by Mr. Dobie's criticisms, and among those who are beginning to know him through his stories, is found a thought, regarding his trip away, best expressed by quoting from his own book in which he says: "Starrett—looked forward to New York as an experience, but never as a goal. No, San Francisco was good enough for him."

"An American," a story of romance and history in which the writer, vibrating with enthusiasm and loyalty for the 'flag that has never been defeated,' depicts the cupidity of the Spanish-Cuban in his love intrigues while receiving the support of the American army and the love of an American girl in the Cuban cause of 1898.

The theme of the story is that after association with a foreign people in which this American girl gives her devotion to the wounded and dying on the battle field, gives of her wealth to alleviate the sufferings of the Cuban and American soldiers alike, learns of the perfidy of

her unscrupulous Spanish-Cuban lover and comes to know more intimately the simple, splendid characteristics of her own countrymen.

As an exception to the faithlessness of her lover, and the traitorous actions of others with whom she comes in contact, stands out the unconquerable spirit of Father Felix, who aids her in her work. A man who at all times stands for justice and righteousness even though he must expose and bring to punishment the hypocrites of his own flock.

From the Richard G. Badger Gorham Press, Boston, \$2.00.

In a booklet of about 100 pages, William Henry Smyth gives a very forcible and scientific outline of the different evils in our present social, industrial and economical structures. The new form of government advocates, and which he names "Technocracy," is based on the organization of a national board, unifying and advisory, which would formulate and suggest methods and means for "sane living and accomplish the pre-determined purpose of the nation." Mr. Smyth's criticisms of our present system are given in a very concise form, at times humorous. The book contains much food for thought and should interest those who have the betterment of our social system at heart.

Zona Gale's prize play, "Miss Lulu Bett," based on her novel of the same name, is being published by D. Appleton and Company. This is the winner of the \$1,000 Pulitzer Prize of Columbia University for the best American play of the year.

An interesting glimpse of Walt Whitman in the embryo stage of genius is given by Prof. Emory Holloway in his "Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman," to be published this fall by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The account of the young dreamer is given at the time he was working on the Long Island Democrat and living with the family of his employer, the Brentons.

"Mrs. Brenton always emphasized, when speaking of Whitman, that he was inordinately indolent and lazy and had a very pronounced disinclination to work! During some of the time he was in the household the apple trees in the garden were in bloom. When Whitman would come from the printing office and finish the mid-day dinner he would go out into the garden, lie on his back under the apple tree and forget everything about going back to work as he gazed up at the blossoms and the sky.

Frequently at such times Mr. Brenton would wait for him at the office for an hour or two and then send the 'printer's devil' up to the house to see what had become of him. He would invariably be found still lying on his back on the grass looking into the tree, entirely oblivious of the fact that he was expected to be at work. When spoken to he would get up reluctantly and go slowly back to the shop. At the end of such a day Mr. Brenton would come home and say, 'Walt has been of very little help to me today. I wonder what I can do to make him realize that he must work for a living?' and Mrs. Brenton would remark, 'I don't see why he doesn't catch his death of cold lying there on the ground under that apple tree!'"

And, lying there under the apple trees, in seeming indolence what great thoughts were being slowly matured in that prolific brain?

Of him I quote D. H. Lawrence who gives a remarkable analysis of Walt Whitman in the New York Call:

"Whitman is the greatest of the Americans, one of the greatest poets of the world. He has gone farther, in actual living expression, than any man, it seems to me. Dostoevsky has burrowed underground into the decomposing psyche. But Whitman has gone forward in life-knowledge. It is he who surmounts the grand climacteric of our civilization. He really arrives at that stage of infinity which seers sought. By subjecting the deepest centers of the lower self he attains the maximum consciousness in the higher self: a degree of extensive consciousness greater than any man in the modern world."

"To Let," John Galsworthy, is the last of his series of novels entitled "The Forsyte Saga," being a lengthy account of the family of Forsyte, which has been deeply interesting to those who have followed out the several stories.

—Chas. Schibner's Sons, New York, \$2.00.

Mr. James Hanson, whose story, "Behind the Devil Screen," appears in next issue, is preparing some interesting writings of the South Seas, to which class of fiction and travel he intends devoting most of his time.

Having the advantage of an intimate knowledge of the islanders, his stories are refreshingly told and savor more of the observer from the wings rather than front row critic who has not fully imbued the atmosphere of which he wishes to write.

POSSY EARNS HIS KEEPS

(Continued from Page 30)

knife; take this bunch of matches. Go to the bed of the creek and make a fire on the spot that'll give us the most light."

I went down and found a place on the gravel, about fifteen or twenty feet away, and scooped out a shallow hole with my hand to be sure that it was dry. I got the fire going easily, for a long, rainless season had left leaf and stem and rubbish as dry as tinder. As it flared up, my father raised the gun to his shoulder, took careful aim and fired.

The cat, with a howl, was in the air before the smoke lifted, and she drove down on me as a hawk comes down on a duck with a broken wing. I had half risen after blowing the fire, and she landed squarely on my back. The lance-like claws struck through my thick coat and into the flesh of my shoulders; I heard father yell something as I went down on my face.

With a howl of rage old Towser launched his huge body into the air; true as an arrow to the mark, he struck the maddened cat sidewise, tearing out the deep-set claws from my shoulders. The animal turned with a snarl to face him, but he had her throat in his huge jaws before she was ready, and he held on like a vise.

I backed out and sidewise, like a fiddler crab, and calling to father that I was all right, I crawled under the overhanging bank. I was trapped. I couldn't go down the bank, and the only way out was over those growling, snarling beasts, so I lay there and watched the struggle with much the same interest that a mouse takes in the cat that is about to eat him. I knew only too well what would be my fate if the cat got the best of the big dog. I shut my eyes.

When I looked again, my father stood beside the body of the cat, with the smoking gun in his hand, and old Towser lay on the other side of him. The panther lay on her back with her head flat on the ground and her dripping claws sheathed. Father thought that she was dead, but to make sure of it he kicked her. She jerked her head up with a convulsive snarl and fastened teeth and claws into father's knee.

Father yelled with pain and surprise, and at that very instant Possy, who had been buzzing around like an angry bee, suddenly flew at the cat, fastened his sharp teeth into her leg and pulled and hauled with all his might. She let go of father, swung her leg backward, ripped Possy from shoulder to tail, and sent him rolling

over and over toward me. The panther was dead for good, now. Possy's attack had saved father from being slashed, just as the big dog had saved me.

I crawled out and turned to where old Towser lay. Possy was licking the blood off his friend's face. As my hurts, though painful, were not serious, I had no thoughts for anything but the dogs. Father stood beside me and looked down at the faithful animals.

"Did she get you, father?" I asked.

"Yes; my leg—but it's on top and no big blood vessels there. That cat would have torn me into ribbons if—" He bent to examine the dogs. "Possy is worse off than Towser. I'll fetch wood for the fire and then I'll hobble down to Galt's; it's nearer. He'll hitch up and go for a doctor, and I'll have Hawkins pick up the dogs."

Hawkins was the veterinary. Possy had earned his keep.

CHET, OR A HOOSIER VILLAGE HALLOWE'EN

(Continued from Page 44)

The three deserters now begged that they might be allowed to rejoin the club, and, having Chet's hearty support, they were unanimously re-elected. Chet had been sorry for Jim from the first and was glad to have the matter thus happily ended.

With the additional help the remaining jobs were quickly despatched. Then the boys each "sneaked" home and to their beds in time for a few hours of sleep before breakfast. For they dare not sleep late—that would "let the cat out of the bag!"

Next morning the town was all in a buzz of excitement! Many little kindly services had been done throughout the village during the night and general smiles and wonder had taken the places of the frowns of other years!

All the while the boys were enjoying a thrill of pleasure which they themselves scarcely understood! But when questioned, each and every boy pleaded innocence!

Meanwhile "Brother Brown" was slyly whispering to trusty ones here and there, with the result that just before supper time the whole gang was "arrested" by the constable and, without a word of explanation, placed in the village "lockup!" An hour later they were marched to the Town Hall, which was also the Justice's Court, for "trial." But, wonders of wonders, on entering the hall they were amazed

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A TWILIGHT ROMANCE

(Continued from Page 12)

the bright sunshine was turning some things it touched to gold and some to silver. Some flowers were taking on a deeper crimson and some a brighter blue.

And, just to prolong the blessed freedom, they walked on to the sea, which was sparkling and rippling and showing gleams of blue underneath the silver. And when the sun again retired for the night out beyond the cliffs and the Golden Gate, saturated with the clean air, the sunshine and the scent of spring blossoms, they turned their steps toward the cottage which was to be their shelter, their haven, their escape from uncongenial surroundings for all the days which were to be vouchsafed them now, when their faltering steps had so nearly reached the threshold of the world beyond.

And there they are learning to know that the soft golden glow of the sunset can be as beautiful as the rosy gleam of the dawn.

TAKA

(Continued from Page 19)

know I'm not much of a ladies' man. I don't know much besides business, but I'll give you my protection whenever you leave."

The thought of Taka pursuing her the remainder of her days—that sinister yellow countenance always near like a dark shadow—filled her with terror, and with the calmness indicative of the first stage of hysteria, she replied: "Before I'll have that yellow dog follow me about all my life, I'll—I'll—I'll kill him."

Robinson, with a sort of mechanical tolerance, turned and left her without replying, and as soon as she heard the door to his room close, she stepped out into the hall. As she had anticipated, Taka was there. Caged, trapped, yet still hunted, she was in a turmoil, and the second wild idea she had had within less than a week presented itself. She must get rid of this man, regardless of Robinson's displeasure. She must have one more chance.

"Taka, how much would you need to return to Japan?"

"Thank you, but I don't want to go back to Japan." He was politely insolent.

"I believe you mentioned missing it the other day, and," she became very frank, "one or the other of us is going to have to get out of here."

He smiled very slightly. "Let's step into your room and talk it over," he suggested.

She stepped back into her sitting room and

(Continued on Page 74)

SONS OF THE MAESTRA

(Continued from Page 23)

"Oh," the two men expostulated, "with this grand store full of goods the Maestra is rich!"

The Maestra hauled up the iron bar for placing and opened the door.

"You must help me to keep it full for my good sons," she said, and when the two had gone laughing away down the road she put the bar across the door and went back to her washboard and her song. But she had seen the Company join the men from out the shadow of the store wall.

The Company had thought it over. He was convinced that Santa Cruz had read the description, and when he saw him go into the store of the Maestra with Mateo, he knew that the reward would have to be divided with some one. So when he joined the men in the road he told them at once about the warrants and very frankly said that he had not posted them, fearing that the Cholo was still about camp and could read.

"I had another reason," he said, walking between the two men, an unwonted hand of friendship on each arm. "I want to see that reward go where it belongs. The store woman knows more of this Cholo than any one; she has his gold and she knew where it was from. You see, she has a kind of cleverness; she knows where he has gone, more than likely."

"Ah-i, the Maestra has the cleverness! She taught me to read," said Cruz.

"Well, yes," said the Company, "now we must find out all we can from her without her knowing of the reward or, of course, she won't talk. She's got a good business there—much better than I have—and does not need the money, and here are you poor fellows who work hard for every cent you pan out. I'm willing to put you on to this—glad to help you all I can—we are all men together. We've got to find out what she knows and get ahead of her; she's crafty, you know. And we can't just go after him hit or miss; he's desperate, you can bet on that, and keen on the shoot. We'll have to trail him carefully. I won't post those warrants for a few days; you see, that's a good trick of mine. I'll use all my skill now to get on his trail and we must all watch out for every clue. And I'll find out what that woman knows."

The two Mexicans readily promised secrecy and care, and went away sworn to help the Company outwit the Maestra and bring the Cholo to justice, for which they were each to receive \$50 and the Company to keep \$400 for

his skill. They went up the road toward the flats without a word between them, but when they were in the arroyo Cruz said, sullenly:

"The dog would cheat the Maestra of the fruit of her wisdom!"

"He is a coyote!" said Mateo. "You are sure the Maestra knows where the Cholo is?"

"She knows all one may know," Cruz answered, "and I remember that she carried my family through the winter of rains and I shall not let this dog of a Company cheat her. Bah, the white man!"

"Ah-i," said Mateo, "when my first wife died with the child the Maestra took the babe to her full breast, and she a white woman! I'll not let him cheat her, no!"

"Ah-i," Cruz responded, "now the Cholo may come again to the camp; we will wait some days and see. It may be that we can take him alone and keep all the reward and cheat nobody. One \$50 he would give us each. He is a dog! If the Cholo does not come we tell all to the Maestra and she will make a wise bargain with us—hey, Mateo?"

So for four or five days they laid by from work, one to watch the camp while the other searched canyons and arroyos on both sides the river. But when there came no breath or sign of the Cholo the two Mexicans went down to the store of the Maestra and told her of the perfidy of the Company, faithfully omitting their own contemplated effort. The Maestra's face was troubled.

"Yes, the Company has questioned me," she said thoughtfully.

"The dog! And what did the Maestra tell him?" cried Cruz.

"I told him the same that I did you and Mateo, Cruz, when you asked me the same questions," the Maestra answered. Then she turned without a look at their hanging heads and went into the next room, carefully fastening the door as she went and came. When she was behind the counter again the men had recovered from their confusion and even laughed a bit foolishly, and the Maestra laughed, too.

"But now the Maestra is sure she can trust us?" said Santa Cruz, putting it all by with great unconcern.

"Yes, I can always trust you when some one else is against me." She smiled at them whimsically.

"Sure, Maestra!" they exclaimed. "We would not let any one harm you; the Maestra knows that. And in this matter we go where you bid us, or we stay within call. The Maestra is alone here with her little children and the Cholo may come at any moment."

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"I sent my children to Pot Holes three days ago. Apache Charley and his squaw took them down." Just then a peevish voice from the next room called the Maestra away again, and when she came back the Company was lounging through from the front. The Maestra looked at him with the trouble clearing from her face.

"We were just speaking of the Cholo and his Los Trigos gold," she said, and the Mexicans caught their breath on the word.

"It was Los Trigos gold, then?" asked the Company.

"Oh, yes; it was Los Trigos gold. There are no gold-beds there and all gold from Los Trigos shows that it has traveled far; you can tell by the markings and the color is rare."

"Have you got it yet?" asked the Company, clasping his fingers behind him to keep them from twitching.

"Yes," she said, "I will show it to these men; they have not seen it and it is unlike any gold about here." She went to the safe and the Mexicans looked away from the Company and the Company looked at the floor. He wondered why this woman was talking so freely over what she had seemed so dull only a few days before.

The Maestra took the largest nugget from the bottle and held it up. "It is shaped like the river beaver," she said, and the men drew in their breath and then turned and spit upon the floor.

"Seen him lately?" asked the Company. The Mexicans moved nearer.

"Who, the Cholo?" asked the Maestra, she was putting the gold away in its bottle.

"Yes, the Cholo?"

"He was here—why, yesterday it was."

"Hell! You let him go?" cried the Company.

"Let him go?" said the Maestra with a steady look at him; "did you want to see him?"

It was then the Company remembered about the unplacarded warrants and began to stammer, while the Mexicans sent up a hurried prayer of praise that the Maestra had not betrayed them.

The Company explained rather haltingly about the bills and why he had not posted them—at least he gave one reason.

"That was five days ago; you might have told me when you were questioning me the other day. I have seen him several times since. Of course, you may get him yet," she added with a nod. The Mexicans moved closer to her and both were breathing heavily.

"Where did he go?" asked the Company,

starting out of his embarrassment to the door, but recovering himself to the point of indifference as he saw that both Mexicans had followed him.

"Making for the line; there'll be a dozen petty hell-hounds after him—afoot, was he? Did he go by the river?"

"He was afoot, and if you care for my advice you'll follow by the San Marcus trail."

"Oh, I'm not so keen," said the Company, but he was out of the door then and off toward the corral. The two Mexicans breathed hard in the doorway. As they turned after him the Maestra laid her hand on Santa Cruz's arm.

"Mateo," she said, softly, and they turned back to her as out of a spell. "Mateo, watch him, and as soon as he is down the trail bring your boat to the nearest landing. Cruz, you come with me."

For just a second they looked into her warm, steady eyes.

"Si, Maestra!" whispered Mateo from the doorway.

"Si, Maestra!" whispered Santa Cruz, and he followed her to the inner room.

The Cholo, gibbering and gray with fever, was in this room. The Maestra hauled a mattress from another and motioned to Santa Cruz.

"Help me lift him to this, poor, simple soul; he came to me three days ago so sick. It is not smallpox; you needn't be afraid! He's been drinking from water-holes where he's been in hiding. I've done all I could for him. The fever is in his brain and he must have more skill than I can give him. You and Mateo row him to Yuma. The cool of the river will ease him. Take him right to the big prison. There is a good doctor there and it's the only hospital in the town. They may save him yet—for the gallows."

There was the clatter of flying hoofs and Mateo's eager, "He is away, Maestra; that Company is on the wing!" came through the door. Then they carried the poor Cholo down to the boat and the two men took their places at the oars.

"And the reward, Maestra?" questioned Mateo, anxiously.

The Maestro settled the Cholo with greater care and smoothed his head with cool, wet hands. "You and Cruz claim the reward," she said.

"All, Maestra?" whispered Mateo.

"Yes, all."

"Ah, Maestra!" cried Santa Cruz, dipping his oars gaily, "I do not forget that it was you taught me to read. I shall pay all the account now that the Maestra so kindly lets me run."

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reward, but we poor Mexicans—" said Mateo.

"Yes," said the Maestra, watching them out of sight, "you poor Mexicans!"

When the Company returned from Yuma it was a long time before he crossed the road to the store of the Maestra. When he did he told her that all Mexicans were liars and cheats.

"You should have had a part of that reward. I would have shared it with you for your information. But these Mexicans cheat you every chance they get."

"Yes," said the Maestra, smiling; "they cheat me if they can, but they let no one else do it but themselves. They are my good sons."

SARTOR RESARTUS UP-TO-DATE

(Continued from Page 41)

come imbued with the mingled hope and despair of the authorities and a pathos and plaintiveness crept into the music as if it were the swan song of dying Palafox.

The citizens did not know their placing the city en fete in such gorgeous style was playing havoc with discipline in General Galan's army. The men saw the flaunting decorations and could hardly be restrained. They heard the music and glimpsed the flashing beauty of the plaza where dark-eyed maidens promenaded and began to clamor loudly. Again their imaginations pictured cool retreats in the rear of cantinas where fountains tinkled and trees and vines threw dense shade over comfortable benches, and began calling upon their general to lead them in to these delights. They knew they would be served with every delectable concoction imaginable without money and without price, for such was the custom when brave deliverers came and rescued a city from the oppressions of the tyrant. Growls were heard, then shouts of defiance and open rebellion. A happy incident turned the attention of the clamorous soldiers into a new direction.

A train of box cars from the direction of Monterey drew up in the rear. A hundred or more well armed and equipped soldiers descended from the tops of the cars and formed in line. The general's army rubbed its eyes and stared. A band detrained from the caboose at the rear, formed in "fours" and marched toward the general's headquarters, tooting "Zacatecas." The band was resplendent in blue and gold and the eyes of General Galan's men all but popped from their heads. The officer at the head of the band saluted General Galan with punctilious military politeness.

"They are in the box car," reported the officer.

The general uttered some quick, decisive orders. Soldiers seized the doors and rolled them back.

"Uniformas! Uniformas!" burst in a wild shout of delight from General Galan's army.

Uniforms it was, indeed; not the drab, dirty-looking khaki, but gorgeous blue, with laced breast cords, gold-embroidered sleeves and blue caps to match. The shouts of the enraptured army were heard in Palafox, to the terror of the alcalde and leading citizens. These were, however, soon reassured. Under their very eyes, as they anxiously scanned the western hills, they saw the general's army suddenly blossom into glorious blue. A mob of begrimed ragamuffins was transformed in a twinkling into a dressed-up army, beautiful to behold.

Palafox now understood why General Galan had delayed his grand entry. All the whistles of the city set up a siren scream heard afar, the band at the plaza played the National Hymn, the small boys awoke the welkin with their shouts and firecrackers and the hearts of innumerable dark-eyed maidens fluttered with delightful excitement. While all Palafox yet gazed in wonder the army formed in column with the Monterey band leading, the general in the glittering regiments of his rank at the head of his troops, and began winding down the heights toward the city.

The citizens crowded the sidewalks, the plaza, the balconies. The entrance of the outskirts by the army was the signal for the opening applause, increasing as the march progressed. The general was mounted upon a great black steed that arched its neck as if conscious that it bore Caesar and his fortunes. Upon nearing the plaza the cheering increased in volume, and when the band whirled into the beautiful civic center, followed by General Galan and his army, the shouts were deafening. The opposite bank of the border stream was lined with thousands, most of whom had assembled with the hope and expectation of seeing a fight. While considerably disappointed, the Americans were in great good humor and sent across the Rio Grande a roaring cheer as their contribution to the welcome extended their sister city's distinguished son.

Alongside the plaza at the base of Hidalgo's statue stood the alcalde and reception committee. General Galan, Colonel Panteleon and staffs dismounted and advanced. The alcalde stepped forward briskly and embraced the general. The reception committee embraced the general. The alcalde embraced Colonel Panteleon and other officers. Distinguished citizens followed suit.



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Just outside the ring of great men stood a party of beautifully dressed ladies. Even while receiving the congratulations of the city fathers, the general's eagle eye, searching among these, caught a glance from the dark eyes of the Divine Alicia. What change of expression, what a marvelous change, from that last time when he had plead his cause in the moonlight by the river! He dared look again and his heart swelled nigh to bursting. There was a dazzling smile and then the drooping of eyelids as a blush mantled cheek, neck and brow.

The general, colonel and staffs were now led by the alcalde and distinguished citizens to the balcony of the city hall and from this vantage point reviewed the army as it marched past to its quarters, the barracks but recently occupied by the hosts of the tyrant. The bands blared and the populace cheered once again.

It was just a week later the nuptials of General Galan and the Divine Alicia were solemnized. The sympathetic applause from the Texas side of the Rio Grande had lessened somewhat the general's animosity toward the Gringo and many Americans were invited to attend the ceremony, held in the opera house. Among these, as specially invited guests, were the captain of the Texas Guard and his lieutenants, appearing in the uniform of their rank. But what American uniform ever approached in gergeousness the uniform of the Mexican Army, especially the uniform of a brigadier general? The utter insignificance of the Texas officers was a matter of tittering comment among the ladies.

From the stage, where the marriage ceremony was read, the Divine Alicia glanced just once in the direction of her late admirer, occupying a seat of honor in the orchestra. It was but a fleeting instant that her eyes rested upon him and then, a seraphic smile upon her lips, she turned her adoring gaze to the blue and gold hero at her side. The captain's lieutenants smiled broadly and made some insulting suggestion about a lapse of memory upon the part of the lady.

"Who in blazes can compete with such clothes?" indignantly demanded the captain of the Texas Guard.

CHET, OR A HOOSIER VILLAGE

HALLOWE'EN

(Continued from Page 65)

not to see the "Squire" sitting at his big table. Instead, his table and a half dozen others were lined up together, covered with many different colored tablecloths, from as many different

houses, and spread with such "loads of goodies" as were beyond the imagination of even hungry boys! The hall was packed with the towns people, all in their "Sunday clothes!" There followed a moment of suspense, during which the boys stood, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, while the other young folks grinned, and their elders' faces were wreathed in benignant smiles! Then the Squire gravely announced:

"Boys, you were brought here for trial; your trial will be to see how much a good boy can eat without making himself sick." Then, laughingly, "and you see we have here a full and qualified jury before whom you are to be tried!"

It was a great joke on the boys! Many were the jests and sallies passed at the boys' expense.

After supper came games for the jolly crowd.

No "old folks" were there! "Uncle" and "aunt," "grandmother" and "grandfather," as well as "sis" and "bud," all took part in the games.

At ten o'clock a "recess" was called and baskets of red, ripe, juicy apples, and tasty brown nuts were brought in, together with a tub of fresh, sweet cider, and everybody invited to help themselves!

After this the young folks introduced more games, but it was noticed that their elders had suddenly acquired a fondness for the chairs, benches and boxes.

At eleven o'clock the "Judge" called the "court" to order, and, reminding the prisoners of their "charge," asked if they had anything to say before the jury rendered its decision?

Each boy nudged, or otherwise urged Captain Chet, whereupon he got up and replied:

"Mister Judge and Jury: I wish to say for the Sunnyville Owl Club that, as we wasn't given due notice to prepare for our trial, and as it looks to us like a case of unlawful kidnapin', we would ask your Honor to postpone the case and give us a new trial. And we wish to give notice that we are goin' t' settle with our traitor member, Brother Brown!"

After an uproarious round of applause and cross-fire at the boys, Squire Hopkins requested the "foreman of the jury, Reverend Watkins," to report. The foreman arose, and, with all the dignity he could summon, solemnly announced that the jury could not agree.

Therefore the judge discharged the jury, and, after ordering Officer Morpheus to take charge of the prisoners, announced the court adjourned, to "reconvene on the thirteenth succeeding moon."

So, let us hope that the "Court," every

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TAKA

(Continued from Page 66)

he followed, closing the door. For the moment, as is sometimes the case under the pressure of real danger, all fear left her, and she stood with her back to him, removing her hat and arranging her hair before the mirror. Then, through the glass, she caught sight of him advancing upon her, and over his face played a smile—the most hideous she had ever seen. It was the smile of a man who had gambled and lost and was making one last effort in desperation to regain his treasure. The last desperate effort consisted of a small two-edged dagger, the point of which meant death. As he advanced behind her, trembling all over, she managed to snatch open a drawer of her writing desk and pulled out a small revolver. Aiming it at him, she pulled the trigger—but Taka had been previously circumspect. He had unloaded it. For the moment she lost command of her voice and the next instant she was powerless to call for help, for with great exactness he had grasped her throat firmly in his left hand in such a way as to prevent her screaming. With his right he raised the dagger to plunge it into her heart with one stroke and in just the right spot.

"He can't belong to us both," he said, fiercely. "He shall be mine."

It was more of a recoil from being choked than a struggle that caused Miriam to lunge backward, and in so doing she upset the pedestal on which had been preserved what still remained of the wild roses sent by Al Fisher. The thing went crashing down and the next instant Robinson was at the door. It all happened in a flash—the shattered vase and Robinson's entrance. Taka stumbled and released her, and after a quick glance into Robinson's face, which was no longer appraising, a wave of desperation swept over him, and he plunged the dagger into his own heart. Abandoned by Robinson, nothing was left for him.

"Poor fellow," was all Robinson said as he stepped across the prostrate body and took Miriam in his arms, but she was quick to note the flash of grief that passed over his face even as he held her and calmed her with his well-controlled voice.

"You must get away from this little girl," he said, and led her across the hall, but even as he soothed her she knew the devotion had not been one-sided and that in one corner of his heart would remain the scar which had been made by the dagger of Taka.

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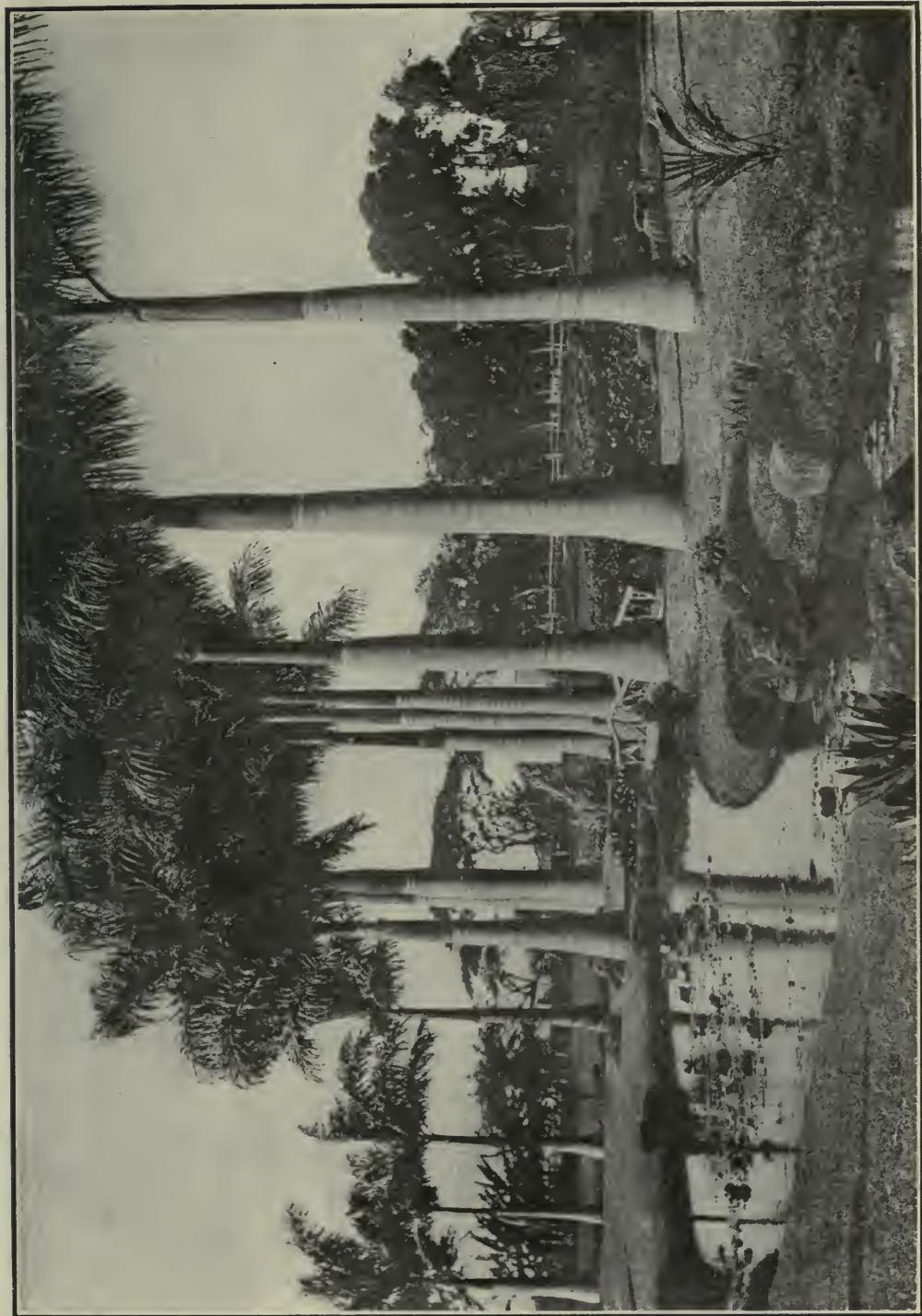
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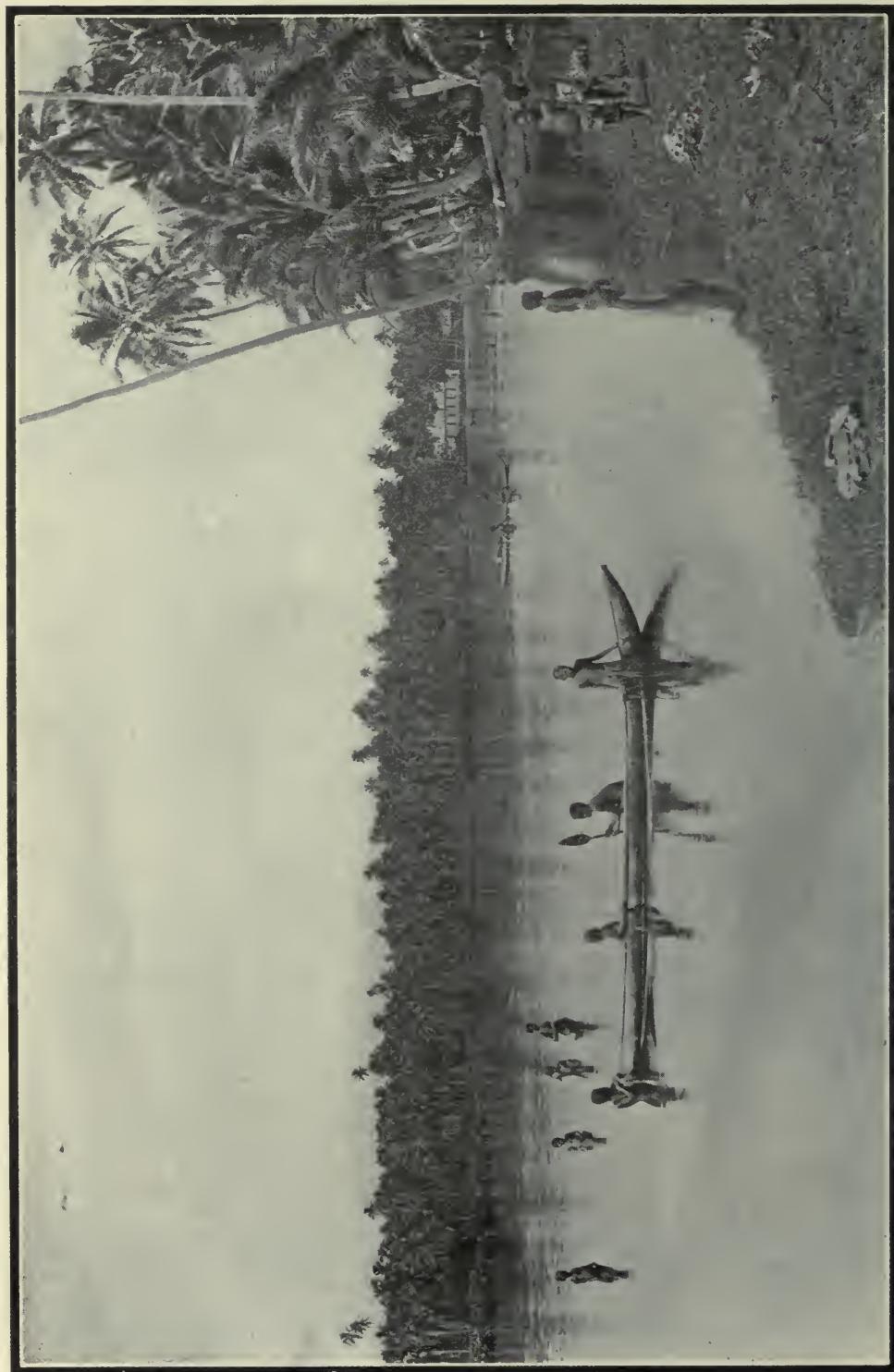
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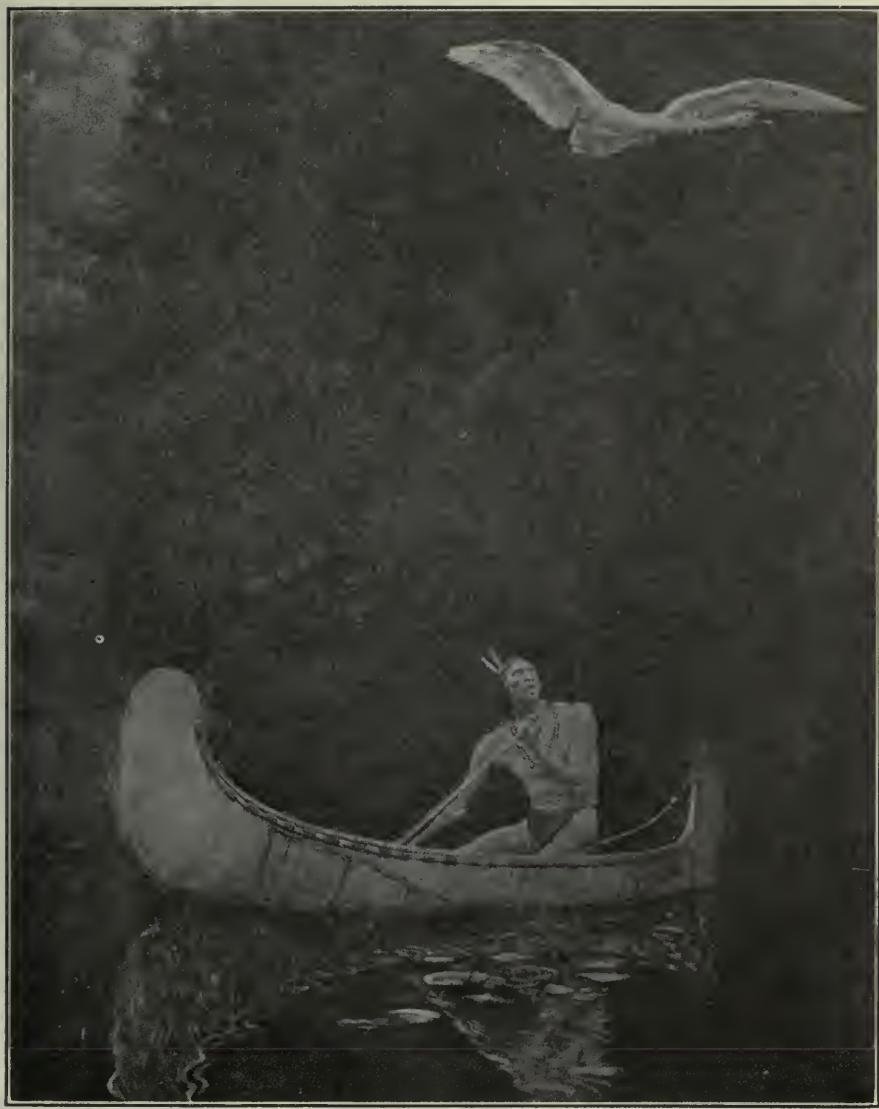
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NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 5

Hona Maria

The story of this lonely Indian woman-hermit, who lived entirely alone for eighteen years, on one of the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel, is now but a tradition with the present generation.

Written by Josephine Clifford in 1872.

SOUTHWARD from the quaint town of Santa Barbara, beyond the Santa Barbara Bay—with its high-arching isles, summery winds and the softened splendor of semi-tropical skies—five leagues out in the ocean, the island of San Nicolas lifts its brown, rugged outline from the surging waters. Hidden from the mainland by Santa Cruz, an island of greater magnitude, the sun seems to rise from the purpled rim of the waters, and to set where the golden seas meet the horizon of the golden skies. The waves wash far up the sloping, sandy shore, and, receding, leave bright shells, tangled kelp, and smooth, wave-polished stones. The seals sun themselves on the crystallized rocks, and gaze at the intruder with almost human eyes. The sea-wasps shake their delicate wings in the bright atmosphere; and strange birds call from the high branches of unfamiliar trees. Deep pools lie hidden in lonely gorges, and fold their secrets forever in their dark bosoms. The wild dogs bark from the shelving rocks, and, with uncanny faces dart into the close ravine.

Years and years ago ere the energies of the white settlers had made their impress upon the wilderness along the Pacific shore, a tribe of Indians existed on this now desolate isle. Of what they thought, suffered, hoped or accomplished, we have only scanty tradition. Now and then a pirate's craft anchored along the quiet shore, and, departing, told no tale. Sometimes

the friendly voice of the mission fathers stole across the calm bay; and the shadow of the Cross, planted in the wilderness, threw its benign influence over the undeveloped children of the sun. But the Fathers sleep, and left no record.

Thirty-six years ago the famine found this isolated band, and clutched them with its gaunt, relentless hand. The parched earth refused her sustenance; the trees stood bare and leafless in the hot wind; the streams ran dry, and the rocks glittered white and salt under the fervid sun. The wild game famished and died; and the fierce preyed upon each other. With pitying horror, these human beings stared into each other's faces, and, with stoical fortitude, crawled away to die alone. Whether the Mission Fathers learned of their distress, or whether urged by other motives, it is not known; but they fitted out a boat, which sailed to San Nicholas and brought away the survivors—eighteen in all. As the rescued islanders were brought down to the shore where the boat was anchored, one of the women—who afterwards gave her name as Hona Maria—darted away, over the sandy shore, over rough rocks, through tangled ravines, with savage eagerness, to bring her only child which, by some oversight, had been left behind. They waited for her re-appearance—they waited long. The skies darkened; the winds arose and tossed the unsteady

boat from her frail anchorage, and the reluctant captain was compelled to put out to sea; and Hona Maria was left alone on that desolate, sea-walled isle.

The thick fog shut down over the ocean, and the heavy swell of the waves tossed the boat rapidly toward the mainland. The rescued Indians were kindly cared for by the humane people of Santa Barbara; but, either from past suffering or the unaccustomed influences of civilization, they died or dispersed to wilder surroundings. The boat was wrecked, preventing another expedition to the islands, and for years was not replaced. Hona Maria was sup-

Monterey, and, in one of his cruises, anchored at the tragic island of San Nicholas. On wandering over the island, he found traces of human life; ashes yet warm—a footprint in the soil. But again the storm beat down upon the shore and compelled the small crew to put to sea. With clear skies and becalmed seas they returned. Again, the smoldering fire—the trace in the sand; and, after a short search, to their amazement Hona Maria herself—the Hermit Monarch of this lonely isle! Without the least sign of surprise she gazed, for the first time in eighteen years, upon human faces. In unintelligible language, but with expressive, savage



"The seals sun themselves and gaze at the intruder with almost human eyes"

posed to have died, and no heart turned to the lonely island.

Eighteen solitary years had passed. White faces peered over the rocky battlement of mountains and browned under the California sun. Avenues of communication and commerce were opened, and the mysteries of the Golden State were penetrated. Captain Nidever, a resident of Santa Barbara, fitted a schooner at

gestures, she made them understand that the dogs killed her child. This was the burden of her limited expressions—this longing for human sympathy amid her tragic desolation—bursting the bondage of unintelligible language, and making the grand sorrow of her savage heart known and felt.

A rude hut, constructed of interlaced branches, sticks and leaves, constituted her

shelter. A fantastic robe of gayly feathered bird skins, neatly dressed and adroitly stitched with fine tendons, by the aid of needles manufactured from fish bones, covered her dusky limbs, and another of brighter hues were ready for time of need, or possibly reserved for her solitary festivals. Many rude treasures, collected during her hermitage, were transferred to the boat, and afterward landed at Santa Barbara. With astonishment she beheld the mainland. Her rapid glance took in the coast and the placid valley, girdled by the rugged mountains, sloping to the bay. From the narrow limits of her island-home, the sea only was vast, stretching away beyond the range of vision.

received, pleased with gifts and kindness, like a child in a new creation. She spoke a dialect entirely different from the native Spanish or Indians of the Santa Barbara region. A short time previous to her death, which occurred six months after her departure from her native island, an Indian woman was found who could interpret her strange tongue. She had not much to tell. A life more colorless, devoid of imagery or experience, it is impossible to conceive. The effect of long seclusion, upon her mind so crude and undeveloped, cannot be conjectured. In her solitary abode she knew the ways of the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, and fashioned nets to capture them,



—she knew the ways of the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea—"

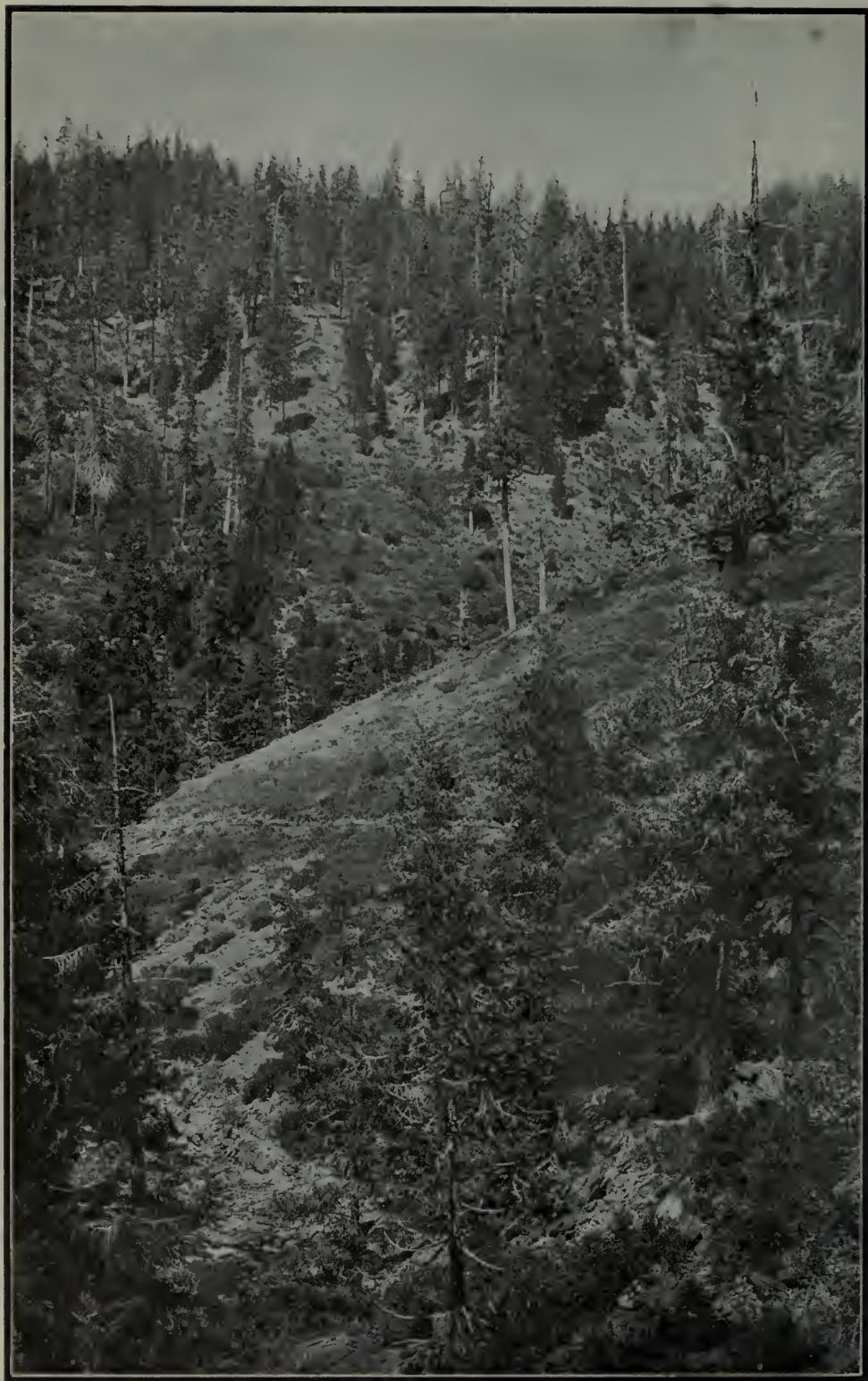
The boundless view of land presented a new and strange geographical development to her uneducated mind. A "solitary horeshman" galloping along the smooth beach caused her ecstasies of delight, which she expressed in long, wild peals of laughter and fantastic dances. A team with oxen completed her amusement. She observed the unfamiliar actions of people and animals with child-like pleasure, yet never forgot her lost child, nor the horrible manner of its death. She was proud of the attention she

which, with seals and roots, furnished her sustenance.

Large sums of money were refused by Captain Nidever for the possession of the woman, as an attractive addition to a museum; but she was kindly guarded at his private residence, and in 1853 she passed to the spirit-land. The Bishop took possession of her ingeniously manufactured robes and carried them to Rome.

Hona Maria sleeps on the quiet hillside; and her strange fate, hitherto, has been a dim tradition.





Under the Sugar Pines

By A. W. MACY

Sweet is the memory of a night once spent in the heart of a forest of sugar pines. It was on the western slope of the great Cascade Range, a hundred miles or so south of "where rolls the Oregon." A beautiful spot it was, quiet and restful, and far from any human habitation. Looking down upon us in calm serenity were three snow-crowned mountain peaks, and all about us, set like sentinels for our defense, were the great trees, towering two hundred feet and more above us. Very dignified they seemed, and kingly; not crowding one another, as do the spruce, and fir, and hemlock, but standing majestically apart, in honor preferring one another. We could imagine we were in some vast cathedral, and that these great bronze columns were a part of the archi-

ture. Wonderfully quiet it was, scarcely a sound save the gentle breathing of the forest, the soothing murmur of the night wind among the tree-tops high above us. There was no thought of danger. Civilization, with its noisy jargon, its discordant janglings, and its stormy cross-currents, seemed immeasurably distant. We did not talk much, my companion and I. We just sat there in quiet restfulness, and let the indescribable glory of the mountain solitude encompass us. As we lay down to rest, the odors of the forest, sweeter and more wholesome than cloistered incense, came stealing in upon us, bringing refreshing slumber and peaceful dreams. If you want to get near to Nature, and feel her very heart-throbs, spend a night in a forest of sugar pines.

THE COWBOY

Frank M. Vancil.

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time with your
wheels,
Aeroplanes, wagons and automobiles;
Dress me once more in sombrero that flaps,
Spurs and flannel shirt, slicker and chaps;
Put a six-shooter or two in my hand;
Show me a yearling to rope and to brand;
Out where the sage brush is dusty and gray—
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Give me a broncho that knows how to dance;
Buckskin of color and wicked of glance;
New to the feeling of bridle and bits;
Give me a quirt that stings where it hits;
Strap on the poncho behind me in a roll;
Pass me the lariat, dear to my soul;
Over the trail let me gallop away;
Make me a cowboy again for a day.



Treasures of the Ebb-Tide

By Harriet S. Kellogg.

Of all the multitudes of people that throng the beaches of the Pacific Ocean, both north and south of the Golden Gate, how few consider the "flowers of the sea" that lie at their feet.

These sea plants rival the "lilies of the field" and Solomon and all his court were not arrayed in more brilliant colors than these with their shimmering silks and laces bedecked with gems.

On rocky shores after every storm, or flood tide, the sands are strewn with great windrows of treasures from the deep.

As salt water covers two-thirds of the earth's surface the plants that belong to this vast area should be better known. To accomplish this one does not need to risk life by clambering over slippery rocks at low tide, nor even go out in a boat to find them. But wait until the high tide has passed and there they are, thrown upon the sands, challenging attention.

The collection of one hundred classified sea plants shown at the Sixth and Seventh State Wild Flower Exhibits at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, was gathered almost entirely from the beach at the foot of State street, Santa Barbara.

All who have been to that charming city on the Channel know the main thoroughfare that reaches from the old Mission to the sea. They know the traffic over and under Stearn's wharf. They know the familiar scene of rollicking children and picnic parties that play upon these sands, all unconscious of the exquisite beauty they are crushing beneath their feet.

Gather up a bit of slimy color; go to the water's edge and float it and see what a wonderful thing is the pink *Callophyllis Variegata*, like branched coral, or the *Microladia Coulteri* like rosy lace, fit for a queen's robe.

Better still, slip a card under each frond, drain, catching the natural position; lay a cloth over them and in the botany press these delicate mosses will adhere to the cards with their own glue.

One of the first plants that attracts the eye on most beaches of the Pacific is the feather moss of "ostrich plume." This is not a plant, by the way, but an animal. The entire frond is built up by thousands of little animals in the microscopic cells of this beautiful plumularian. The animals of this colony lead a communal

life by division of labor. Some build the quill, which is the living cord connecting all; some build the cells and procure the food, while others reproduce the species. Without the aid of a pocket lens these latter may be seen, like elongated balls, here and there upon



"Plants of the sea—"

the featherlike fronds. These "balls" or reproductive zooids when developed liberate swimming bells or small jelly fishes. These in turn lay eggs that attach themselves to some object and become hydroids or "feather moss" again. This cycle of life is known as alternation of

generation. The wonderful life story of this and other hydroids would be a chapter in itself.

Marine botany is divided into three parts, according to the color of the plants, green, brown and red. This division by color simplifies and makes easy the determination of the habitat and the classification by the amateur. The green zone is the shore line or tide marks, as evidenced by the algae on wharves, the green *Ulva lactuca* or sea-lettuce, (prized as food by the Orientals) and the narrow green wavy ribbons of other species clinging to the tide washed rocks. Looking out over the sea we behold a brown line dividing the blue, a half mile or more from shore. This is the kelp belt, approximately fifteen fathoms deep. Much of the red algae is also found here. These delicate plants grow mostly upon the kelp as so-called parasites but receive their nourishment from the ocean.

Some varieties of rare red plants seek the deeper water and are seldom seen growing except by divers. They are truly the botanical treasures of the sea, brought to us by the tides.

Further out and deeper down is the coralline zone which extends to a depth of fifty fathoms.

Growing with the red algae is the black *Poly-siphonia*, or "black lace" moss, so commonly washed up at Monterey and Santa Cruz. The brown zone includes the olive green kelp gathered for the manufacture of potash and iodine. Here also grows the black vine of the sea-oak found at Half-Moon Bay and elsewhere.

The plants of the sea, with very few exceptions (as the eel grass) do not have flowers but reproduce by spore dots or lines of spores, etc. The *Stenogramme Interrupta*, a red deep-sea plant, reproduces in both ways but the "interrupted line" is its most common method. It is a rare and beautiful red plant, identified by the line often mistaken for a midrib.

The coarser plants in the kelp belt reproduce their kind by swollen tips on the fronds, which, when ripe, burst open. The sea-oak is an example of this type. The *Corallina*, pink, green, lavender and white is not an "animal plant" like living coral, but is a plant that incrusts itself with lime found in solution with the ocean water. Beautiful specimens of *Corallina* are found at Asilimar.

Even more interesting than the plants are the little colonies of animal life found on many a frond. I have before me a red *Rhodymenia Palmata*, namely a red-membrane palm shaped plant, that has six varieties of animals attached to it. Some little jelly fishes have laid their

eggs upon it, and behold the young "ostrich plumes!" The *Sertularia* have woven their zig-zag lines upon it. The little *Polyzoa* have left a deserted village of tiny cells that looks like a piece of fine net lace. Upon a branch is seen a row of little gray saucers, like paper, strung together on a thread. These are the eggs of a shell.

The kelp beds are famous for producing the longest plant that grows, the *Macrocystis Pyrifera*. This plant has leaves with air vessels. At Santa Barbara it grows to be over two hundred feet in length but scientists have found it fifteen hundred feet long or five times as long as the tallest redwood tree. The vast groves of this giant kelp along the coast of California and Mexico surpass any others now known.

The *Macrocystis* is a perennial. The Department of Agriculture at Washington reports that groves cut to the depth of a fathom have re-grown their fronds within sixty days. The spores are on portions of the plant below the commercial cutting.

Another giant kelp known to all is the *Nerocystis*. These plants grow to the length of three hundred feet on long slender stalks which are used as fish lines by the Alaskan Indians. Each plant is capped by a large bulb or air vessel from which float the leaves. This plant is an annual and, in order to protect the development of its fruiting spores, should not be harvested until after mid-summer.

The roots of sea-plants are not true roots like those of land plants and do not draw up nourishment from the ocean floor. They cling to the rocks, shells, and to other plants. Their purpose is disclosed in the name "hold-fast" given to them by scientists. After stating this fact to a group of children I said, "Now, what is the root of a sea-plant called?" A boy, catching the thought if not the word, called out, "stick-hard." As proof that sea plants draw their nourishment, not through their roots but from the ocean in solution, we refer to the Sargasso Sea, in the mid-Atlantic. This great mass of detached sea weed as large as all Europe, thrives in the vortex of vast ocean currents on the surface of a fathomless sea. It is the home of millions of tiny fishes and is the nursery of all manner of baby sea life until they are able to take up the struggle for existence in the open sea. It is a remarkable fact that, as the roots are not needed even as "hold-fasts," they have disappeared from the "gulf-weed" of this strange sea of kelp. (Note: From "Sea Beach at Ebb Tide," by Augusta Arnold, p. 34.)

(Continued on Page 64)

OUR SYMPHONY

By George Law.

A meadow-lark stayed my weary way
With a liquid call in the burning day—
With just one call as limpid and cool
As the fern-hid dew of a mountain pool.

For a further note I waited in vain
'Neath the drying sun of the arid plain;
I pleaded, my human voice tuned low;
But the hot wind whispered a sighing no.

I whistled a bar of a beautiful air,
The notes flung high and clear and fair—
From the top of a stunted cedar tree
Came the liquid notes in antiphony.

I whistled on, one phrase at a time,
The meadow-lark filling the gaps in the rhyme;
The wind joined in with airs from the sea,
Weaving a wondrous symphony.

A balm of music floated away,
A cooling draught on the fainting day;
And rabbits and ground squirrels blinked to see
The wind and the meadow-lark singing with me.



"The wind joined in with the airs form the sea."

Behind the Devil Screen

By JAMES HANSON

FROM his griffin-guarded stronghold, the Crimson Temple, amid the lofts of the stifling Gobi Desert, the lunar-faced Fook Chang, and his bandit horsemen, poured with bandrols aflutter into the valley of Faa Yang and put the elder males thereof to the sword and carried off the Desert Lily.

A Simian-faced Tartar priest bought her for a few yen and a handful of crude opium. In turn, a traveling Manchu, Ah Fang, with a mandarin mustache and the appearance of a rice-field coolie, purchased her for a paltry amount of Ming ware and some second-class jade. He made an escape with her from China.

Wing Fo, her betrothed, the student son of a pottery turner, burned a few punk-sticks, gave a rusty tael offering at the shrine of a hideous joss, tore up some scarlet, gilt-bespeckled prayer-papers, uttered a string of cryptic words, then followed them to Mexico. There he discovered that they had entered the United States.

Three weeks later Wing Fo sneaked over the border into California, where he made his way to San Francisco. Then he sought out Ah Fang, the Manchu.

When Wing Fo was ushered into the Stockton street establishment of Ah Fank his oblique eyes blinked from the start he received at thus being confronted with such sumptuous furnishings.

The reception room was a treasure house of antiquities; it would have delighted the eye of any collector.

Ancient porcelains of the finest selection lay congruously about on shelves and on stands of intricately graven ebony and tulipwood.

He became dimly conscious of a huge figure towering above him, scowling like a Fo-dog in the palely luminous light.

"Speak, coolie," the Manchu commanded imperiously; "what would you have?"

"The Desert Lily," Wing Fo opened up. His manner was civil, albeit displaying no cringe nor servile smirk.

The Manchu laughed hollow mockery.

"Have you lucre?" an amused smile played on his lips.

"I ask her price," banded Wing Fo, fixing Ah Fang in a myopic gaze through the lenses of his horn-rimmed spectacles.

A short, cryptic silence fell. Then—

"The Desert Lily! You would have her?" The Manchu spat scornfully, continued as the despised one nodded assent: "Her price—money to the exact amount of one thousand trade dollars. Have you it in your blouse? Speak, biter of cast-off sandals."

The smashing impact of such a staggering sum all but caused Wing Fo a total collapse. The son of a clay moulder with a thousand dollars! It was unheard of. One could till the soil of Shamo heroically for two lunar cycles, yet at the end of that time possess not one-half that amount. Its magnitude extended beyond the conception of his tender years. He broke down for an instant and ventured no voice expression.

Ah, a happy thought! This was not China, nor the dusty Shamo, but the Magic Land where coolies waxed fat and prosperous from the liberal food and labor that was spurned by the lowest of white devils. By the dint of saving and the power of ceaseless work he could be, ere the lapse of three years, the owner of such a sum. A brightness came over his face at the sheer lucidness of his idea.

"By the O-Ma-To-Fu Stone of my friendliest spirit I swear to return with the blood-price." And with the solemn avowal Wing Fo, ignoring Ah Fang's taunting smile, abruptly left the place.

He returned to the street, stepping slowly, head bowed in thought, hands thrust listlessly in his pockets, till his aimless wanderings terminated at the cigar stand at the corner of Grant avenue and Washington street, where the youths of Chinatown were won't to hang out.

"From whence could come a thousand dollars?" he asked himself, as he joined the gathering.

The young men were discussing the opportunities accorded laborers who hired out to seed farmers.

From the hum of voices rose the conservative opinion of a slender youth. The seed plantations were as good as a mint, he said. He instanced the son of a junk sailor who had there earned enough gold to start a truck garden of his own. Aye! Gold was to be made there and the toil was easy.

The ears of Wing Fo drank this in eagerly. It was like a gift from Paradise. Accordingly, he withdrew from the clique and sought out a labor-furnishing agency.

There he signed the register as a contract coolie to toil for the Wheeler Seed Farm, at Gilroy, in the County of Santa Clara, for the period of two years at a salary of \$1.50 a day.

* * *

Days merged into weeks and weeks into months. Although Wing Fo suffered poignantly from heart-atrophy, he worked faithfully so that he might earn enough money to purchase the Desert Lily from her master. He ceased to rebel against Destiny and Time. He subconsciously adapted himself to the conditions and plodded along patiently with his garrulous comrades.

But all this had taken its toll of him. The work was severe on one so frail as he. Indeed, he but half-existed. He drank the filthiest of tea, ate number three rice and evil-smelling fish, and denied himself the pleasures of che-fa, pie-gow and fan-tan, so that he might again enjoy the smiles and cadences from the poppy lips of the Desert Lily.

One day, in respite from the sweltering sun, he crawled, crab-like, into the shade of a lace-leaved like oak tree to rest his mummy frame for a moment. A thousand needles seemed to infest his spine; his face burned as with the fires of hell; his limbs were swollen from the sting of plant insects; he was wet to the knees from irrigating the long rows of dusty, green, globe-topped onions, and his hands were in pain with blisters, come from swinging the flail upon the sweet-pea canvases. But the afternoon was languid and soon the intermittent whisper breezes of the atmosphere lulled him into a deep slumber.

As dreams of delicious foods are engendered in a starving hobo's mind, so came visions of peace and riches to Wing Fo. In the mazes of his tired brain was born a picture.

It was paper covered, with the flaring hieroglyphics of the Canton Lottery Company. In his dream he observed his own counterpart mark out, with the ink-brush, ten of the picture signs. Equally strange was the appearance of another figure in a sage-green robe, coral buttons and a silken cap, who bore an instrument with which he punched a hole in each marked-out character, uttering while he did so a sing-song telling of each ideograph. Wing Fo recognized him as the conductor of the lottery company.

But the strangest of all was the sum of the characters composed thereon.

Each lottery company has its own style of tickets. Some use numerals; others use excerpts from the poems of some great sage. But this was neither an extract from the books of Confucius nor a quotation from Chung-tzu, but the portrayal of a beautiful girl.

Wing Fo recognized the picture-signs instantly as the description of the Desert Lily. And the pattern took her form and she looked down and smiled on him.

He awoke with a start. The vision burned in his mind twofold more than the smarting of his hurts. As he staggered to his feet he looked about in alarm to see if the field-boss had observed him asleep. He longed for the coming of night so that he might obey the command of his dream, for, born of a superstitious race, he believed in dreams.

And when night came he made obeisance before a miniature porcelain joss in the bunk house, chewed some sacred lotus root, said a prayer to his departed ancestors for their spiritual assistance in his venture, then set out over the moon-bathed seed fields to the town of Gilroy.

There he entered the shack store of Quong Kee & Co. He exchanged the banalities of self-introduction—which consisted of sucking in the breath through compressed lips and a low bow—with Ah Fat, the clerk, then marked, according to his dream, the ten spots on the Canton ticket.

He won! Never before had he, in his tender years of living, seen such a vastness of riches. He scarcely heard the ejaculations of the onlookers who congratulated him, the staccato curses of the less fortunate, and the blessings of those who sought a few coins.

"Ho sai kai!" they said. "The Goddess of Luck had favored him."

* * *

A few days later he returned to the metropolis, his face bland and tranquil, but his eyes glittered with expectation and his heart was elated.

With head flung back, he strolled triumphantly up Grant avenue; scorning the windows with their exhibits of Kanohe ware, silken robes and embroideries, and tra sets with zig-zag, blue-glistening streaks; ignoring the inviting entrances of bizarre restaurants, from which floated the haunting scent of sandalwood, and eschewing the dainties, such as candied water-melon rind, sugar-dipped coconut, Japanese

oranges and musk-scented sweets that were vended at street stalls.

Once more he won admittance to the reception room and the presence of the keeper of the Desert Lily.

"I have returned—" he spoke with tones that might have sprung from ancient song-wood, but underneath the soft richness of its sound the Manchu sensed the nitrous outcropping of hereditary enmity—"returned for the Desert Lily."

Through the satin-blue smoke ascending from the incense-pot the wispy mustache twitched on thin lips and the shaven brows went upward as Ah Fang glowered irritably up with misty eyes from his opium pipe, which was carved in sleep-ing dragons.

"Eldest born of a pig!" scoffed the Manchu, insolently, contemptuously. "Have you par-taken too freely of the Black Smoke—that you talk thus—or have you dipped your slovenly fingers into some merchant's money coffers whilst he slumbered?" He rose leisurely to his feet. His figure bore so subtly the slink of a feline in its every movement.

"Neither," said Wing Fo, ignoring the trust, his eyes narrowing craftily, while he prepared to bargain. "Twas come of a dream—Most Honorable of the Celestial Kingdom—the re-lase price."

And with this flattery he displayed but a por-tion of his wealth.

"The thousand of gold," he added.

"Fool!"

"Yet another."

"Thrice accursed!"

"All!" cried Wing Fo, his eyes aflame. "Here is enough to furnish ebony and brocades for a Gobi camel caravan."

He thrust his entire holdings eagerly, per-suasively, into Ah Fang's mongoloid hands, yet, ere the lapse of a moment, his own person was the recipient of the back-flung wealth.

"Away with your mere pittance," the features of the Manchu worked with impulsive ferocity, his slitted eyes almost phosphorescent with vehement hatred. "I lose more at one sit-ting at dominoes. Cease from my presence; you pollute the pure!"

With that Wing Fo fell to and gathered up his gold and departed from Ah Fang's apart-ments, with a sharp despondency in his breast.

It felt like the end of the world. He wan-dered about in the slinking, shuffling crowds in the street like a wave-buffeted derelict.

* * *

The Desert Lily! Wing Fo became dejectedly solicitous of her welfare. More than once san-

ity had nearly fled from thinking of her. Some-where behind those thousand unpainted walls was the imprisoned jewel of China's casket.

But where?

Muffled by distance, the treble of a musette mocked her voice; the contour of a distant maiden, in vee shon and orthodox, black satin trousers, was her very image, till beheld at a closer view; the wafture of China lilies from the balconies overhead laved him like her very breath, and with the wantonness of a lover's fancy he likened her lips to a flaming pome-granate bloom—all this pulsed on in the heart of him relentlessly.

But where?

With his' senes attuned to their highest pitch he sought for her in the night-blanketed alleys; in the murky dens reeking of opium smoke; in the chow pavilions where the young exchanged gossip of Chinatown, amid the soothing alloy-age of incense and seductive drinks; in the slave houses, where jade-and-pearl-ornamented girls became prey to covetous men with moldy souls, and in the inky maw and labyrinths of the slimy, underground tunnels.

But, no! The Mongol cunning kept her se-cluded from all, save himself.

* * *

In the swirling, human maelstrom of the street Wing Fo came to a meeting with Charlie Fong, a recent acquaintance, a new-found friend. Charlie was Young China. He was clad in Western garments and spent his silver lavishly. He was one of the youths who fore-gathered at the cigar stand.

Charlie again confessed an inexplicable lik-ing for Wing Fo. And it was his fondest wish that Wing Fo seek membership with the Yang Lee Tong, of whom he himself was an active member. Its highbinders need not toil, said Charlie, for their upkeep and salary was fur-nished by the tong chiefs. Only once, perhaps twice, a year did the tong chiefs send out armed battalions of gun-fighters and hatchet-men slinking noiselessly into the alleys and streets to do secret warfare. Then Fong ceased wisely his speech, for he saw the eyes of Wing Fo glow with a strange light.

* * *

Wing Fo shuffled without pause about the streets while he wrestled and pondered with an excess of thoughts anent Charlie Fong's words. Chance took him into a strange street and into the pretentious gardens at the rear of a spacious bungalow-dwelling.

The garden was a kingdom in the miniature. It was fit enough for an Oriental princess.

From its source, hidden in a maze of dwarf cembra pines, firs, kanaros and banyons, a tiny river flowed with numerous rainbowed falls scarcely a foot in height, under arched bridges which were shaded by tiny Japanese orange trees, to a miniature, crystalline lake. And in the lake goldfish of a hundred hues swam in and out of the windows of a submerged porcelain pagoda and beat their web-like tails against the stems of the myriad-colored water lilies that grew therein.

Wing Fo awoke from his musings with a voluminous start. He realized that he was trespassing on the private domain of another. And some nameless thing within him engendered into the thought—Ah Fang, the Manchu! The atmosphere of the place became subtly menacing as he sought to escape the conviction of his fancy. He glanced about cautiously as he quickened his pace.

On a bench, scarcely two fathoms from him, a black-bloused, yellow human lay sleeping after his midday rice, a heavy pistol protruding from his pocket. Then, by his livery and house mark, Wing Fo knew him to be one of the Manchu's "look-see" men.

Wing Fo hurried in greater haste.

But what sound was that which descended from the painted balcony under which he passed? Its tonal beauty enveloped him in a voluptuous somnolence. It was beautiful—tender, lustrous and seductive—but, oh, so deep with pain!

"Wing Fo!" It was repeated.

Then he cast his eyes up to the vine-entwined latticework overhead and beheld there the contour of an oval face that was titillant with color and suspense.

'Twas the Desert Lily!

Screened from the slumbering one by a weeping willow tree, Wing Fo scaled the network with agility, and with a tremulousness of emotion, permitted his lips to melt against those painted and pursed within.

"Tomorrow," she whispered breathlessly, "the master shall be absent for many hours. I shall await you here. Be not alarmed of the guards, for I shall administer opium to their soy and rice."

* * *

That night Wing Fo lay back on his couch, a blue hair ornament clasped tightly in his hand, an all-encompassing, drowsy ecstasy creeping over him, while he, with the merging of consciousness into sleep, saw her again among the vines—her robe of Nankeen blue, embroidered with plum blossoms, her cheeks of warm ala-

baster, which accentuated her limpid, sepia eyes, and her hair that shone as a casque of thrice-polished ebony, and her lissom figure.

And when dawn drove sleep from his eyes he rose from his couch with the freshness of a lotus bud. He could hardly await the hour of noon. While he dressed himself in immaculate cloths, which he had purchased the night before, he sang snatches of desert songs and recited some couplets from Lai Fu, to Niu, the Bull:

"You ploughed the lofty snow clouds beside the ocean gate,

No herdsman watched your gentle ramblings;
You gazed on dewy meadows and tracked the snowy hills;

Under the Bodhi tree you met the goat and deer,
And by the Lotus pond, the elephant and dragon;
Your head and horns against the evening sky of blue
and purple-pink

Are like the jade hibiscus that break the crystal lake."

* * *

It was Paradise! Wing Fo muttered an extemporized excuse for being tardy—in truth he was early—but she excused him and they embraced, eyes moist with emotion while they inquired, almost incoherently from tenderness, of the other's welfare during the interval of their compulsory separation.

But soon they were lost in halcyon laughter at memories, while they gazed at each other in an atmosphere of love, across the lacquered, teakwood table. They were shielded from sight and harm from evil spirits by the devil screen of Ah Fang's family.

And the devil screen, which was constructed by some able artificer of centuries before, was framed in deeply-carved cypress wood, bearing the portrait of a great sage surrounded by red and green signs of the zodiac, dragons, pheasants, flames of fire and water lilies.

"Come, Wing Fo," beamed the Desert Lily, sincerely, "dip your chopsticks into the delicious ngar toy and foo yung har. And the seaweed and mushrooms, of which the gee tong gong and the hing san gong are compounded, are of the finest selection, fresh this day from the stalls of Jackson street. And you must sample the mar ti, and the candied citron, and the seed cakes. Too, have I secured the li chee nuts and the ya sue gone for your especial benefit."

Thus they dined that glorious afternoon, safe in the idea that they did no wrong, and sipped fragrant Oolong from tiny tea cups, no larger and as frail as an egg shell, and eloquently favored each other with memories of Faa Yang.

Also, Wing Fo chanted an interminable pane-

gryric of her ancestral line, whose sublime generations extended back into the obscure crypts of time. And he spoke of her in terms of scenes—such as the silken, lace-like clouds that hung at dusk over the rock-hewn temples of Lung Men, tinted about the edges with a sheen of saffron and mauve from the dying sun, and the canopy of night whose brilliant stars were like the petaled lips of moon flowers.

Then he inquired in a dimmed, faltering voice of the Manchu's manners during her enforced, loveless servitude.

while he vainly sought word expression of his thoughts.

He excused himself abruptly.

"A 'coolie' shall kill an aristocrat!" was his parting vow. "I shall await the chance."

He sought out Charlie Fong. And he, too, ere the sun had vanished below the horizon, pledged allegiance to the Yang Lee Tong and became a full-fledged highbinder with a lust for blood. He became Young China.

From then on no cloth of the Orient graced his figure; in its stead was the garb of the



The Crimson Temple of Fook Chang

In answer, the Desert Lily bared to his unbelieving gaze the livid bruises on her plump arm and shoulders where the knuckles and heavy finger-jewelry of Ah Fang had bitten in.

"'Twas when I revolted," she explained, with lowered lids.

The room went hushed. Wing Fo's face advertised the hatred within him. His eyes, through slits narrowed to mere peep-holes, gleamed as new blood on a dagger's point. His hands clasped and unclasped spasmodically

West—perfectly, carefully dressed in a suit of English tweed, silk shirt, worsted necktie, Fedora hat, shined, tan Oxfords, and striped, silk socks. At the cigar stand at the corner of Grant avenue and Washington street he joined the youthful gangsters and the scrabble of voices.

There it was that scarcely a week later a note was thrust secretly into his hand. He scanned it privately and observed it to be an official summons from the highest of tong chiefs.

He obeyed its command.

Many fathoms from the light of day and in silence, away from the heterogeneous noise and rattle of the streets, in the gloom and mysterious windings of the purient, evil-stinking cavities of underground Chinatown, he joined his tong comrades.

They spoke without fear of Chief O'Bryne's squad men, for they knew that the police could not penetrate to that secluded chamber room.

* * *

It was war! Ah Fang, the Manchu, was marked for death. It was a solemn situation in which Sam Mock, the chief, dignified in his robes of the ritual, coral buttons and symbolic scepter of the Family, addressed the conclave and announced the grievance.

It was caused by a double lottery ticket, said Sam Mock. Ah Fang had artfully cut out the characters of chance from one ticket which he, by the aid of the albumen of an egg, cleverly pasted over the characters of another ticket. Then he had, according to custom, duly marked it, after which he received the house-stamp and the signature of its seller on its margin.

After the drawing he had torn off the false face and remarked, with the ink-brush, the characters corresponding to the drawing on the true ticket. He was paid the money he had wrongfully won. Despite the fact that the duplicate ticket kept in the account books of the company did not correspond with Ah Fang's ticket, the house-stamp and the signature of its seller was thereon, which attested to its genuineness. But the officials of the company suspected deceit. Accordingly, they sent out a stool-pigeon to gain Ah Fang's confidence and learn the truth. To him the Manchu had boasted of his deed. So came the news to the Yang See Tong headquarters.

Yes; the aristocrat, the thief, must depart from the living. They must take the initiative. So, with a great amount of muttered prayer-chants, Sam Mock made ready the lottery to decide who should be the death giver.

"Stay!" cried Wing Fo, passionately. "It is I who shall be his killer."

"I can thrust most cleverly with the dagger!" called another. "It was I who cleft the neck of Ngi Fook in Spofford Alley."

"No; let it be I," demanded yet another. "For it was I who nobly put the slug-hole in the skull of the evil Li Hsu Ping, who dared oppose us."

"The lottery shall decide," said Sam Mock.

A score of slips of paper were laid out upon the table. Each one of those present wrote his

name upon a slip and, wadding it into a tiny pellet, placed it into a vermillion box. Then one of the slips was taken out and a blank one substituted.

Each drew a wadded slip from the covered receptacle, and each laid the drawn slip before Sam Mock, who received it in bland silence.

It came Wing Fo's turn. He thrust his hand fearlessly into the container and drew it forth. Then he looked and saw what he had drawn. It was the blank slip—the death slip! His comrades beset him from on all sides and congratulated him.

There in the somber tong room he knelt submissively before a huge joss and fervently pledged his oath that, did he not fulfill his vow, he would, by his own hand and desire, descend to hell where he would suffer eternal pain by being thrust upon a bush of swords, or from having red-hot irons poked down his throat, or from having his flesh torn from his bones by the jackals of the lower regions.

On either side of him burned joss-punks and aromatic incense, while behind him in azure blue, vermillion and ochre silken work was the devil screen of the Yang Lee Family, on which were pictured some of the divinities of the Asiatic pantheon—Confucius; the Lamist, many-handed God of Mercy; the God of Valor, and the Guardian of the Eastern Mountains, and Yen-lo-Wang, the Supreme Being of "Lofty Enlightenment"—these most certain to save him harm.

Sam Mock first showed him the tunnel which led to the waterfront, through which he might escape secretly in event of pursuit by the squad-men. Then he placed in Wing Fo's hands the engine of destruction and showed him its method of operation.

* * *

It was the Feast of the Lanterns. Humans were about, bedecked and adorned in motley silks and satins in accordance with Oriental traditions. From every doorway, window and balcony swung cheerful lanterns that were brilliant with light and painted and besplashed flamboyantly with dragon flies, gilt and griffins. The streets echoed with the sounds of revelry. Uncountable numbers of squabbling, jabbering children frolicked in the squalid gutters, setting off firecrackers whose remnants flecked the streets like red, yellow and green confetti. The squeak of the vue kim and the crash of cymbals blared from lofty restaurant. It was a kaleidoscopic scene, wherein Mongolian and Caucasian

(Continued on Page 65)

A Lady's Button

By George S. de Lorimier.

As John Clayton entered his suite in the great winter hotel there was a trace of amusement in his eye and at the corners of his mouth. A shaded table lamp was alight on the sitting-room table, suffusing the apartment with a restful reflected glow. An elderly man-servant appeared softly.

"Think I'll read a bit, William."

"Yes, sir."

The valet returned in a moment with a loose smoking jacket. As he was changing this for his master's dinner-coat, Clayton spoke:

"Great old girl—the Mrs. Worthington-Smithers!"

"Yes, sir."

"You know the one I mean—the one that's always talking—but they all do that; I mean the one with the red face and the flat feet—the one they hang all those funny furs on—"

"Yes, sir."

"Kind of like the old girl, though. A bit simple, you know. Just cornered me as I was coming up from billiards. Two maidenly daughters were present; but the old girl managed the whole conversation. Got around to talking about skirts or something. Said she'd just as soon wear short skirts herself—didn't think her leg was too fat. Thought the girls would die. I didn't bat an eye, though. We both looked down and for a minute I thought she was going to show me her leg—but she didn't."

The elderly servant chuckled softly. The two regarded each other with a look of pleasant understanding.

"William, I'm getting to like this place," continued Clayton. "It's restful—climate superb; women beginning to find I'm a wet blanket; makes it peaceful. Glad we left Palm Beach,—too many people from our home town; drive a man crazy."

"Yes, sir."

John Clayton sank into a chair with a sigh of comfort and reached for a cigar on the table at his side. He was thirty years of age, clean-shaven and dark. The light from the table-lamp revealed a pair of calm, humorous eyes, set in an intellectual face. As he exhaled the first breath of smoke he glanced over the table.

"Find me that 'Life of Cellini,' William."

"Yes, sir."

When the servant had retired for the night Clayton squirmed himself into a comfortable position and read. An hour later he yawned and arose. Then, preparatory to undressing, he emptied his pockets of silver money, knife, cigarette-case and the usual pocket impedimenta that a man carries. Suddenly his attention was arrested by an object with which he was unfamiliar. This he bent over under the light and examined with interest. It appeared to be a button. It was round and rather large, about an inch and a half in diameter. The base was of silver, the surface bellying over in a lovely intricate design of old blue Cloisonne. Yes, it was undoubtedly a button from a lady's coat.

Clayton continued to finger the object speculatively as his mind assailed the bare problem of its presence in his pocket. He was certain it had not been there six hours previous when William had laid out his dinner-suit, freshly pressed. Since then, it must have come there either by accident or design. The first hypothesis seemed hardly probable. On the other hand, if it had not come there by chance, someone must have put it there. And, in that event, there must be a reason, a motive, an explanation for the act. But what?

His imagination took wing: Was it some form of flirtation? Had some fair one, the owner of this button, dropped it into his pocket? This was too fanciful and ridiculous. It might be explained as a practical joke. Yet he was on no such intimate terms with anyone here, especially among the ladies, to warrant this. And granting the theory, the point was absolutely meaningless. He reviewed his movements of the evening: Dinner alone; a cigar on the terrace; the exchange of a few platitudes with some of the veranda crowd on his way to billiards. No, it was beyond him!

He let the button fall from his fingers on to the table, his brow still furrowed in thought. After all, why worry about it! It was a trifling matter.

However, a few minutes later, in pajamas, he paused again to examine it. A lady's button!

"Rather an expensive looking affair," he muttered. "I wonder if the lady misses it. Also, I wonder what the lady looks like. But most of all, I wonder how the confounded thing got into my pocket."

II.

In the morning as Clayton passed to his table in the dining-room he was waylaid by the vigilant Mrs. Worthington-Smithers. There was more than the usual excitement in her eye: She had a tale to unfold. It appeared that the night before a young lady of the hotel had been held up right in the hotel grounds. Her assailant had grasped her from behind. She had screamed and the villian had disappeared into the shrubbery. No, nothing had been stolen. The young lady was a new-comer, a Miss Virginia Barratt of Philadelphia. Wasn't it horrible!

Clayton expressed a necessary amount of concern and proceeded to his table. The morning was dazzlingly bright. Sunshine flooded a world of vivid color: The green of the gardens against a vast expanse of sky and sea of purer blue; along the rim of the sea, a woven thread of brown and white. In the foreground the waves broke on a rock restraining-wall in never-ending climaxes of scintillating jewels. Clayton's face reflected the cleanliness and freshness of it all. He decided on a round of golf for the morning.

In the afternoon he motored down to the race course. When the fourth race was run Clayton was standing opposite the judge's stand. As the pack thundered into the stretch he was swept forward with the crowd that surged against the rail. All eyes were riveted on the kaleidoscope of color above the superb straining animals. But Clayton never saw the finish of the race. Across his range of vision there appeared something that captured his eye and held it,—a button of an unique and familiar design. The base was of silver, the surface bellying over in a lovely intricate design of old blue Cloisonne. The button was attached to a fawn colored coat. And the coat was worn by a girl standing directly in front of him. He examined the button minutely; there were two of them at the waist line. There could be no doubt of it, —the button in his pocket belonged to this girl.

The race over, he moved away in the wake of the coat. He felt a kind of quiet elation in his discovery. The matter now had an element of piquant adventure about it. He passed close to the girl and observed that her complexion was soft and creamy, her manner queenly. She had the appearance of an exceedingly expensive creature. He also noticed that there were four more buttons on the front of the coat and none seemed missing. From a distance he watched her greet a party of friends in the grandstand. An elderly gray haired man

was laughing at her. She apparently had backed a loser. He recognized, among the party, faces he had seen about the hotel. Fine! This accounted for the identity of the button without question. They were both guests of the hotel.

He had learned something, but he was no closer to the solution of the mystery; if anything, farther away than ever. To imagine this aloof queenly creature connected with any foolish joke or intrigue was absurd. She probably missed the button and wondered where it was. Well, he had the button and the obvious thing to do was to return it to its owner. This, he felt, might be a delicate matter. Of course he could mail it to her or send it by a maid. But this was unsatisfactory; it might place himself in a false light, to say nothing of leaving the matter unexplained. No, if the thing was to be done at all, it must be done personally. Either this, or keep the button and let the matter lie.

III.

Clayton was early for dinner and he kept an expectant eye on the entrance to the dining-room for the lady of the dovetext coat. She came in, at length, accompanied by an elderly man and lady. She was very beautiful in a simple evening gown of cloth-of-silver; about her neck, a string of pearls. The calm queenly grace of her movements was emphasized in this setting. Clayton was fully convinced that the transaction of the return of the button would not be simple. He found his eyes straying continually to the girl in the silver gown. Sometimes, in conversation with her companions, she smiled and he thought her eyes very soft and the curve of her lips very striking. Of course, his curiosity was wholly disinterested,—the result of circumstances over which he had no control; a sort of professional interest. However, once when the lady happened to glance in his direction, and their eyes met, his system underwent a shock that was hard to reconcile on this matter-of-fact hypothesis. After this, he gave more attention to his dinner. He felt that his imagination was playing him tricks and this might prove only a detriment to the subsequent graceful solution of the affair of the button.

During the evening, for the first time since his stay here, Clayton was lured by the sounds of dance-music. The lady's name, he found when they were introduced, was Miss Barratt. She was engaged for the next three dances, so Clayton had to content himself with the fourth. In the meantime he did not dance, but hovered about the entrance-way, an on-looker. His manner was preoccupied.

When his dance came, he glided around the room with his partner silently. He had but one idea on his mind and it seemed the last thing he could talk about. The situation was all that he had anticipated. He felt the time and place were at fault.

"Ah,—Miss Barratt——" he began. "If you have no objection, I would appreciate it if——" Her eyes were regarding him with curious intentness. He blundered on: "I have something that might be of interest—something to say to you, that is, which it might be more convenient to speak of in a quieter place."

"How interesting! Let me get a wrap."

Looking into her eyes at such close proximity, he felt he had not expressed himself exactly as he wished. There was no retrenching now. Still, there was a desperate fascination in the prospect of dealing with this lovely lady. In truth, he had no apologies to make. It was natural that he should attempt to find out how the button came into his pocket.

They moved out into the night. The restless wash of the sea came to their ears, and the moist salty air assailed their nostrils. The pale light of the stars spread a glow of mystery over the beauty of the gardens about them.

"Isn't the night beautiful?" the girl remarked.

Clayton did not answer. He was fingering the button in his pocket and wondering what to say. After all, it was a trifling matter—a matter to be dealt with lightly.

"Miss Barratt," he began, "Have you missed anything?"

The question sounded flippant and foolish to him. She was plainly very much puzzled.

"Missed anything?" she repeated.

"Yes, can't you guess?"

"Are you joking, Mr. Clayton?"

He laughed at her bewilderment.

"Not at all. Think hard."

"You must be joking, Mr. Clayton; I have only just met you."

"That's the interesting part of it."

"What is?"

"That I should have something of yours without even knowing you."

"Really, I don't know what to make of this."

She stopped and glanced at him with a little uncertain laugh. He grinned back. This touch of intimacy was pleasant! He felt easier now.

"Kind of like a game, isn't it? Let me give you a hint: The article is both useful and ornamental. It is not very big; in fact, I could easily carry it in my pocket."

He felt her stiffen with a sharp intake of breath.

"Is it a button?"

Her voice was low and cold. She stood very erect, her eyes cold and distant.

"Yes," he said—the lightness gone from his voice, "It is a button."

"So it was you!" The words burst from her in a gasp.

"I?—Yes, I have the button."

The fullness of her attack was withering.

"Mr. Clayton, you're not a gentleman; you're a low, cowardly brute. I can hardly believe my senses. I suppose it's your idea of a joke. You're nothing but a ruffian. I don't want you ever to speak to me again."

She turned on her heel sharply. Clayton sprang in front of her and barred her way.

"What do you mean, Miss Barratt?"

"You know very well what I mean," she flared at him contemptuously.

She pressed past him and ran towards the hotel. As he stared after her, the incident of Mrs. Worthington-Smithers' breakfast conversation flashed across his mind. So this was the lady who had suffered the assault. Then she had missed a button from her coat. And now he was supposed to be the guilty party. He had an inclination to laugh.

He did not return to the ballroom. He knew it would be useless to attempt to talk to her again. What a mess he had made of things! He was regarded by a very lovely lady as a low, dangerous character. The mystery was still a mystery. He had learned nothing to speak of: She had been attacked by someone; in the encounter she had lost a button. That was all. The big question—how it came into his pocket and why, was still unanswered. Now, more than ever, must he find the answer; he had a duty to vindicate himself before this lady.

IV.

In the morning Clayton breakfasted early. He read his morning paper casually, his attention wandering about the room. Presently, something in the paper caught his eye and he became genuinely absorbed. It was a small paragraph which read:

MAN ASSAULTED AND BEATEN.

About ten-thirty last night along the beach front, cries for help were heard by some of the employees of the hotel, who happened to be in that vicinity. They responded to the cry and found a man lying on the sand, badly beaten and unconscious. Their arrival scared away three men, apparently his assailants, who were seen to enter a waiting automobile and disappear down the Strand. The injured man was brought to the local hospital, where his wounds

were dressed. The man is unknown here and nothing was found on his person with which to identify him. It is doubtful whether robbery was the motive of the assault as a roll of bank notes was found in the pocket of the victim. There was also found, clutched in the hand of the unconscious man, a large button of an unusual design.

Clayton felt something of a shock. He re-read the paragraph. Instinctively his hand went to his pocket; the button was still there. He drew it forth and examined it.

"I wonder if it's possible?" he muttered. "Anyway, I must see that button."

He finished his breakfast impatiently.

At the hospital he told the nurse in charge that he was the house-detective of the hotel and wished to see the man who had been brought in during the night. He was accommodated without question. The man lay swathed in bandages. It was hard to appraise him beyond the fact that he was a well-knit man about forty years of age. Clayton gazed at the broken figure a moment and said it would be necessary for him to call again in order to speak to the man.

"By the way," he remarked casually, as he turned away. "May I look at the button that was found in this man's possession?"

The nurse opened a washstand drawer and handed him an object. It was a button, the base of silver, the surface bellying over in an intricate design of old blue Cloisonne.

"Thanks," he murmured, and returned it.

Outside in the sunshine, alone, he gave his puzzled thoughts utterance:

"I wonder if these buttons come from some other source. But no! She admitted losing one. Who is this man? And how did he come by the button? Why should I be connected with this business, anyway? I must see Miss Barratt again, somehow, even if I do cause a scene."

However, the day passed without affording him any real opportunity of seeing her alone.

V.

At dinner he watched in vain for her appearance; her table remained unoccupied. Afterwards, he strolled to the front of the hotel. He came upon Mr. and Mrs. Barratt; they seemed excited. He was aware of other groups of people; they also exhibited different degrees of excitement. The watchful Mrs. Worthington-Smithers, with strained eager eyes, was upon him. Had he not heard! Miss Barratt had disappeared. No trace of her anywhere. Poor Mrs. Barratt! She felt so sorry for her.

Miss Barratt disappeared! Clayton experi-

enced a distinct shock. And yet it was not so much a surprise as a corroboration of subconscious foreboding. He felt that the buttons were at the bottom of it. Small wonder these people were at sea! Most likely they would search for her, vaguely. And yet, what more could he do? Grant that he held a sort of clue in the form of a button; it was worse than useless. It served only to confuse and disquiet him the more.

He stood thoughtfully and considered the news in the light of his own special knowledge. He gathered from the conversation around him that she had come down for dinner ahead of her parents and was supposed to wait for them. Some one had seen her stroll out on to the terrace, and that was the last anyone had seen of her.

He thought of the man in the hospital. There was a possibility of picking up a clue here. The man must know something about the button in his possession. The question was: Would he speak to an utter stranger. Clayton hurried away.

He found the patient conscious and resting comfortably. He dismissed the nurse and sat at the bedside. The man's eyes peered out at him from under his bandages, languidly curious. They were cold, sophisticated eyes.

"I called on you once before," Clayton began.

"Newspaper man?" The other's voice was listless.

"No, I called about a button."

Clayton watched him narrowly. The man's eyes were unwavering. After a hint of a pause, he spoke:

"And what brings you here now?"

"Still a button. I thought we might have something in common, as I have in my possession an unusually designed button similar to the one you have in that washstand drawer."

"Have I a button there?"

"Yes, I——"

"Let me see it, will you?"

Clayton stepped to the stand and looked over the few articles the drawer contained. The button was not among them.

"It's gone!" he cried.

The man on the bed was smiling. Clayton reddened.

"Look here, my man, this is no joke. A lady at the hotel has disappeared. I came here thinking you might help me. There was a button here in this drawer, and it was just like the one I have."

"Let me see it, if you please." The man was grave again.

Clayton handed him his button. The man examined it intently.

"You say a lady from the hotel has disappeared—a Miss Barratt?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Sit down."

Twenty minutes later, when Clayton left the hospital, there was a gleam of excitement in his eye. He returned to the hotel and sat in the lobby, smoking nervously. Within half an hour he received a call on the telephone. He came out of the telephone booth outwardly calm and walkd out into the night air. He kept on in an easterly direction along the road that parallels the beach. After some twenty minutes he glanced anxiously among the sand dunes about him. He came abruptly upon a small red light behind a sheltering sand hill at the side of the road. The figure of a man loomed up beside him.

"Mr. Clayton?"

"Yes."

"Step in."

The man held open the door of a large enclosed car. He then took the driver's seat, pressed the starter, and they rolled on down the Strand. The sea was soon left behind them. Later, they left the main road and bumped along an ill-frequented byway. They turned and twisted many times, crossed and recrossed sand sloughs. The country about was barren of cultivation, a dry desolation, broken with tufts of sage and cactus.

The car stopped suddenly. Clayton's mysterious companion stepped down and opened the door. In the reflected glow of the headlights Clayton made out the low, irregular hump of an adobe hut. A shaft of light sprang from an opened door. The two men stepped into the light.

Clayton felt his heart beating fast as he entered the doorway. The room was lighted by a plain oil-lamp on a center table. There were several people in the room, but his eyes sought only one. Miss Barratt was sitting by the table, her appearance making a sharp contrast with the mean surroundings. There was quick, eager recognition in her eyes. A strained suspense seemed to fall from her and in the welcome of her glance there was the confidence of old friendship. Clayton breathed easier and faced the others. Besides the man who had accompanied him, there were three. Two appeared to be East Indians. Their swarthy, limpid-eyed, sensitive faces were startlingly in-

congruous above their American clothes. The other man was either an Englishman or an American. There was something cosmopolitan about his bronzed features and easy manner. His face was shrewd, but not unpleasant.

The men were standing and they watched Clayton with strained intentness. The cosmopolite spoke.

"Have you the button, Mr. Clayton?"

Clayton smiled.

"Something more, Mr. Brady," he announced. "The Dvaraka Emerald from the temple of Jagannath."

The tension of the room broke with sharp ejaculations. They crowded about the table where he tossed the button he had held in his pocket during the last two days. The eyes of the Asiatics were glassy with emotion. The cosmopolite picked it up and pried away the Cloisonne surface from the broad silver base. The famous jewel lay bathed in its own warm color. A moment of tense fascination was followed by an outburst of Oriental jabber. The gem was handed about, scrutinized with excitement.

Clayton turned to the girl and took her hand, partly in greeting and partly with a vague idea of leading her away. The leader of this strange company was at their side.

"How did you know my name, Mr. Clayton?" he asked.

"I saw McLaren."

"I see. Then there is nothing that I can tell you about this. Miss Barratt, you are anxious to go? This has been a great imposition on you and we regret it very much. However you have been instrumental in recovering a very famous jewel. In Hindustani it is called 'The Luck Stone.' It belongs to the god Vasudeva. To these men it has a religious significance. They are extremely grateful to you both."

One of the Hindus now approached and bowed deeply to Miss Barratt. He extended his hand to her, palm upward, on which reposed a small object that seeme dalive in the rays of the lamp light. His teeth glistened in an ingratiating smile.

She looked down at a perfect blue diamond. Her lips were forming a shocked remonstrance when she caught the warning eye of the cosmopolite.

"It's just too beautiful!" she exclaimed, and smiled charmingly.

"Before you go," continued the man calle

Brady, "the only request I wish to make is tha

(Continued on Page 71)

SUMMER

By Nina May.

Soft in the haze of Summer's spell
 The land lays like a fairy dream;
 The yellow fields in billows swell
 In the wind with a golden sheen.
 The earth is bathed in sunshine glow
 And banqueting are drowsy bees,
 Where clover blossoms and poppies blow
 And meadow folk lilt melodies.

Far down the canyon's purple gloom
 Leaps like a bow the silver spray
 Where lilies show their snow-white bloom
 Above a dream-song through the day.
 High in the hills are flowers fair
 That dot like stars the deep warm grass
 And fill with fragrance all the air
 Beneath the white clouds as they pass.

THE IMPRESSIONIST

By ARTHUR POWELL.

Autumn the Impressionist takes up her flowing
 brush
 And paints the dying woodlands in the tints
 of steady fires;
 Her foliage glows. Then cool repose comes
 with the day's last flush,
 And Night assumes a value far above earth-
 born desires.

"The oldest trouble in the world comes from
 want of understanding."—Kipling.



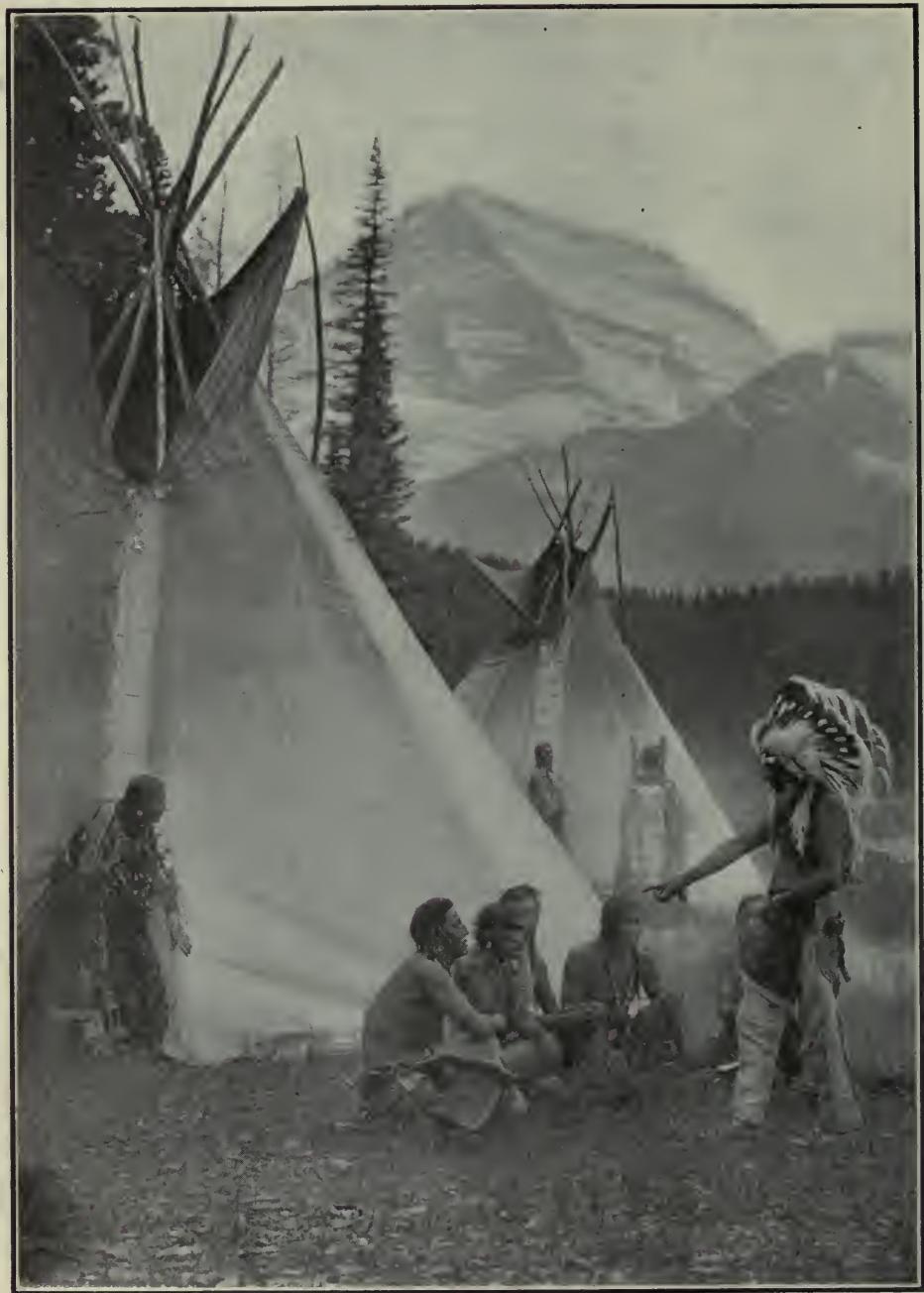
NIGHT—IN CALIFORNIA

By Alberta W. Colwell.

The mocking bird, a song of love,
Is crooning near his nest,
In opal clouds from skies of dove,
The drooping sun seeks rest;
The mountain range, its myst'ry hides,
With amber shrouds of mist,
While valleys deep along the sides,
By cooling dews are kissed.

A velvet veil of purple dusk,
With brilliant lights aglow,
A tender breeze of scented musk,
From drowsing flowers low;
A slender spire, with cross of gold,
Seems reaching up to Mars,
A loving Presence doth enfold
With canopy of stars.





"A typical Apache village—"

An Apache Idyl

By GEORGE GAUTIER

My odometer registered 11.3 miles from the hotel when I feverishly "killed" my engine where the road skirted along the rim of a high bench land or mesa. Here, from a thicket of sage, redolent of spicy bloom, I peered long into a deep basin upon a cluster of Apache wickiups squatting, mushroom-wise, on a gordanian of low hills. I had come expressly to visit that cluster of naive dwellings. Consequently, as I stood in that ambrosial thicket overlooking the village, it occurred to me that an interview with one of the representative men of the village together with some pictures would give me a very desirable souvenir of genuine Indian life and architecture with which I was presently to come in contact.

It was, to be sure, a typical Apache village that lay before me; unspoiled as yet by tourists, but very squalid and frouzy. Yet, like the vast surrounding sunlit sea of sage and juniper, receiving and giving off the glint of the brilliant morning sun. And, too, contributing accent to the magnificent distances of that alluring mesa and mountain fastness of Central Arizona.

I remember a drollish obese squaw in flaming calico tirelessly pounding something in an olla on one side of the nearest wickiup; three children, also in lurid calicos, playing amicably with a chained coyote on the other side.

I was soon climbing down the gentle slope of the mesa, following a tortuous foot trail to the village; very noisy about it, with sprays of sage and chaparral incessantly swishing about my legs and waist.

Before I had got sufficiently near to my objectives to proffer a civil good morning; in fact, before I got within pistol shot of it, I saw flashes of calico scurrying after shelter like a brood of rabbits going for their burrows when a dog appears. Farther on, in the other wickiups, more women and children were disappearing. It was as if a sudden squall had come up and they were making for cover. In unmistakable terms I read that my arrival to the village did not occasion the slightest spontaneity. This, I sensed keenly from the beginning. For a moment I was apprehensive. I began to entertain a vague fear that they would reappear armed like pirates and ask me to retrace my steps. But it was an idle fear. The village only metamorphised in the friendly sun, assum-

ing more and more an aspect of utter desertion and desolation.

I had seen such whirlwind action but once before in an impossible pueblo at the edge of a doubtful desert when a supposedly drunken cowman in chaps shot up the town as he rode through it. But that was at the "movies" where a good deal of indulgence is not only proper, but expected.

Evidently these Apaches in this fair, secluded basin were a timid, degenerate folk. Of one thing I am certain; if they were not timid, they were not hospitable. At any rate, they were not effusive or emotional at the coming of a pale-face. I was disappointed.

In the dreamy little mountain town of Mayer, 11.3 miles by automobile over an abortive road, road, they had told me about these Indians. They were skittish, it appeared, but extremely skillful and fecund artists. Their baskets were gems of art, beautiful in design and wonderfully executed. Each basket represented indefatigable patience and months of toil. And, above all, they told a story or a legend. And the toil and the patience and the art and literature that went into the baskets were the peculiar genius of the squaws—squaws like the rotund calico vision I had unwittingly frightened. I had wanted to get a picture of such a squaw with a basket that took a month to weave. Pictures of that sort were always popular at home. And that is why I had come out to the mesa overlooking the village, and to the village itself.

I have dwelt upon my desire for photographs because I have since learned that it had much to do with the systematic retreat occasioned by my arrival to the village. Chief Jim Ulsen explained it to me afterwards. But as I approached, I certainly did not know the sorcery of my camera.

A few cautious steps brought me to the rear of the largest and most assuming wickiup. Before this stood a crude flagstaff from which floated a crimson and white emblem. The staff and flag were the peculiar property of the chief; they were an insignia distinguishing his residence.

As I walked around looking for the entrance, the architecture and construction of the rude dwelling unfolded before me. If you have ever seen an outdoor bread oven of baked mud and brick that once adorned every farm, you have

a fairly accurate idea of an Apache wickiup. Instead, however, of having a round dome of baked mud, the Indian wickiup is a dome of branches, carpets, brush, discarded blankets, sheet iron and, in fact, almost anything with enough surface to turn off a drop of rain. But the dome is not round; it is slightly elongated. For what reason I do not know, and never have learned. But I have an idea it is because the Indian's bed always lies parallel with the longest walls of the wickiup, as the short walls are too short to accommodate beds.

In my journey of circumnavigation I saw neither window nor door until I came to the entrance. But what an entrance! One might as well have discarded the door altogether and have removed all danger of a dishonest neighbor breaking in. For the door consisted of rusted wire bed springs rolled in front of a very irregular opening! The arrangement seemed most unsatisfactory. I never could reason its advantages. It was painfully wanting in security, and there was so little privacy to it.

I looked within. I've been inside Mexican 'dobes, and miners' shacks, and woodsmen's cabins, and I've been in the hovels of German, French and Italian peasants, but I can't pass this one up. I'm not an architect, and much less a critic, but I am sure the wickiup is extremely simple in design. And, perhaps, (I suspect it, at any rate), they are not built after any design. I believe they are simply built to fit the needs of the inmates; *videlicet*, to afford shelter from the elements and a place to sleep.

I rolled away the ingenious door and entered. (The "paleface" acts brazenly at times.) A fire blazed in the middle of the apartment. Smoke escaped from a hole in the roof directly over the fire. The apartment was surprisingly clean. It was, moreover, warm and comfortable. On one side of the fire sat the rotund squaw still intensely preoccupied with her *olla*. On the other, toes digging into the ground, weight resting on his calves and heels, squatted, cooliewise, the head of the house—chief Jim Ulson. My host had one of those vaguely familiar faces that one thinks to have seen before.

On either side of the fire was a bed—rather tattered blankets rolled out with a donkey's breakfast in sacks at the farther end, which, evidently served as pillows. On the walls, that is, caught on sprigs and crotches of the large branches composing the frame work of the wickiup, were hung frayed pieces of old clothing, odds and ends of harness, dried meat (not jerky), a nondescript pelt or two, a noisome remnant of an ancient calendar, the product of

a former liquor house, depicting a dramatic poker game, a remarkably bizzare religious print done in loud color, and a variety of smaller geegaws discarded by the whites of the district. It was a pitiful collection that furnished that interior. And, camouflaged, as it was, behind a thick veneer of smoke discoloration, it would not have brought the price of sour apples at a junk dealer's auction.

Very near the squaw, in a basket of exquisite workmanship, a wee bit of a child lay sleeping. I pointed to it, smiling as graciously as possible, and asked its name, seeking to win the household's good will by my show of interest.

"What is his name?" I asked.

"He papa. George Ulson," replied the woman, beaming ingratiatingly.

I interpreted this as a naive method of differentiating him from the opposite sex—in short, to mean that the infant was a potential father rather than any inference that he was his papa's boy.

Then to my surprise the woman pointed to my camera and said:

"Dolla."

"What for?" I asked. But I knew. She wanted a dollar for the youngster's picture.

"All right," I said, mentally pasting the picture in my album. "One dollar. You take the papoose outside. I take fine picture."

"No; two dolla," she cut in without batting an eye, as she sent prices soaring.

"Get out—two dollars!" I'm afraid I was somewhat brutal.

"Two dolla," she insisted, smiling good naturedly, "two dolla."

"All right," I agreed, "two dollars." I was being mulcted, but it was either two dollars or no pictures.

"Three dolla," three dolla," she harangued over and over again as soon as I had agreed to her latest demand.

It would be, I regretfully felt, impossible to fulfill my ambition for a picture of a squaw and of a basket that took a month to make with an unreasonable saleswoman of this kind. In this case, the squaw clearly controlled the supply, and her cupidity would be, I felt, disastrous to us both. I suppose she was not nearly so enthusiastic about earning three dollars or ten dollars or a hundred as she was loath to have her photo taken. She may, and I believe she did, feel that the picture might be held as evidence against her in the next world. Mentally I began grubbing her picture from my album.

It was useless. I assented to three, but she jumped to four.

At this juncture Jim Ulsen grunted a few monosyllabic gutterals. The woman held her peace forthwith. Chief Jim Ulsen had spoken, I realized, as evidently also had the woman.

Ulsen was chief of the tribe; that is, he was chief in the sense that many elderly men are colonels. It was a title earned by virtue of his having posed as chief for an amusement concession in the neighboring state. He was a man whose age was open to speculation. His frame was large, well proportioned, but it was undermined. His face perhaps once reflecting the full vigor of Indian ruggedness, was now wasted and emaciated. I looked at him keenly. There was something intimately familiar in the wasted features. But the man was sick and that was as evident as the daylight outside. And, as if guessing the procession of my thoughts, he said in very good English:

"Tuberculosis."

I was overcome with surprise and pity. Also with a poignant sense of having surreptitiously intruded. The white man is, as I have said, brazen at times. All along the line of history, when Indians have been concerned, the white man's conscience has been conveniently pushed in the background.

"Your method of living, chief?" I ventured, looking at the bed on the ground and about the rude interior generally, as the plausible explanation.

"Yes and no. At least, not here. I've lived fast in California three years ago." And he began shaking his head in the affirmative as if reviewing unforgotten scenes as they passed across his mind, rather than emphasizing what he had said.

"California, where?" I asked eagerly. (I was from California.) There was something familiar about the man. As I tell you, I had seen Jim Ulsen before.

Then I knew!

It was in 1916 during the Exposition at San Diego that I had seen Jim Ulsen. I remember clearly a certain Yahgehzey, an Apache chief, and his concession on the Zone. Yahgehzey was Jim Ulsen! He was a speiler at the Apache village. I remember him, on a succession of mellow summer nights, shouting in the glare of yellow incandescents of the marvelous attraction that one could not afford to miss. Always when I saw him he was surrounded by a crowd of comely squaws and young bucks who evidently constituted part of the show. He was proud, almost arrogant, and I am sure covertly

loved by the maidenhood of his troupe. He was a superb creature—one animated by the sheer joy of life. Doubtless, he was intoxicated by the glare of the Zone, by the sight of the surging crowds fighting to see—to see him!—and by the white man's beautifully strange and easy ways of living. But he was of the fastnesses, and he had failed in his trial of living like the white man in tall hotels with steam heat, and late hours—all under artificial surroundings.

It was impossible. Just as it would have been impossible for me to live in his rude wick-up and to sleep in his bed on the ground.

"Yahgehzey," I exclaimed, "you were heap big Apache chief at the Fair!"

His eyes lit up for an instant, but the spark of pleasure was soon overcome by a wistful stare.

"No more Yahgehzey," he corrected. "No longer chief; just Jim Ulsen out here."

"And this is your home?" I asked.

"Yes, and my mother," he said, indicating the now quite taciturn squaw with a toss of his head. "This always been my home. Live here all time. Now I come back to—"

His unfinished sentence and cough warned me. The man was sick.

"Good bye, Yahgehzey," I said. "I'll come again and—"

"And tell me of California," he asked almost wistfully as I went.

Outside, the rolling hills and mesas, green and cool, caught the warm white April sunlight. The tender new leaves of chaparral and scrub oak everywhere glistened with it. A blue jay that had been feeding in the village shrieked an unswerving flight to a distant cottonwood. Startled field mice and a chipmunk took refuge in the encroaching thicket of sage and juniper. Then the village settled into a symphony of hushed sounds of the wilderness. And, as I bent my steps from the rude village toward the thicket where my motor was parked, I experienced an insistent and bizarre desire to make friends with Yahgehzey.

It was late in May when I returned to visit Jim Ulsen. In the interim I had been at Cordez, at the portal of the desert, examining a mining prospect.

I at once sensed that the intense hush of the village had redoubled during my absence. No squaws or children greeted my approach by scurrying away. Though far off, perhaps a mile away, two women and children, who were gathering firewood on the bank of a dry creek,

hastily disappeared hardly had I discovered them.

It was not without apprehension, as I entered the village, to find that Yahgehzey's wickiup had been flattened to earth by fire. The flag-staff and the crimson and white emblem, too, were missing. The village had lost an old wickiup, but as yet a new one did not rise from the ashes. Nor did tireless inquiry among the villagers throw any light on the whereabouts of my newly made friend; they spoke no English.

Yahgehzey had, I reasoned, desired a change

after the fire. He had mentioned the reservation at Camp Verde and friends there at our first meeting, and I concluded that he had gone thither. I retraced my steps through the village, disappointed and full of regrets at having missed him.

That night, under the soft glowing stars of a velvety firmament, an old scout and guide, who fought Indians in the seventies, said, in answer to a question I asked:

"It didn't catch fire. A wickiup is always burned when a red skin dies. It's the custom, and it beats fumigating, you know."



THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE ON THE DESERT

By Helen Labagh Johnson.

There's a little brown house on the desert,
'Neath the shade of a Joshua tree,
And the sage and the greasewood surround it,
Like the waves of a billowy sea.

It is there that the Master Painter,
Has blended His colors so fine,
That the children of men look in wonder,
At the work of the Artist Divine.

Where the opal tints of the twilight,
And the rosy hues of the dawn,
Are surpassed by the gold of the sunrise,
And the glow of the sun, gone down.

Where the moon and the stars God created,
To illumine the darksome night,
Shed a brilliance almost dazzling,
By their clear and radiant light.

There's a little brown house on the desert,
In the shadow of old Soledad,
Where God must have fashioned the landscape,
To make the weary heart glad.

THE AVIATOR

By KATHERINE M. PIERCE

Full orb'd above the cities slender spires,
 The harvest moon illumines the eastern skies,
 While in the west the paling saffron dies,
 A flickering flame of evening's lambent fires.
 Diffused the golden light as day retires
 And purple shadows from the fields arise;
 The twinkling street lamps flash—a quick surprise,
 Like joy in pleasures wrought of pure desires.—

From shadowy depths of misty mountains gray,
 Across the glow of evening's mellow light,
 An aviator wings his homeward way,
 Thru dewy vapors of the falling night,
 His singing pinions chant a matchless lay
 Of ordered beauty and majestic flight.

A YOUNG GIRL

By Dorothy W. Harrington.

Watching her there, in all her lovely beauty,
 More like a fairy thing than earthly child,
 Her eyes a depth of light and life and love,
 Her dear soul burnished on her face—
 And knowing well her nature, gay and free,
 And knowing all the wisdom of her mind,
 And how, at times, she spoke as sages might—
 I wondered what deft miracle of life
 Could make her thus so innocently wise,
 Time-old in truth, yet infantile in guile.

And then, while yet I pondered on the thought,
 A still voice whispered low within my soul—
 Showing me thus the secret of it all;
 Making me thus in truth as wise as she—
 "God's precious gift of perfect youth."





Secret of the Sierras

By Robert A. Smith.

Nothing in these trees or rocks would tell you that hidden among them is a cave with its top open to the sun. You might hunt all day and never find it. For you could stand six feet from the brink and never dream of its existence. But the Indians knew it and used it for a stronghold. It was the horses stolen in their raids that caused its discovery.

It was at the time when the Mariposa Vigilantes were organized, shortly after the Yosemite had been discovered, that a band of settlers were pursuing some Indians toward the Hetch Hetchy. They had camped about thirty miles below there and some eighteen miles west of the Yosemite. One man, a prospector in whose veins the gold fever still ran strong no matter how tired or weary he might be, went out to examine the rocks on the little hillside. Imagine his surprise when he stood on the edge of this immense bowl hollowed out of the earth! Imagine how he felt when he climbed down the branches of the moss-green maples to the rocky floor and stood in the cool chill of the cave, looking up at the green roof! The man's name has been forgotten, but it still goes by the name he gave it—Bower Cave.

Geologists say that instead of shutting in a cave these rocks once held an enormous pot of lime. Water from a stream found its way in and started the pot boiling. After it had boiled sufficiently for a period, more water found its way in and the lime boiled again. This happened not once, but many times, as the different strata on the sides of the cave show. Indeed, there are several places where, with eyes half-closed, the white rocks really seem to be flowing down—only a little imagination and you can see it as it was when it hardened. In one place there is really a crystal waterfall.

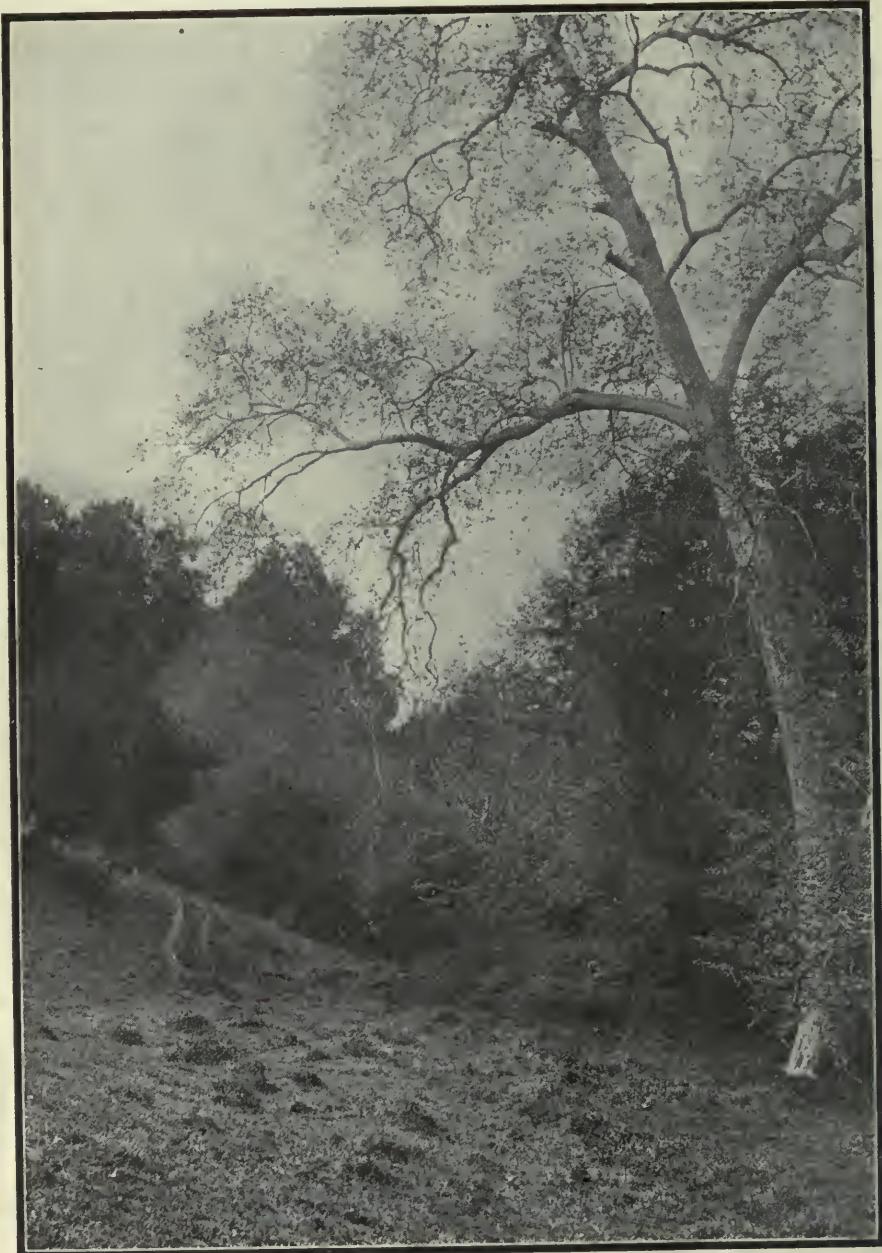
For about half the way across on the right hand side the floor is comparatively level, and as though showing a tree's determination to grow, there are three maples whose roots must have pried apart the solid rocks to find their food. The wind or birds must have brought the seeds, for the trees outside are pines and mountain oaks. The thick tight moss that has crept up the trunks and branches has begun to cover the crystals of the cave—a wainscoting that is gradually creeping to the top.

Everything was at hand for the Indians who

used this as a hiding place—even water. About twenty feet down from the level floor is a lake green and deep, but the moment you look at it, you feel that it is as cruel and as treacherous as the Indians who drank from its waters. Perhaps it is because the overhanging rocks darken the reflected green to a sinister black, perhaps it is the menace of water shut away from the sun, but whatever it is, the evil spirit of the place is there, the stronger the longer you look at it. Yet the water is so clear that it looks but two feet deep where you know it is twenty. You can see the threatening rocks at the bottom where it is eighty-five, and in one place no one knows how deep it is for it disappears from sight through a cleft in the rock. There are trout in the lake, for the water is fresh, fed by an underground supply. Outside, in the sunshine, a mountain stream rushes along nearby until it comes to a waterfall. It tumbles merrily over a small cliff and literally disappears into the earth to find its way through subterranean tunnels here. But where do the trout come from? Do they go over the falls by mistake, only to find themselves in this deep green pool? Where does the cleft in the rock go?

The light in the cave as it comes down through the roof of leaves is a soft green, and the air, even at mid-day, with the sun overhead, has a distinct chill. But the Indians know how to avoid this. Half-way up one side, to the left of the lake, there are passages going into the rock. Along one place the rock sounds hollow underfoot, as though there might be other chambers beneath, and when stamped on gives a hollow boom like a drum. There is also a natural fireplace where a small fire would light up one whole chamber, and yet the chimney would let the smoke percolate so gradually out into the cave that it would be gone by the time it had reached the narrow opening at the top.

What tales could these tunnels tell? The Indians are gone; only the swallows make their nests in the upper hollows of the rocks; and the trout swim in the lake below. And turned around thrice, six feet from the edge, you yourself would swear that cave had vanished as complete as though the door had been closed by a "shut Sesame."



Two Waves of Life

By Mary Byerley.

He came from Barstow over the San Bernardino Range down into the Cucamonga district one early fall. All his earthly possessions were contained in an old buck-board drawn by a pair of diminutive ratlike mules moving at a snail's pace over the white road. Alkali dust was spread thickly on everything—the mules, the buck-board, the landscape, himself. But his shrewd blue eyes remained undaunted nonetheless, appraising this flat field planted to grapevines in masses like withered snakes, or that open unclaimed stretch parched and glaring in the sun. He, Alfred Buehler, intended to take a fresh start at things. Back in Barstow he had lost out from sheer ill-luck. He heard there was money to be made off grapes. Cucamonga had been recommended to him. And now he entered its promised land.

Laborers at work in a large vineyard attracted his eye. Of them he inquired for the owner or foreman, and, directed accordingly, made his way to a new unpainted ranch house a mile farther on. Here he explained himself, his business, his desires. Would the foreman take him on as laborer till spring? He wanted to learn the ins and outs of vine-growing, the tricks of the soil, the fundamental knowledge of an owner of vineyards. The foreman looked him over—his size, his build, his appearance were above those of the average laborer—and bade him house his beasts and rig in a shabby lean-to nearby on the grassless flats.

So he began his career as vine-grower. He plowed and pruned and trimmed the clusters; picked and marketed the grapes. Over all of which, waxing enthusiastic, his keen intellect presided. By summer he knew the country so well he had homesteaded a section, had set it to vines paid for out of his winter's savings and money he had got from the mules. The next winter he lived in a shack on beans, dough-bread, bacon, working still as laborer, but with his own vineyard in view.

Before many years had passed he owned three of the finest vineyards in the country; he had built himself a splendid home; and banked his money in San Bernardino.

Each year at the picking season, bands of nomadic pickers composed of Mexicans, Indians, and those of mixed blood, move from district to district, now grape-picking, now at

work in the walnut groves or in the orange and lemon orchards. The bands generally make their rounds to the same places, and are depended upon accordingly.

At one end of the Buehler ranch where a few stunted trees grew beside a half-filled water-course, a colony of eight such pickers had established themselves. They were brown-hued, regular-featured, gypsy-looking beings; and three of them were grey-eyed.

It was on the oldest child, a girl of seventeen or so, that Buehler's eyes were glued one singing morning ten years after his entrance into the Cucamonga country. So picturesque she was, so gleaming, so full of untamed, unconscious grace as her swift hands stripped the vines, that the man had no eye for her associates who were as brown, as much a part of the field as the vines themselves. And to this girl in her green and white bandana tied down over her head, massing her silky black hair, with her honey-colored skin, and features beautiful in their regularity, he, after watching her some minutes, spoke:

"Are you of Jose Sepulvida's band?"

"I am his daughter."

"And your name?"

Her hands continued their work, but she raised her face to him, her white teeth flashing in a brilliant smile. "My name is Maneta, Senor."

"Were you here last year?"

"No, Senor, we were last year with my mother's people at Tia Juana."

"Is your mother an American?" Her gray eyes prompted the question.

She shrugged her shoulders, showing the white garment under the frayed jacket she wore. "Maybe. I cannot know."

"Ah, this is your first year here, then," mused Buehler aloud referring to his former question.

She made no reply to this statement, for his riding boots had caught her eye. Her hands were at her side; she, herself, in a kneeling position. Slowly her gaze sought his face and lingered there. He seemed to her as worshipful as a statue in a church, as worshipful and as remote.

Buehler, sunburned, well-groomed, with his muscular hand caressing his smooth-shaven

chin, continued to look down upon her. He thought her the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He had had little time for beauty in his life; for love, none. Now the morning began to sing to him.

She stood up, stretching her arms above her head not from lassitude but on sheer impulse. She had grown conscious of his gaze. And from her brown apron fell the grape clusters she had thought she had emptied into the basket beside her.

Buehler, heedless of the spilt burden, saw how tall she was, noticed the smallness of her bare feet, the curve of her waist. She was more beautiful than he had first thought her to be. Maneta. The very name charmed him. She suggested to him a lovely vivid-colored hill-lily uprisen at his feet from the vineyards. In ecstasy he was seized with the sudden whim to transplant her, earth and all, to his home garden. Why not, his reason questioned of his senses besieged? Then, as the girl fumbled over the grapes, he stooped to help her pick them up.

"Senor, I am not often so awkward," she said, the basket filled.

"You are not awkward," he reproved her gently. "It is cramping work. One has to stretch occasionally." Saying which he reached out his arms as though he would take her into them. But the girl, with the basket on her head, failing to notice his action, started for the end of the row.

"Wait, Maneta!" he called. "Have you ever been to school?" he asked.

"A little; two winters ago."

"Would you like to go to a fine school, and learn to sing and play, and be a fine lady?"

Her face glowed. "Senor, to sing is my life; but to be a lady—could I be a lady?" She looked down over herself even as the beggar maid before King Cophetua.

He took the basket from her head, she in bewildered surprise offering no resistance. "Is your mother in the field?"

"Over there." The girl pointed to a group of women some rows away.

"Go get her, and bring her to my house, Maneta. To the side porch; you can find it." The girl nodded. "I will bring your father and meet you there. I want to talk to you and to them." He carried the grapes to the shed, before the eyes of the dozen of astonished pickers.

Maneta, in the meantime, had hurried to her mother. "Come!" she cried in Spanish,

"he wants us—to talk to." Half panting, the two made for the porch.

Buehler looked at Maneta's mother narrowly. A certain trace of wild beauty, a dull intelligence gleamed in her quickly ageing face. The father was more approachable. To the parents he made known his offer. Maneta had taken his fancy. He was rich; he would like to educate her, to give her all the advantages of a daughter—music, clothes, pretty things. They must relinquish all claim to her, however.

And the end—the beginning to him—was that under the chaperonage of his housekeeper, an elderly widow as puritanical as himself, Maneta was placed in a convent near San Gabriel. She remained there three years. Her two great gifts, her beauty and her voice, grew and developed until in her twenty-first year she was a creature any one would be proud to know. Buehler not only felt pride in her; he looked upon her as an artist looks upon his handiwork. Furthermore, he adored her, and in return she gave him her unbounded gratitude and affection. She called him "Alfred" and would take his two hands and carry them to her lips those times when he came to the convent to see her. Her voice held him spellbound. And after she had sung to him songs to her own accompaniment in the convent parlor, she would give him a bewildering smile and say:

"You like my singing, Alfred? You are satisfied with me?"

At such times he would look grave, grave from the overmastering of his love for her.

"You are not displeased? Smile at me, Alfred."

And then he would smile upon her, and ask her if she needed new clothes. But one such day he failed to smile upon her. He took her in his arms and asked her to be his wife. She looked at his graying hair. "Am I not like your daughter?" she asked guilelessly. "Are you not content to have me for your daughter?"

"No! No! Maneta! Darling!"

They were married on a glorious June morning. He took her to Los Angeles where she blossomed out in gorgeous clothes, where they went to the theatres, the beaches, through stores filled with bewilderingly beautiful things. After a six weeks' honeymoon, they returned to Cucumonga. Driving up the avenue of fan-palms to the white-stuccoed, bougainvillia-covered house, they saw Mrs. Purcell on the lower steps. "Ah, my dear," was her motherly greet-

ing while holding Maneta at a distance as though to appraise her. "You are worthy of him. Be good to him. He is fine, fine gold." Alfred, looking proudly on, caught the radiance of his wife's eyes in her answer. "He is a saint," she said. "I have but to pray to him and my prayers come true."

Through the house they went arm in arm, he pointing out this, she exclaiming over that. And the evening found them on the side porch looking at a big- slow moon crawling up from the eucalyptus grove. "Alfred," she said, "it is nearly five years since that day my parents and I stood here and listened to your plan for me." She stopped as though her remembrance was audible and would speak for her. "My husband, I am sometimes afraid I am not worth all your trouble for me. I am afraid I am a little bit bad here." She laid her hand on her heart.

He laughed at her serious face. "You bad, Maneta? Your faults are other people's graces, dear child. But for you how could I ever know the extreme happiness of life. Are you happy, dear one; as happy as I?"

"Your heart sings," she cried out ecstatically, raising her head from his breast. "You are happy for love of me. Yes, I am quite, quite happy," she murmured softly, her eyes brooding in the moonlight. "Only you must not be too happy," she added beseechingly. "The nuns say all happiness is fleeting, and to pin your happiness to no man, no woman. My husband, you will always love me? Just as tonight?" He kissed her. "Always, like this?"

"Always, Maneta, just as I have always loved you from that first moment there in the grape-vines." They sat silent a long time. Several times she sighed. . . . Like the sea waves that roll in on long sure rollers breaking into foam off Point Conception on lazy summer days so did each day roll over Alfred Buehler's heart, flooding it with the music of Maneta's voice, the beauty of her presence, the sanctity of her spirit, the foamy ripples of her laughter. He felt himself poised on the crested wave of happiness, and exultant as a seabird he rode thereon asking nothing more of life.

But when the second June came around life lifted him yet a little higher on the crested wave. His daughter was born, a tiny replica of that pale- dull-eyed Maneta lying upstairs in the great west room; a Maneta remaining pale and lusterless a long, long while after coming downstairs out into the shady, flowering garden where the little Maneta was already breathing

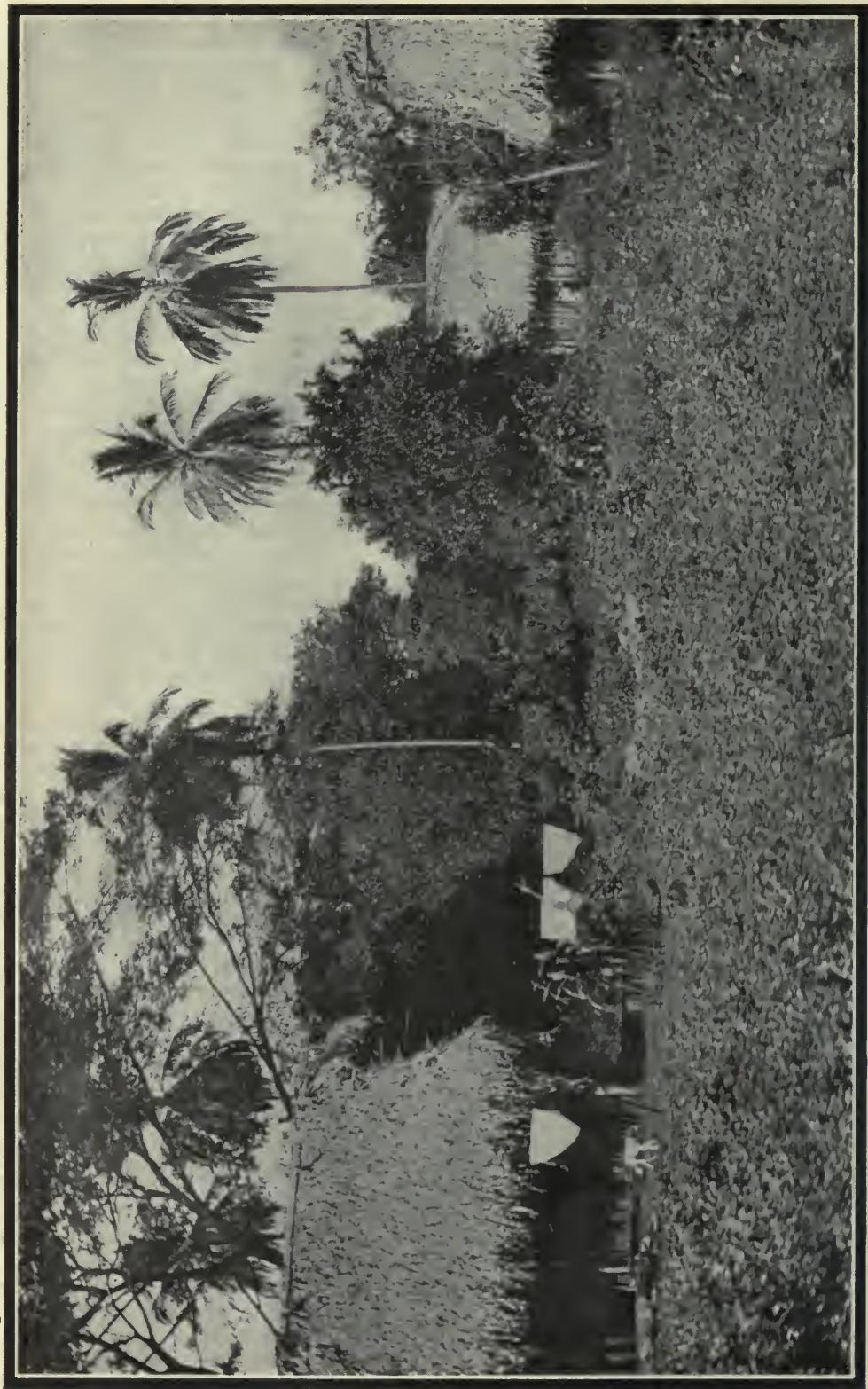
in long draughts of air in her wicker carriage. In delight of his daughter Alfred was dulled to the change in Maneta.

For Maneta was changed. The doctor forbade her to nurse the child. She had nothing to do those long summer hours but look at her baby, her husband, the sky, her idle hands. A great weariness lay upon her, and her spirit sagged and drowsed, and took to making speculations in its most venturesome moments, about her parents back in Tia Juana, the gifts she had sent them often at Alfred's request, her brothers and sisters so far away in memory even. Her hands, dark and slim, with their beautiful rings, used often almost to speak to her, telling her of the joy they had had in working at the vines so long ago, more recently at the piano keys neglected of late. They seemed to plead with her for work to do. Mrs. Purcell's embroideries were indifferently turned away, and her fingers remained inert, reproaching her for their feebleness. Alfred taking her lassitude as a matter of course, took her motoring. They entertained and were entertained among their neighbors. Impromptu musicales being the thing of the moment, Maneta was in demand. He gloried in her voice as much as in his happiness.

But it was at the Morrell home that August that the crest wave of his joy turned ever so slightly and began to go under. An Alex Fielding, Mrs. Morrell's cousin, himself a distinguished musical critic with a voice of no mean attainment, had come on a visit from the East. This evening the most musical of the neighborhood was spread before him in the Buehlers' great low-ceiled redwood-panelled living room of which Fielding was the beacon light. He presided at the piano; he talked, he laughed, he sang. Maneta looked at him a little wearily until he sang. His short-cropped mustache, his merry, though sentimental eyes, did not besiege her fancy at all.

But when he sang! It was a new thing in those parts, a Barcarolle given in France, which she didn't understand. But before he finished it the lassitude of months seemed to drop from her; she felt free again, and soaring. Her friends were encoring him tremendously. She began to clap. And her husband beamed at her interest. Everything Fielding sang sent her soaring. Now she was in the blue hills again gathering hyacinths and wild lilies; now looking into some dusk-filled canyon, now crooning to her baby, now flying toward the sun as in dreams drenched with music, the music of his

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The Industrial Crisis In Hawaii

By LILLIE PARKS GUNNELL.



Surf-riders of Hawaii

By April of this year, labor conditions in Hawaii had reached an acute stage.

Notwithstanding the fact that he had already sent in his resignation to the new administration, Governor Charles J. McCarthy recognized the urgent necessity for immediate action.

He believed the labor question to be one of sufficient importance to the territory, and to the nation, to justify its being presented to the Territorial Legislature and to Congress as a legislative measure; and that no remedy for this serious condition could be provided except by Federal action in permitting the immigration of available laborers under appropriate conditions and limitations.

Therefore, as Governor of the Territory and representative of its entire citizenship, he ad-

dressed the Territorial Legislature and submitted a draft of Concurrent Resolutions embodying his ideas of what should be done in the premises, and the recommendations which should be made to Congress.

In his address, Governor McCarthy briefly reviewed certain well known facts relative to labor and industrial conditions, and stated his belief that unless some means of relief were speedily found, the territory was bound to suffer irreparable loss resulting in the areas of sugar cane and pineapple production being of necessity greatly reduced. He called attention to the fact that thousands of acres of productive rice land had been abandoned due to lack of labor; that a large portion of the coffee crop of 1920 could not be harvested; that the

same conditions continued to exist this present year, which meant a severe loss to the coffee planters, the greater portion of whom were citizens of moderate means and unable to withstand the loss even for one year; that this shortage of labor could not fail to result in the reduction of all cultivated areas.

When it is considered that the entire industrial life of the territory is based on agriculture, and that all the citizens of the islands, either directly or indirectly, are dependent upon the successful prosecution of that industry, it is not difficult to realize what a critical situation exists. The production of sufficient of the essential food supplies for the support of the inhabitants, both civil and military, is vitally necessary both in normal times and in periods of possible emergency.

Hawaii is of supreme importance to the Nation as a military outpost, and increasingly so. Lying, as it does, twenty-one hundred miles out from the mainland, as a matter of precaution against possible contingencies, even if for no other reason, agriculture should not only be protected and encouraged, but should be maintained at its highest efficiency.

In the draft of Concurrent Resolutions as submitted to the Territorial Legislature by Governor McCarthy, it was suggested, "that the Congress of the United States of America be urgently and respectfully requested to provide by appropriate legislation for the introduction or immigration into the Territory of Hawaii of such a sufficient number of persons, including orientals, as may be required to meet the situation above outlined, and to overcome the said acute labor shortage in the said agricultural industries, but in such numbers, only, as will not operate to increase the number of persons of any alien nationality in the Territory at any one time beyond twenty-five per cent of the total population of the Territory, and upon such conditions as will provide for the admission of such persons into the Territory of Hawaii, only for limited periods of time and as will limit their employment to agricultural labor and domestic service and provide for and secure their return to their respective countries upon the expiration of such limited periods of time, or upon such other conditions and limitations as the Congress may deem advisable."

That the Hawaii Emergency Labor Commission was created and has been in Washington for some time is a matter of general knowledge.

In a personal interview relative to labor in the sugar industry, Governor McCarthy said, "When the sugar industry was in its infancy

and up to the time of the Chinese Exclusion Act, we had Chinese labor, which was in all respects satisfactory, and later, up to 1917, there was an increasing amount of Japanese labor. "Since that time no Japanese and only about 23,000 Filipinos have been brought in.

"In the intervening period conditions have become revolutionized; because large areas, dry and unfit for cane and heretofore used as pasture, are now utilized for a constantly increasing production of pineapples. It necessitates an additional and vast amount of labor to produce 6,000,000 cases of pineapples per year. While the area of cultivation has been greatly increased the amount of labor has remained practically stationary. The shortage, according to present indications, will steadily increase from year to year unless special and adequate provision be speedily made to supply the demand.

"This year's sugar crop, which should have been taken off in July, cannot be taken care of before January or perhaps March, 1922. This long delay—in addition to the low price of sugar—will entail a heavy loss to the planters since it will prevent getting in the new crop on time. Cane requires a year and a half in which to mature, and three crops are kept growing at the same time.

"In all sugar producing countries cheap labor is imperative. Up to recent years about the same maximum of wages has prevailed in the islands as in other sugar producing countries. However, the present plan by which the producers contract with syndicates for labor, has been found more satisfactory both to labor and to the planters. In addition to a basic wage of thirty dollars per month with free house, fuel and medical attendance, the laborers get a percentage of the sugar. This change of plan, together with the introduction of more up-to-date and effective methods of production has resulted in some cases in twenty men doing the work of one hundred.

"Labor conditions here are entirely different from those on the mainland. White labor is not only not available, but even if it were possible to obtain it, whites could not stand the work on the plantations in this climate, which is especially suited to orientals."

Referring to the request to Congress for the admission of no more than twenty-five per cent of any one nationality, Governor McCarthy said, "The Japanese already have a population of more than the proposed per cent.

"It is not considered that the plan to bring
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The Royalist

By Elizabeth Parvin Schumann
H. Shelby Holbrook

The host of "The Red Flag," in the half-hearted embrace of his largest armchair sat in the parlor of the inn and meditated. He was considering the wisdom of renewing the life of the blaze in the "pjetch" or brick oven, and continuing his vigil in the hope that some weary traveler would yet sound the brass knocker and require lodgings for the night.

He stared questioningly at the picture of Tchawkewsky over the oven, as though soliciting the Dictator's advice in the matter. The portrait frowned down on him, and assured him that all good men should be in bed at this unholy hour, and that the path of wisdom lay up the stairs, which led from the right hand corner of the room to the chambers overhead. The portrait might also have been reproving the host for a change of sign without a change of heart, for even while pondering the sagacity of the Dictator's advice, the host recalled the encouraging way that the kingly predecessor had looked down in answer to that same question, many a night only a few years ago.

"Wait a bit. Something may happen. Who knows?"

The prediction of the adventurous Romanoff's eyes had often been fulfilled. In those days "His Majesty's Arms," as the inn was then called, had sheltered many a jovial gathering, had heard many a graceful toast to royalty and beauty, had seen the quick flush of insulted honor, had thrilled to the clash of avenging swords. What gayety, what riotous songs and stories had filled this room during the months when a regiment had been quartered in the district. And death and tragedy had stalked in, side by side with love and romance. He had never forgotten those scenes. And sometimes he had even taken part in them. On a bitter cold night, years ago, he had concealed a political convict (who had escaped from the gendarmes) in an empty vodka barrel. The convict turned out to be a woman—the woman who had shot a Grand Duke, for other than political reasons. But that is another story.

The dry cold, the howling wind and his own mood, all reminded him of that night. The gendarmes had acted so sheepish, like ordinary mortals, when they failed to find their quarry. It was true that the gendarmes were cruel men.

And the regime of the Romanoffs had meant oppression, increased taxation, conspiracy and discontent. But he could not blame the monarch. That sad-eyed man who had lost his throne was ready to grant a constitution. He had loved his people, would have lifted their burdens if he too had not been oppressed—by lying ministers, and false councillors and a German wife. Had not mine host overhead many things from the lips of nobles "in their cups," and did he not know by heart his father's story of the time he saw the Tsar, who was not yet Tsar but a pretty boy of seven years. Was there less oppression now? he asked himself. On the contrary, conditions were worse, and Russia almost denationalized, had exchanged Royal for Bourgeois rulers.

The host heaved a huge sigh, rose from his chair, and shook out the last glowing embers of the fire.

"Well," he said to the frowning picture, "it looks like you are to be my only guest tonight."

He tried the bars on the door and windows, gave a last turn to the faucets of the wine barrels, lit his candle, and began to climb the stairs. Half way up he paused and listened, holding his candlestick poised above his head. Hoof beats! Now a little louder!

"Might be on the road from Kazatin. Yes—it was. So that woman had come, flying through the night on her panting horse, on the road from Kazatin.

The innkeeper turned around to hear better. He speculated on the possibility of the rider stopping at the inn, and waited on the stair to see whether the approaching traveler would stop or gallop on. The thump of the hoof-beats grew very distinct. The horse had evidently been ridden hard, for there was a sound of weariness in their heavy clatter. No doubt the rider must stop. The horse could not last many hours longer, and it was a full hour's ride from "The Red Flag" to any of the inns along the coast. It would be more than a night's ride to Odessa.

The host, now reassured by the slackened pace, carefully descended the stairs. A heavy banging on the door hurried him across the parlor, and made him call out as he slipped back the bars of the door.

"All right, sir, all right."

He swung back the massive door, and held up the candle to see what manner of man the traveler might be.

At the first glimpse shown by the flickering light, the good host gave such a sudden start that he almost dropped the candlestick. The traveler might have been the incarnation of the picture that had given place to Tchawkewsky. For several seconds the host stood staring at his prospective guest, while the flame of the candle flared, and the stranger's long cloak flapped in the wind. The horse panted heavily. The Tsar was dead—had been killed by the Bolsheviks—and yet. But this man was decidedly younger, and wore no beard.

Under the influence of this impression, the host stepped back into the parlor, and with a deferential gesture, invited the guest to enter. It did not occur to him to ask questions. The man bowed slightly as he strode through the door.

"Care for the horse well, my man. I fear I have ridden him over hard."

He flung himself into the chair before the oven, but his long limbs did not relax, as one would expect of a weary traveler. The host hustled about the room, assuring his guest of lights and fire and a hearty meal with all possible speed, but the guest cut him short.

"Look to the poor beast first—we've come a long way today."

The stranger's voice, too, was hauntingly familiar. It was deep and vibrating. It had a ring of good-fellowship, that again stirred the memories of the host, and yet it contained an undertone that set the good host about lighting his lantern in preparation to lead the rider's horse to the stables. When he reached the door, he paused again to falter: "But, sir—some refreshment. You-er-yourself——"

The man in the chair turned.

"Did you speak?"

"Some refreshment for yourself. I have a nice little barrel of vodka, some Quass, and I have a choice bottle of Madeira, just a step downstairs. I shall be very, very glad to——"

"Very well!" The man shrugged his shoulders, once more resumed his meditative posture, and glared into space.

The host looked curiously at his guest.

"It has been in our cellar since the time of my grandfather. But you shall see," he assured him as he disappeared into the hall.

The guest had neither moved nor turned his head when the innkeeper returned. He did not notice the expression of tender concern on the innkeeper's face as he wiped the thirty year's

dust from the bottle and filled the tumbler. Nor did he see the extended glass, until mine host had twice called attention to it.

He drained the glass in one long drink, and again bade the host hasten to lead away the horse to a comfortable stall. The host took up his lantern without more ado, and went out.

The man now removed his riding gauntlets and cap, and shook back a curly dark lock that fell across his brow. He leaned his head against the high back of the chair, and his glance now fell on the picture that hung over the fire.

He sprang to his feet, and looked quickly about the room. He gave Tchawkewsky as fierce a frown as he received, then he smiled, and bowed so low that the fur cap in his hand brushed the floor.

"If all goes well, my lord Dictator, you will not hang there long."

He threw his cap on the table and began to pace the room. A little more than a day's ride and he would reach the coast and his fellow conspirators, who were on like missions in various localities. Another night would see them under sail with plans and pledges for the reception of the army from B—. Did he not have with him the written pledge of the de-throned Nicholas, that he would grant numerous liberties, institute many reforms, even reign as President if so they desired, if in this way he might see Russia again a nation, if he might give back to her the self-respect which a deserting army, a reign of terror, and traitorous leaders had taken from her. With such a promise, and the pledges of aid—with men and ammunition—which he had received from other sources could he fail? Another month and the Romanoff banner would again wave in the Russian breeze.

But if all did not go well! If their plans should be discovered—if the papers he carried should be intercepted, the king of B— would refuse his aid, and the hopes of the Royalists would be crushed so completely that years would pass before they could possibly be revived.

And more would be lost than the Romanoff cause. The lives of the brave men who had pledged hearts and fortunes to place the true king on his hereditary throne, would be lost, if Tchawkewsky's spies learned of the plot then toward. For while the king was comparatively safe in a monastery, his ardent supporters were laboring in his interests within the very reach of Tchawkewsky's iron arm.

His own efforts had been unceasing, and he had not grudged them. Not grudged—nay, who

had been more eager to fling upon the scale of fate every hope in life—life itself! And it seems that life was not enough. He must, nay had already chosen between the woman he loved and the cause to which he was pledged. She had always sympathized with his efforts, had confessed that his selfless attitude toward the cause of Russia had won her love. She had seen as clearly as himself that Russia's only hope lay in the restoration of law and order, that anarchy with its attendant fear and murder can never bring freedom. Marya and he had often talked, even when such a hope had seemed wildly impossible, of the time when Russia would have her rightful ruler, her constitution, and of the reforms, in schools, in prisons, in methods of taxation. The peasants would be given an opportunity to study, to be enlightened, to rise from the gloom and poverty of centuries. He could not believe that this girl was the same Marya Alexandrevna whom he had seen tonight. Her face seemed chiseled upon his eyelids. He had not thought it could look so cold and hard.

"Run back to your precious Tsar," she had cried, "and bear him this as my tribute. I gladly give him all the hours, henceforth, that I may have expected you to devote to me!"

She had left him with this farewell. Yet she knew that he must ride at once, that he must pass through many dangers, and perhaps engage in battle before she should see him again. He knew now that he might never see her again. He had not thought the lips that had sung the praises of the king, that had urged him on in the cause with utmost zeal, could have uttered treacherous words—words treacherous to himself, and to her country. It seemed as if some demon attendant repeated them over and over in his ear all these hours, and they cut him more deeply with each repetition. How could she have been so void of understanding and sympathy at such a time. This was not an affair to be left to chance. It demanded the greatest prudence. True, an hour's delay at "Troubetskoy," Count Alexandrevna's estate, might not bring about the slightest mishap. Still Tchawkewsky's men watched closely. And since the count, Marya's father, had managed to save something from his estate from the raids of the Bolsheviks, his friends would be regarded with increased suspicion. The sooner he was out of Russia the better.

He smiled as he thought of Marya's assurance that she would get him away by strategy, if any danger should arise by his delay. She had ever a reckless and impulsive nature.

"In fact," she declared with a laugh, "I should welcome the adventure heartily. How else can we women really do anything for the Cause?"

"By sacrificing an hour's time," he had replied gravely.

Then she had flashed forth her sudden scorn. Alas, her tribute must also be his sacrifice. For she had wounded the love he had felt for her. Her face could never appear otherwise than cold and hard. Her words still beat against his ears—cold and hard—as the iron of a horse's shoe on the frozen road outside. They beat time to a distant galloping.

Then he became aware that the nearing gallop meant, possibly, other guests at the inn. Could his identity and mission have been discovered? He listened. There was only one horse approaching. He could certainly protect himself against any one man.

The host had not returned from the stables, when the newcomer drew up at the door. The listener inside slipped back the bolt, threw open the door, and stood looking out with his hand on his pistol. In the path of the light outside stood a man. His slim figure was wrapped in a great cloak. His face was shadowed, and half hidden by the brim of a soft felt hat. A mere boy! The man inside unconsciously withdrew the hand from his pocket.

"Who are you?" the youth demanded, attempting to speak coolly. The voice was highly pitched and slightly tremulous.

"Why do you ask?" came from the doorway.

After a pause the young man replied more steadily.

"I have a message for you."

"For me? Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

"From whom?"

The young man stepped into the doorway and looked about the room.

"Spasi Tsarstwa!" he said under his breath. (Save the Kingdom.)

"Ruskoye Tsarstwa," answered the other quickly. (The Russian Kingdom.)

Then he added, "You come from?"

"Are you alone?" the young man asked.

"Quite. No one is about the place. The host is in the stable with my horse. Your message is from?"

"Countess Troubetskoya."

The older man caught him by the arm.

"What is it?" he breathed.

The youth glanced over his shoulder before he again whispered:

"Ride without delay and as fast as horse can carry you!"

The man dropped the other's arm instantly. He drew himself up.

"Tell the Countess," he said coldly, "that I shall lose no time in delivering her tribute."

The young man clutched his arm, and would have shaken him but for the strength to do so.

"You are quite mistaken!" His voice again showed agitation, and again he controlled it, and went on in a whisper. "Tchawkewsky's men are on your trail. The Countess has thrown them off, but it is only a delay at best. They will be here soon."

The older man folded his arms and gave the messenger an incredulous stare.

"Will you do me the honor to tell me to whom I am indebted for this information?"

The young man replied quickly: "Tis no matter. The servant of Countess Troubetzkoya."

"And am I to understand that the Countess is so solicitous concerning my safety?"

"Most surely."

"I fear that I cannot believe that."

"Believe as you will!" cried the messenger. "But for the love of the Cause, ride on at once!"

The man inside did not even unfold his arms.

"You come to me tonight with the password of those who are loyal to our country. I must trust you. The Countess, too, is loyal—after her fashion. But do you really wish me to believe that she is solicitous for the Cause?"

"Certainly!"

"I doubt it." Again the cold, grave tones.

"Sir, I swear to you, by my honor! I am telling you the truth."

"You forget that I have known the Countess—well—for many years. Her caprices are charming—when they do not involve the lives and fortunes of men and nations."

"Then I know her far better than you, sir. For I know that her very soul—her very heart is set on the Cause for which you ride."

"Her very heart—her very soul!" The man's arms flung out, and he drew back from the stranger. "It is scarce ten hours since I heard from her own lips, that which gives your words the lie!"

"Then let my words give yours the lie." The young man replied quickly. "I know that what I tell you is true."

The other man's brows contracted, and he said in a low, tense voice: "Retract that or it will cost you your life. The men of my house do not suffer an insult, even from the noblest," he added.

The young man's eyes blazed.

"Not a word!" he cried. "It is true!"

The other strode to the table, snatched up one of his gloves, and flung it into the speaker's face.

The young man turned a furious red, then paled so that the glove was a scarlet brand upon his cheek. He drew a small revolver, lifted the glove on the muzzle, and tossed it toward his opponent. It fell midway between them and lay unheeded.

The man with the bared head did not draw. He knew that his own skill was above the average, and the boy was young.

"I fear I have the advantage of years and practice," he said. "Is there any condition you would care to—"

"I can manage my weapon," returned the youth defiantly, as he whipped his gun in the air to try his wrist, and displayed a long, white, slender hand.

The challenger had seen many a hand like this play a blade gallantly, or wing a duck in full flight. Therefore he felt no compunction as he drew his own weapon.

"At your own risk then," he said as they faced each other across the room.

The good host, returning with his lantern saw the flash and heard a single report. He stopped, unable to move through the doorway. The guest, who bore such a strange resemblance to the Romanoffs, must also have brought to life in the peaceful parlor the spirits who had peopled the host's dreams that same evening. He remained staring, until he saw that his guest held a smoking pistol, and that the other slight figure half staggered against the table.

The host hastened forward still holding the lantern.

"Are you hurt, sir?" he said as he bent over the young man.

The other combatant had lowered his weapon and stood waiting for his opponent to speak. But as the light from the host's lantern fell on the pale, upturned face of the messenger, he started forward.

"My God! Marya—in Heaven's name—what are you doing here?"

The girl straightened up in his arms, lifted her head and smiled.

"Warning you! Hurry—leave at once. They follow close behind."

"And leave you?" He crushed her lips against his own, and pressed her to his heart, as if he would never leave her again. Her head drooped against his shoulder and he became alarmed.

"Some wine—quick!"

The host fetched a glass and the man held to the girl's lips some of the wine with which he had been refreshed.

"Ah!" she cried suddenly, as she caught sight of the innkeeper. "I did not know that you were still here, Andre Leonyavitch."

"Yes, my lady. But your father, the good Count, has never spent a night in this inn, since I had to change the name. I have never changed in heart, my lady——"

The man interrupted the host's eager offer of service.

"Your wound, dear. Are you hurt?"

"No," she replied as she sipped the wine. "Frightened—you see, my revolver wasn't loaded, and I dodged before you fired. My sleeve was grazed, that is all."

"My God! Why did you fight with me, Marya? If I had—had—I can't say it—killed you!"

"Why?" she blazed. "You ask?"

His face crimsoned and he kissed her fingers contritely.

"I wouldn't have hurt you for all the world. Why didn't you tell me who you were?"

"Because I knew you would not leave me here alone. But you must go at once. See, I am quite well," as she walked about the room to demonstrate her strength. She rolled up her sleeve and releaved a slight burn.

"I am only a little scratched. And I shall be as safe here—with Andre, as I should be in my own home. He has known me since I was a child and is devoted to my father. Therefore I shall spend the night here and ride back by day. But you must go on. Some one has betrayed you. They will soon discover that they are on the wrong trail. Oh, go at once! Every moment brings them nearer!"

The host added his entreaties.

"I will take care of the Countess as if she were my daughter. But go!"

He disregarded them.

"How did you discover all this, Marya?" he asked.

"When I left you, I passed a room where my cousin, Ivan Basilovitch, and three other—citizens—they call themselves, but they are really gendarmes, were having a heated discussion with my father. They had traced a royalist conspirator to our house, and my father was trying to prevent a search. He loathes Ivan for going over to the other side, and I was afraid he would begin to reproach him in the presence of the others. I entered in time, and laughed to scorn the idea that we were sheltering a conspirator. Ivan always gets furious

when I laugh at him. I knew that he would search the house three times." She laughed. "I hurried into these clothes—father's—and I've ridden like mad. Now go, dearest. You have lost too much time already."

She pushed him gently from her and turned to the host.

"Have you a fresh horse?"

"That I have, my lady, and the swiftest one in my stables is none too good for the Cause."

He picked up his lantern and opened the door, but turned about in great agitation.

"Oh, there is not time, my lord! They are coming. They will be here in five minutes."

The thundering clatter of the pursuing party could be distinctly heard.

The girl clutched his arm desperately.

"Oh, hide!"

"But you, Marya. I'd make a stand against them but for the papers. And I can't leave you," he added.

"I'll be safer if you are not discovered," she said. "Ivan is in command, and I can always manage him. But if they found you, and—oh, hurry, they are almost at the door."

The man darted a quick glance about the room.

"The oven, sir," cried the host in a hoarse whisper. "There is no fire. You can crouch inside. 'Tis the only place."

A quick embrace, a "Bohzi charonyi" (God keep you) and he was out of sight.

Almost immediately there was a bang at the door. The girl pulled her hat well over her face, drew her cloak about her and sank into the armchair near the fire. The host opened the door and was nearly brushed over by the incoming "citizens." The commander eyed him severely and demanded: "Has a guest arrived within an hour?"

The host stammered: "Why-er-sir, yes," and glanced toward the figure before the oven.

The commander's eye followed. He strode over and laid a hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Sir, you are my prisoner."

The soft hat lifted slowly, and revealed a sweetly smiling face.

"Am I, Ivan?"

Ivan started back with a smothered oath.

"What are you doing here, Marya Alexandrevna?"

The girl rose and made a sweeping bow.

"Saving you a great disappointment." She laughed at their blank dismay.

"Let me see! Did you not describe your royalist? He had dark hair, a broad-brimmed hat, and a great cloak. He was to stop at "The

Red Flag" tonight. He had been at our house. Well, Ivan, you know you would have been disappointed if you had to go back to Headquarters without a good chase.

"Do you realize that this is a government offense?"

"Oh," she answered in French, "I thought you were heart and soul for the movement of 'Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite,' and especially no law."

Ivan turned on the host savagely.

"Is this your only guest tonight?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have seen this man before, sir," remarked one of the other men.

"Do you remember the time I searched here for Sophie Perewskoya, and found her hidden? You said it was without your knowledge. You might now be concealing the man for whom we are looking."

"If I did aid the woman you mention, and I do not admit it, I could hardly sympathize with a royalist now," said the host.

Marya laughed, and asked archly: "Why don't you search the house, Ivan?"

Ivan swallowed his rage.

"Is that your horse outside?" he demanded.

"Don't you know your own horse?"

Even the men were laughing now.

"Vasil was right! He must have been making for Kiev, and he will go to Petrograd by rail."

Ivan looked at Marya again.

"'Tis lucky for you, my lady, that I am in command. You will get in serious trouble some day with your wild tricks. If you are quite ready to abandon your role, perhaps you will ride back with me?"

"Then I must bid farewell to the royalist! Dare I wish myself God-speed, Ivan? Oh, 'tis no matter. I thank you, my good host, for your hospitality. If ever a poor royalist comes this way, treat him kindly, for my sake."

The host stood in the doorway and watched them ride off. When they were out of sight, he led forth a fresh horse, but not until they were out of hearing, did he call the man from his hiding place. He could not be induced to accept a reward, and declared himself honored to have served an envoy of the king.

The man drew a seal ring from his finger.

"Keep this, then, in remembrance of tonight."

He sprang to the saddle and galloped off.

The host barred his massive door for the last time that night, and smiled as he looked at the picture of the frowning Dictator. He could hear the hoofbeats dying away on the road to the sea.

THE WANDERLUST

By Harry Hoyt.

I hear the Wanderlust a'calling,
So I'll amble on my way.
There's little use to argue,
For the Voice will have its way.

It will lure me from the fireside,
And the comfort of my home,
Into strange and foreign places
That my sight has not yet known.

It will take me from the darkness
Of Monotony's cold sway,
And will guide me to the sunshine
In some country far away.

And in that country lies a Romance
That my mind can clearly see,
Beckoning from out the distance
To my Wanderlust and me.

And I will find contentment,
In this new land for a while;
In the paleness of the moonlight
And the softness of a smile.

In the whispers of the night-wind,
In the swaying of the trees,
In the gladness of the sunshine,
And the humming of the bees.

And then! Pied Piper to my reason
Floats a voice across the lea,
Urging me to hunt still farther
For the sights that I may see.

So I'll chase another rainbow
In the hopes of what may be,
And go on and on forever—
Just my Wanderlust and me.

The Pursuit of Ideal Right

By J. H. Campbell
(Second Paper)

The rights of man are sometimes spoken of as jural rights, or God given rights, existing independently of any law and preceding the organization of society and also as economic and arbitrary rights. But on close and careful analysis it will be found that economic and arbitrary rights are only sequences of the jural rights and intended to secure their full protection and enjoyment. These Heaven bestowed rights precede all constitutions and statutes and decisions. They existed before the judge was born—before his court was established. These rights did not need to be created by the action of man. They always existed. Every religion recognizes this view as a concept of theology. It was a tenet even of the pagan philosophers. The case men in effect deny this theory by their exaltation of decisions which the deciding judges may reject the next month or the next year.

The Declaration of Independence proclaims that "all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among them are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men," and when the government neglects or abandons this purpose it should be overthrown. Upon this view lies the true foundation of the law, the true ideal toward which lawyers should strive constantly, and the only magic key to the solution of all legal problems —namely, the view that rights are not human inventions, but are a natural incident of man's existence; that the same Divine Being who gave man existence gave him also his rights in that existence, and that the great function of governments, legislatures and courts is to secure and protect these rights. He who is convinced of the soundness of this view can never give himself up to the worship of the case. A case is of value when it supports one or more of these Creator-endowed rights. It is vicious and worthless when opposed to them.

It seems highly incongruous that a case teacher should write a text book; such a writer is chargeable with being recreant to the cause. Yet several current treatises come from such a source. Among the authors are Professor Woodward of the Northwestern University, Professor Keener of Harvard University and Judge McLain, formerly of the University of Iowa

and more recently of Stanford University. Dean Wigmore's supplemental volume to his work on evidence is the most forceful anti-case book known to the writer, for it is very largely given up to the condemnation of a multitude of precedents upon the ground that the court in each case had failed to discover the true principle upon which to base the decision. The greatest and noblest function of the treatise writer is the exposure and rejection of unsound decisions. Lawyers of the old regime, trained to rest their conclusions solely upon principle and not upon other men's conclusions, as Mr. Phelps says, never hesitated to refuse assent to a decision which seemed unfounded in reason. "It is not the law," they confidently declared.

In 1892 The American Bar Association endorsed a report setting forth in substance these doctrines: The modern view of the nature of human law leads directly to a natural and practical plan of elementary study. Its subject matter is those relations of men to the state or under the state to each other which are the necessary result of membership in a political community. These relations exist before the law and are regulated—not created—by it. They give rise to rights and duties. It makes no difference in practical effect whether the right or duty is so plain that all must own it, or one resting on some positive enactment. The elements of the law, therefore, must be taught and formally taught to every student, with due regard to their history, but first with regard to their essential character.

"Principles not cases," says Professor Baldwin of the Yale Law School, "are the building stones of the law here and everywhere, now and always."

The natural result of teaching by cases solely is well illustrated by this incident: A famous case teacher recently presented to his students a case supporting one side of a question and then a case holding the contrary view, and, finally, advised the class that because of the conflict of authority it was not prudent to sue upon a claim so arising. This is the tendency of the case system. It promotes inaction and often defeats justice when the principle contended for is absolutely sound, but there are no cases in point or the cases are all adverse. This idea entirely ignores the ideal right in the case.

An eminent justice of an appellate court, in a recent address to law students of his state, very aptly and lucidly set forth the relation of principle to precedent by saying in substance: "If you feel sure that the principle for which you contend is sound, do not be disheartened by a decision adverse to you in the lower court, and even though you can find no precedent upon the question, still come to us assured that if the upper court agrees with your judgment, you will be sustained regardless of the lack of precedent; again, if your reason convinces you that you are right, but the cases are in hopeless conflict, do not hesitate on that account to come to us, and, beyond all that, if your study and reflection persuade you that your cause is righteous, but every precedent you find upon the subject is adverse to you, still come to us." In this light the principle is everything, the precedent in itself is nothing, and the success of many brave lawyers fighting confidently for the right against a formidable array of decisions have verified the wisdom of the advice. The accumulation of precedents in the last fifty, or even in the last twenty, years has become a matter of anxiety and alarm to the courts. It is impossible even now to study or in many cases to verify the citations of the attorneys. Upon every difficult question there are hosts of conflicting authorities, and as the result a growing distrust of the infallibility of precedents. A conviction is gaining strength that in the maze of decisions skillful guides are needed, and that these are to be found only in the treatises of learned and experienced specialists.

What judge would not prefer the opinion of Greenleaf or Jones or Chamberlayne on a question of evidence to that of any court in the land, even the very highest? Accordingly, never were the best treatises in such favor with the courts as now. Never were precedents of such little weight.

The favor extended to treatises need not be regretted. It works for a good end—namely, the exaltation of principle over precedent; the promotion of the ideal right. A court cannot create a principle. It can only declare that it exists. The principle is pre-existent. It rests upon a primal right which existed before the judge was born, before the court was organized, before there were any decisions or statutes or constitutions. A decision which is contrary to the true principle is of no value or stability—the principle is eternal; the precedent ephemeral, save as the principle gives it vitality. A famous practice lawyer once took an appeal, and, as he believed, followed the statute exactly in making up his bill of exceptions. The su-

preme court held that the bill was fatally defective and could not be considered. This view was adhered to in every similar case for over thirty years, and then the court concluded that the attorney was right, and in effect reversed its long line of rulings as against the true principle. For an equal length of time it was held that the legislature could reduce the time of redemption from a foreclosure sale and affect existing mortgages, and then all these precedents were annihilated by a decision that the statute, so far as it impaired the obligation of outstanding contracts, was void. For many years our supreme court went astray as to the nature of a preliminary examination and looked upon it as a kind of preliminary trial, circumscribed by the original complaint, which was treated as a pleading, but finally returned to what is surely the true conception, that such an examination is merely an inquiry into evidence.

That an appellant has fifty cases of his own supreme court to fortify his contention is no guarantee that some intervening case will not sweep them all away before his case is reached.

As among trial judges a subject sometimes falls to the member of the bench least fitted to deal with it, so in the appellate tribunal a case is not always assigned to the justice who may be specially equipped to dispose of it. For example, no such judge, however skillful and learned in the law of negligence, would desire to take all the railway damage cases, and so many must go to the other members of the court. It is claimed that about three-fourths of the cases are determined on points of pleading or procedure, and the judge does not consider the subject in each case as a whole, but perhaps only a special point, and so no court is supplying on any subject a substitute for a treatise on that subject. How delighted every judge would be if in writing his decision he could have at his elbow as counsellor and adviser the ablest author on that subject, for judges rarely have the best library at hand and would never have time to get the full use of it if it were at hand. Upon difficult points, as lawyers have noted, it must inevitably result that a decision often depends upon the relative ability of the respective attorneys. In the redemption cases it was known to many lawyers for a long time that the supreme court would surely reverse its long line of rulings as soon as the Federal status of the question and the uniform decisions of the supreme court of the United States as to such rulings were presented. Judge Brunt of the appellate division of the supreme court of New York, addressing an audience of young lawyers, said there was a ten-

dency to rely too much upon precedent, and warned them against this view. "Study principles first," said he, "and take up cases later."

To abandon the treatise and the lecture is to forego the rich harvest of the labors of the most famous specialists of all past time. The result of this course appears in principle when a case physician goes confidently upon the stand as an expert witness, expecting that his extended experience will enable him to shine the more, the more he is examined, without a renewed intimacy with the great medical authors. How pitiable a spectacle is the mortifying discomfiture of the doctor in the hands of a skillful cross examiner. The lawyer, though devoid of medical experience, has at his finger tips all the learning of the ablest authorities on the subject. There can be but one result often witnessed. The physician leaves the stand discredited before the jury and the crowd in attendance. There is usually a secondary result, for the physician with the bladder of his self conceit shrunken to nothing will probably cease to be a case physician and devote himself to the standard treatises no matter how great his experience, and when he is to be called as a witness will cram himself with special assiduity and unremitting study of all the approved works.

The treatises of the best legal authors are so high at present in judicial favor that alarm is created in some minds at this exaltation of "secondary authority," but by the express provision of the California code such a treatise is not secondary authority in that state. Moreover, which is more reliable, the so-called secondary authority itself or a decision which rests chiefly, perhaps wholly, upon that authority? And which is secondary then, the treatise or the decision based upon it. Those who are now exalting the treatises are the same men who make the precedents and therefore know at first hand their want of infallibility. If we call a certain case primary authority, we may find that it is based expressly upon the "secondary authority" of the judge's favorite author and guide as to the topic under consideration—Kent or Greenleaf or Story or Parsons. But it is never the treatise which is exalted; it is always the principle enunciated in it.

Courts of general jurisdiction are not constantly trying cases on the same subject, and cases on precisely the same point are rarer still, and while a case is under consideration, the judge may have many other cases on widely different branches of the law to distract his attention. It may be that the attorney on the side which should not prevail is the ablest mem-

ber of the local bar and the attorney on the just side one of the weakest—one whom the Lord intended to hoe corn or chop wood, but who became a lawyer through the foolish ambition of his parents. The judge may be the least familiar of all the members of the court with the subject and the point in the case book may have been the least important of a dozen embraced in the case.

As the flood of litigation increases, the number of points pressed upon the attention of the courts also increases. Every hair of contention is split again and again and the consideration which the judge can give to each point necessarily decreases proportionally. The result is that the aid of eminent specialists becomes not merely useful but absolutely indispensable.

The idolatry of precedents is amusing to no one so much as the judges themselves. A witty supreme justice was won't to say: "You may think as you please, but you know we have the last guess."

Dean Carusi of the Washington Law School shrewdly contends that the best case system is that in which the students have the problems of actual cases given to them for solution. Here is the natural building up of the faculty of legal reasoning, the true digging for a principle.

Cases have their use, however, and will become more valuable with the natural evolution of the case book. Illustrative cases when sound impress the principle already known more deeply upon the mind of the student, and when unscound he will be guided to the rejection of the spurious precedent if his mind has been properly prepared in advance by the inculcation of the true principles of the subject, but the cases of the case book should be like those which the student will deal with at the bar. Each case should be provided with a syllabus and should set out the facts and the adverse claims of counsel very clearly.

Case books are most useful when issued as companion books to standard treatises, like Huffcut and Woodruff's Cases following the analysis of Anson on Contracts, Burdick's Realty and Cases on Realty and the many other case books which are issued as similar companion books to specified text books. This, as the writer believes, is the true mission of the case book and is in furtherance of the only case system which he thinks the schools should follow in pursuance of the time-honored Latin maxim: "Principia docent, exempla trahunt" (principles teach, examples attract).

The Lost Wireless

By ALLEN EDWARDS and CARRA MAILE

"Que dice Juan?"

"Los Banditos, Los Banditos, señor! The bandits are coming; they are only a few hours away! Trojillo and those terrible Frogrosa brothers and the Yaquie Indians, so the courier tells me. "Mira! Mire, señor!" Suddenly we saw a Mexican riding madly up the road to the Presidente's office, reining in his horse, throwing his hat on the ground and calling for the "Jefe Politico." After a short confab he rode away as madly as he came, to be followed by numerous others who were all just as excited as he.

Juan had disappeared only to be seen running across the Plaza to join the crowd that, being off shift, were lounging about. For several days all had been quiet and peaceful in the camp of the M. P. Copper Co. And we few Americans were gathered on the hotel veranda lamenting our hard luck. We had nothing to look forward to—no mail, no daily papers from the states, telegraph and telephone wires all down, cutting us off from the outside world for the past six months. The last train came in on November 30, and the next morning the report came that twenty bridges had burned, miles of track had been torn up and destroyed by one of the opposing factions in the Mexican Revolution. It was very exciting, as we never knew what a day would bring forth. Rumors of bandits and the deeds they had committed on the poor natives were numerous.

We were all alert watching their actions and rather amused, as we felt comparatively safe. A soldier stepped out of the office of the Jefe Politico and blew assembly call on his bugle—the Mexican call to arms. And assemble they did from everywhere—the old, the young, the halt and the blind; the señor with his serapa thrown gracefully around him, the señoritas with their many colored rebosas. Mothers with babes in their arms and scores of half clad, barefooted children darting here and there in every one's way, gave a touch of life to the otherwise solemn occasion, until the entire population of our pueblo were gathered on the Plaza, which was lovely with its magnolias and pepper trees, beautiful monument and wonderful fountain, bordered with stately buildings on either side, making a colorful picture with its excited natives.

After the courier had made several more

trips back and forth, the Jefe Politico made his appearance and picked his way carefully through the crowd. The noisy demonstration of the people pleased him, even those that disliked and hated him, saluted. He walked slowly, and with great dignity, as became one of high position, and, after taking some time to adjust his glasses, he opened his document and began reading in a very pompous voice: "Friends and citizens, I have the painful duty to perform of telling you that General Trojillo the bandit, is within a few hours' ride of our pueblo and will be here by daybreak. Among his officers are the notorious Frogrosa brothers and fourteen hundred bronco Yaquis that have never worn clothes. They will kill you, eat your children, and carry away your women!"

"Now, my friends, what are you going to do?"

A breathless hush fell over the people. To the men came visions of their wives, daughters and sweethearts, in the hands of those beasts. The mothers clutched their babes to their breasts and with the other hand grabbed the little ones anywhere—by the arms, legs, or hair, in their terror.

"My friends, this is a terrible situation but we have one way of escape. Take the engines and flat cars belonging to the company and go as far as the river. There we will have to de-train, as the bridges are all burned, and ford the river, making your way to the pueblo nearest the American border. It is well fortified and these bandits will not dare attack it because of the American soldiers on the other side of the line. Then if we run the train off the embankment into the river, it will keep it out of the hands of these rascals and they cannot use it against us at some future time. Now, my friends, to work, and if these bandits should arrive before we leave here thy will have me to fight," and he slapped his chest a mighty blow. He was very brave, for the enemy was yet a long way off!

The women, crying and moaning, amid great confusion, turned and ran to their homes to prepare for their journey. The men said little, but with stolid faces proceeded to take the engines out of the round house and gathered all the flat cars together, their hearts filled with terror and despair. Many of them had fled here from the low country for protection. Driven

out by these heartless beasts, who used the Yaqui Indians to kill and burn, promising to restore to them their native land, that had been wrested from them by a previous government. Their wives and daughters had been ravished, their homes burned, and farms laid waste. To many of them it was running from one danger into another. Their lives being so primitive that a horse and wagon was a wonder, while an automobile or train of cars was a horror, a devil, a devouring beast that was rushing upon them.

The people began at once to entrain. It was a regular exodus and a pitiful sight. Until darkness there could be seen women with trunks, boxes, wash tubs, full of wet clothes; chickens, goats, pigs, cats and dogs, birds and parrots scurrying about, even a woman lugging a small stove with the smoke still coming out of the pipe.

Domingues, carrying a large mirror under his arm and a dirty, smoking lantern in his hand, was making his way through the crowd to the train. From another direction came Francisco carrying a large cut glass lamp, a treasured family heirloom. The light seemed to blind them and the meeting was disastrous.

"Lastimar! Lastimar! hombre."

"Probre Mia; Probre Mia! Francisco," were their exclamations, and lamenting they went their way to the train.

Chevbale, supporting her old mother, and carrying a small bundle, was making her way slowly and with a heavy heart to the train. Only a few days away was that beautiful June day, her wedding day. She and Juan looking happily forward had worked hard to prepare their little home, for Juan was good and had been so faithful saving his money, not spending it drinking "mescal" or playing "monty." Juan and she had been busy all the afternoon helping his old father and mother to hide their few valuables.

"Chevbala, Mia! You must go alone, my duty is here. I must stay with the company." Chevbala, with her soft black eyes, only looked her sorrow and clung to him.

The bells began to clang. "All aboard!" was shouted and the stragglers, with shouting and crying, made a mad rush for the train.

The moon came up over the hills, casting its soft white light over the quiet little Plaza. The hush and stillness was almost weird, and our hearts were heavy with pity for these poor people, driven from their homes. With the break of day a small column of horsemen in single file, appeared, coming up from the low

country through the pass, and in about an hour our Plaza was filled with Mexican and Yaqui Indians. The Mexicans were all riding beauti-horses, but the Yaquie, numbering about 1400, were afoot, and were a sight to behold. Some wore shirts, but no trousers; some had trousers but no shirts; many had only a cloth tied around their loins, others had rags tied around their heads, and some wore Mexican hats as large as bushel baskets.

Their leader was a Mexican named General Trojillo, a brutish looking man, six feet tall, weighing 280 pounds, with a neck of an ox, and the jaws of a bulldog. His much worn khaki trousers were tucked in his boots and he wore spurs of silver with rowels as large as saucers. He also carried a holster with a brace of revolvers, with three cartridge belts around his waist, while two more were used as a hat band on his large Mexican hat. A large hunting knife stuck conveniently in his boot tops completed his outfit. He had the appearance of a fiend, as he smoked a weed which grows in Mexico, called Mira-wana. It is much worse than our morphine or cocaine, and when he could not get it, he would go simply crazy and would then begin drinking mescal and teyquila, the native drinks. Riding a beautiful roan horse, he was truly an awe-inspiring sight.

With an oath he roared "Where is the Presidente?" and when informed that the Presidente had left with the citizens, he was beside himself with rage. A few of the less timid Americans approached him, but at sight of them he began cursing and swearing at the "American pigs."

"No telling what these gringos had told the people." And thus he went on, threatening them with instant death if they opposed or crossed him in any way.

Don Quiress, with the assurance of an old friend and sympathizer, stepped up to the General, saluted, and with much bowing and scraping, offered him the hospitalities of his home. General Trojillo's officers were a bad lot, among them were the Frogroso brothers, the very worst type of bandits, notorious for their bad deeds. They were tall, slender, handsome men, with clear-cut features, olive complexions and dark, dreamy eyes. Dressed in true Caballero costumes, they looked as if they had been melted and poured into the tight-fitting, grey buckskin trousers and jackets. The latter were buttoned high at the neck, with heavy silver filigree bands down the front and sleeves. Down each trouser leg ran a band of filigree with laceing of heavy silver cord. Their holsters contained

pearl handled revolvers, while military sabres, which clanked as they walked, completed their costumes.

A life meant nothing to them. They would stab you in the back, then turn and bow to you. Many were the hearts of the señoritas that pined for them.

The Mexicans, who were mostly peons, scattered through the camp plundering and carousing. But the Yaquies quietly went into the hills surrounding the town to forage for something to eat. They threw a beef, killed it, and devoured it raw, then completed their meal with berries, roots and wild fruits. They showed well the effect of their outdoor lives—tall, dark, muscular men, fleet of foot, and of great endurance, with shrewd kindly faces, they were gentle to those who treated them well, but merciless to their enemies.

Mr. Winston, our general manager, a man of sterling character and courage, was entertaining guests at dinner—two old college chums on their way up from the low country, where they had been penned in Villa's band. After enjoying their cocktails they were just getting interested in their soup, not having had a real meal for days, when Ah Me came dashing into the room with eyes bulging, "Heap bad man wanta see you light away; here Juan, he wanta talkeeyou," he cried. Mr. Winston rose hastily, and, excusing himself, went out to the veranda where Juan was waiting for him. "Mr. Winston, Trojillo is raising hell down at the general office. He wanted to send a telegram, and when told we had no telegraph or telephone working, he flew into a rage. That pig Carlos told him we had a wireless to the States and the operator could transmit the message back to Mexico by wire, so then he demanded his orderly come for you to open the office. He has been drinking mescal and toquillo all afternoon, and is in an ugly mood."

"All right, Juan, go get Johnson, the operator, and open up the office and do the best you can."

He turned and went back to his guests wondering what the outcome would be, and wishing the bandits would leave town. Juan ran for the wireless operator, and they arrived just in time to prevent Trojillo from smashing the large plate glass doors in his rage and impatience. Johnson explained that it was only at certain hours that he could get the operator across the border, but it was no use. The General and his officers, not knowing what a wireless was, would not listen to any excuses. The message must be sent at once. After a long time

Johnson got in touch with the wireless station across the line and transmitted the General's message, but the operator, not understanding Spanish, the message had to be given him in English and was transmitted by him in English to General Gomez. When General Gomex received the message in English he was highly indignant and sent a wire back: "Why send me a message in English? I am a Mexican and do not understand English, and do not want any English messages."

If Carlos had known the outcome he would never have mentioned wireless to the General, so, when he heard the return message, he made his getaway to the hills, and did not return until the General left town.

The General's orderly found him lounging and smoking on the veranda, telling every one how badly the Americans had treated him. He growled: "No one to meet me, and why did these people leave here? I wouldn't hurt them—they didn't need to be afraid. These crazy gringos must have told them something to make them go."

When the General read the answer to his wire he was furious, and demanded the manager, with all the oaths in the Spanish language, and started headlong across the plaza for the general offices. In the meantime some one telephoned the manager there was trouble in the plaza, and Trojillo wanted him at once. Mr. Winston, not wishing to be disturbed, sent his superintendent, Mr. Schultz. When he arrived Trojillo was cursing and swearing, and when he saw Schultz, ordered his arrest; put him under heavy guard, and had him taken into the hills "to be shot at sunrise" and to be kept "incommunicable." Then he roared: "Lead me to that wireless room." He was at once taken down to the basement of the huge office building where the wireless was installed.

As soon as the door was opened he stepped inside, drew his revolver, and began shooting. He completely riddled the wireless instrument and what he could not shoot to pieces he tore down and smashed until the entire room was a wreck. Still he was not satisfied, his rage was so great, and demanding the keys of the powder house, ordered his men to bring two cases of dynamite into the office building, saying he would blow up the whole place and show these gringos what he could do.

Some of the officers, realizing the gravity of the situation, tried to pacify him. Others hurried out and brought in several bottles of mescal. After drinking a bottle or so they per-

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Gloves

By S. Omar Barker.

Doubtless there are lumber camps where the cold drives the hands of choppers, sawyers, swampers and all into warm gloves and keeps them there until they sweat and soften into a baby whiteness far from indicative of the rough and calloused souls of lumbermen. But these are hands of the north. Down here in our southwestern yellow pine where a clear summer sun melts the resin from half dead trees, and even the winter is only a sort of late autumn, it is different. Here woodsmen's hands are bare and gnarled and bruised, but as hard and sure at their work as hands can ever be, though sometimes I think that with it all, rough men's hearts are softer here beneath our southern sun.

Perhaps it is not thus in the bigger camps, but it was so in Pinavete. Young brush pilers and trimmers came with leather gloves and left still wearing them or remained to work bare-handed, loving the feel of woodsmen's tools and of the resin that roughened and cracked the skin of their finger joints. As for their souls, there were some who had none so far as one could tell, some with bleeding secrets calloused over, and some like Tom Fogg, who came wearing gloves and keeping his soul young with a bit of youthful dream.

All were different and yet all drawn here together and here held apart by the rough silence of men's hearts that is possible only in the woods.

Some there were, of course, who worked here for their pay envelopes as insignificantly and mechanically as the merest sock binder in the woollen mills of Jersey. Such as these are not counters in the game of life.

But of all the glove-wearing youths who came and stayed to become as truly of the woods as the yellow trees themselves, Tom Fogg alone kept his hands in gloves and his heart in the future.

There are those to whom the passage of time is an unreality. It is often so with one whose heart-devouring flame of ambition has come in the too early period of inarticulate youth, for then it is so easy to look forward to attainment and so hard to ever realize that there is but one time for dreams to come true—and that the present. So with Tom Fogg.

As a mere child he could improvise bits of tender melody upon his uncle's violin. He had

talent, as the neighbors expressed it, and would some day be a great musician.

Some day! Little Tommy Fogg believed it and began looking forward to that wonderful "some day." There was no mist in his vision. He could see himself before great audiences, moving them to that deep emotion that is near to tears or into ecstasies of thrilling nerves with his playing.

Some day! That it would come he could never doubt, and in the dazzling clarity of his dream was lost the power of that little spark of genius God had put in his heart. Lost it was indeed—and smothered—but not destroyed for Tommy Fogg never ceased to feel the throb of latent genius.

To him the passage of time was a strange unreality. His dream was a bright star that moves forward but keeps forever the same clear distance from the whirling earth. As a young man he allowed his belief in his own genius to eliminate the idea of practice and of technique from his playing. The feeling of greatness and of strength was there, but somehow nothing more than simple, childish poignancies could he bring forth with his bow. The vehicle for his inspiration was incomplete and he subconsciously excused himself for it in the light of his clear vision of the future.

Let it be said in justification, however, that poverty in his family kept him away from the masters who might have forced his fingers to learn the cunning so essential to the expression of his soul. Even so, when he might have applied himself grimly to the task of perfecting technique during his formative years without their help, he was contented to dream and to play over and over again the sweet little things he might have long ago outgrown. A strange indolence it was indeed, for Fogg was apparently a vigorous and ambitious man physically.

At thirty-three his parents with whom he had always lived, died one within a week of the other, leaving him with debts to pay and a life of loneliness to lead. What led him to slip out of Denver with the M. & M. Lumber people and wind up in the Pinavete woods I could never understand, except that he was strong, and that strong men could make good wages in the woods. A stealthy notion that here in the unknown ruggedness of the pine country he might

regain that technique he felt he had lost (though in reality he had never possessed it) may have had something to do with it.

At any rate at thirty-five he came to Pinavete and went to work as a brush piler, gloved as were many of the other new ones. The gloves of the others disappeared and their hands grew brown and hard, but Fogg never so much as split a bit of kindling barehanded. It was thus that he gained the name of "Old Tom Gloves"—a name that stuck as only woods camp nicknames can.

His reason, of course, is obvious to us now, though old Harv Ryerson, who fiddled many a night through for booted dancers in the mess hall, said he was damned if he could see what difference it made. Why, the cracks in his fingers helped, he insisted, by serving as grooves to slide along the strings! What matter if a note was half a tone off? It was darn soon time for the next one, anyhow!

To Tom Fogg, whose vision of greatness was as clear as ever and as definitely placed as ever in that distant "some day," gloves meant white, unbruised hands and the supple fingers so necessary to the belated perfection of his technique.

So his hands remained uncalledous and smooth yet they never seemed to attain those tense and delicate muscles and nerves so essential to an artist of the violin.

And just as his gloves protected his pitifully helpless, unpracticed hands, his certain vision clothed his soul and kept it a nerveless, contactless mass of inner throbings with none of the strength the outside world should have brought to it.

By the time twenty years had glided unobtrusively through the life of "Old Tom Gloves" he had become known in every new Pinavete Camp as the harmless old fiddler who spent hours in his shanty playing fool music without any tune, but who was a whooping good man at loading the big wheels—or at anything else in the woods for that matter. Had they but seen them as they were they might have noted that his eyes had never lost that confidence of genius they had carried at twelve.

Besides the "fool music" which was, of course, his exercises and runs for technique, "Old Tom Gloves" sometimes played three or four other airs "the like of which," as McGuirk said, "were fit to break the heart of any man with their sweet moanin'." These were two poignant bits from his own youthful improvisations, the simple air of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," and "Traumerei."

Rarely did old Tom ask others to listen to

his playing, but now and again they came and listened at the outside when they heard him start one of his own plaintive airs. Poor, hardened old men with broken hearts and smothered dreams behind them and nothing in their futures would come and listen with grim, set faces and eyes that ached for tears when he played "Maggie." Big young fellows whom tragedies of one sort or another had driven to the woods would crouch behind his shanty in a sort of longing when they heard "Traumerei," and more than one would so feel its pathos and strength in spite of little imperfections in the playing, that the woods camp would know them no more, while somewhere they came again into their own.

It was not because they feared him that they never asked Tom Fogg to play nor sought entrance when they listened uninvited. Some had tried it, and the calm smile of superiority they had met had left them wondering and uncomfortable without knowing why.

It was Tim McGuirk, foreman of the car-loaders, who finally tried to speak his feelings in words and thus reached the heart of the uncanny player of exercises and of "Maggie." McGuirk, big-hearted and lovable though he was, had come to Pinavete with a curse upon women in his soul and on his lips. No one knew nor asked him why, though all soon learned not to mention them in his presence.

Then one May night Big Tim heard Tom Fogg begin to play "Maggie" in a soft, almost broken manner, and he slipped over and listened beneath the one side window of Tom's shanty. There was a moon but McGuirk stood close against the wall in shadow where he could not be seen, as he had often stood before, sometimes almost sobbing to himself. Tonight he was surprised to note that Old Tom did not finish the piece but instead drifted as if aimlessly into something he had never heard before.

It was not an air that Old Tom played. Four—five—slow, rising tones, poignantly sweet yet groping—then after a bit of a pause a descent in minor. It is futile to attempt description. But so it continued, almost a repetition for half a dozen times, then very softly came a triumphant descent in major and again the tones of "Maggie." Big Tim listened with a swelling heart until there came that sweet old air and then he sobbed aloud.

The playing stopped and Old Tom Fogg came to the window, his gray hair glistening in the moonlight.

"Ah!" he said softly and smiled. There was a deep content on his face.

Big Tim McGuirk reached up his hand to the open window and the violinist grasped it in a firm, trembling clasp.

"Sure, and ye've fair busted the heart o' me with yer music, Tom," said Big Tim. "And I'm thinkin' I understand ye. I'm goin' back to her, Tom—back to her and forgive her! Ah! It's a great power ye have with that fiddle—a great power."

"My technique—perfect now, I think—ready for me to go and play my soul to the world. I have always known it would come—this time for the great things and now it is to be fulfilled while I am yet so young!" Old Tom did not notice the stooped shoulders in his shadow as he turned back from the window.

The next day "Old Tom Gloves," violin case in hand, drew his pay, explained to the superintendent that he was going for good, and then left Pinavete and the woods to go happily to the realization of his dream. And at the same time Big Tim McGuirk got leave and departed.

I have not the heart to describe to you the arrival in Denver of a bent old man, a shabby violin case in his leather-gloved hands and a look of triumph and expectation in his eyes, nor to tell you of the thoughtless laughter or impatient dismissal that greeted him at every theatre, music hall and music master's studio he visited.

The closing of a human life is an awful thing to behold, but far more pitiful and heartbreak-ing is the passing of a life-cherished vision. The warm protecting cloak that had kept Tom Fogg's soul as tender and as white as gloves had kept his hands, was that day torn from him as ruthlessly as torturers of old tore eyelids from the eyes of the condemned, and left their poor quivering balls to wither in the merciless sun. When the old man had varied for the first time from his usual playing with the merest bit of pathetic though powerful composition and had seen it touch the heart of Big Tim McGuirk to the quick, he had felt that his day had come. The world, too, should feel his genius. So he had come to the nearest city.

And now the world laughed or cursed him and his exercises and his "Maggie" and "Traumerei"—when they even went so far as to listen to them. True, one big-hearted director shed a tear or two of pity for him, but ordered him on just the same. He had caught up with his brilliant, whirling star only to find it dead ashes.

Little by little the truth permeated intelligence, blotting out his vision as it went until finally he saw himself as he was—a helpless, broken old man. But dreams die slowly, and June had come before his last hope had flown. It was then that there came to him the gift of tears to soften and save the last withering shreds of his soul. A great longing for the odor of pines and the presence of rough men who were silent and did not laugh at him surged into his being. That refuge for lost soul—the lumber camp—called him and in a sort of pitiful haste he answered.

It was June when he returned to Pinavete. Long trains of yellow logs passed by his eager eyes as his own train—all empties but for the one passenger coach in which he rode—crawled into the pungent woods. He could see big, sweating, cursing men, their shirts open at their brawny necks, loading cars. Farther up he could hear axes and saws and see the swam-pers and pilers at work. A bunch of gloved young fellows were piling brush. At the sight of them he shuddered faintly and delved into his battered suitcase until he found a pair of leather gloves. With a look that was almost a cry of victory he threw them out of the window.

On his way from the train to camp he passed some of the big wheels that were being loaded. Great, horny, calloused hands as brown and tough as leather were plying cant hook and chain. Old Tom watched them for a moment with sympathetic tears in his eyes and then passed on.

Unobtrusively he went to the superintendent and was re-instated and given back his old shanty. There in the twilight of the soft June night he took from its case his violin and played softly, not exercises, but the few sweet old airs he knew, and in a nearby shanty Big Tim McGuirk drew a grey-eyed little woman to his side at the window and listened.

"It's Old Tom back, mavourneen," he whispered, and there was the same new note in his voice that he heard in the plaintive tones of Old Tom's violin.

The deep shadows of the warm June night came slowly on and softened the outlines of gnarled and bruised dead stumps and tree trunks into the same blur that mothered the green of living trees, and into the heart of old Tom Fogg came the eternal peace of the pine woods.



EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

Thanksgiving!

This is indeed a time of thanks for our deliverance from a possible bondage, the horror of which every living soul in this country can imagine.

Slowly the world is becoming adjusted since the World War. Economic conditions, that have experienced such an upheaval, are clearing. Conditions that have tried the very souls of men until, put to a white heat test, some have come through like burnished gold separated from the dross, while others have failed and fallen from the ranks.

But the hearts of men are not yet healed of their wounds and in token of this we turn, in veneration, at this time of thanksgiving to those heroes—boys, most of them, mere boys—who gave their lives that we might be saved—and that our glorious flag, and the flags overseas, might not for a single instant be lowered.

On Armistice Day, for a brief span—a period short in the rush of a day's occupation, but not too short to allow of a prayer for those who made the "supreme sacrifice" and for those who have given so of their physical strength that they can no longer follow their life's work—for these we pause and in silence offer a prayer and a deep expression of love and thankfulness to them for their nobleness. If, indeed, that thankfulness ever can be expressed! By deed, only, can humanity express gratitude.

But in commemoration, and an approach toward showing our love for those who fell in this war, we have brought to this country and laid at rest in the national cemetery at Washington, the body of an "unknown hero." From San Francisco, the first part of the month, there departed for that city a "Gold Star Mother," Mrs. Cynthia Shaw, who gave her son, Chauncey B. Frank, to the "great cause."

There, at Arlington, she has knelt beside the body of the "unknown." The body of her

own son was never brought back from the battle-field and no one knows the identity of the hero whose body was sent home to receive this last act of honor bestowed in love and gratitude by America and her allies, and through him to all the warriors who fell in the cause of Humanity and Right.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

"Nautilus," November issue, edited by Elizabeth and William E. Towne, comes in, in its usual happy, helpful way.

The disheartened, the discouraged, the fearing, would do well to read the editorials by Elizabeth Towne from month to month, and there is always a splendidly humane and practical article by Brown Landone.

In connection with the Red Cross Fifth Annual Roll Call, which began on Armistice Day, November 11, for added membership to aid the disabled service men, it is a matter of general interest to know that a training school for nurses has been established at Washington, D. C., by the Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service. The school will enable women, desiring to take up the profession, an opportunity to receive training for the care of military patients.

The course in general, touching on all branches—surgical, medical, children's diseases, public health nursing, laboratory work, et cetera. The lectures, recitations and laboratory work is given in different hospitals belonging to the service. The term is for three years, and no tuition fee is charged. More than that, students are provided with all material required and given their living costs; that is, they are furnished with text books, given their board, room and laundry, and paid thirty dollars a month

for the first two years and fifty dollars a month for the third year.

On completion of their training the student is eligible for membership in the American Nurse Association and for enrollment in the nursing service of the American Red Cross as well as for post-graduate courses in the teaching, administrative and public health fields.

Frank Hunt, whose story, "It Was in the Record," appeared in the October issue of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, has, in spite of leading the strenuous life of a successful newspaper man, been publishing some unusually good stories.

Mr. Hunt's professional work, bringing him in contact with all sides of life as it does, has given him a chance to portray his characters with a directness and understanding that gives that "human interest" touch so quick to arouse the interest of the most apathetic reader.

It is from this standpoint that Mr. Hunt has already received favorable comment in eastern publications for his short stories.

Humor has saved many a situation, and has proved a "life saver," as it were, to more than one human being. This quality, together with the bits of pathos that sometimes creeps into Mr. Hunt's work, foretells his success as a fiction writer.

"An American," a story of romance and history in which the author, Belle Wiley Gue, vibrating with enthusiasm and loyalty for the 'flag that has never been defeated,' depicts the cupidity of the Spanish-Cuban in his love intrigues while receiving the support of the American army and the love of an American girl in the Cuban cause of 1898.

The theme of the story is that after association with a foreign people in which this American girl gives her devotion to the wounded and dying on the battle field, gives of her wealth to alleviate the sufferings of the Cuban and American soldiers alike, learns of the perfidy of her unscrupulous Spanish-Cuban lover and comes to know more intimately the simple, splendid characteristics of her own countrymen.

As an exception to the faithlessness of her lover, and the traitorous actions of others with

whom she comes in contact, stands out the unconquerable spirit of Father Felix, who aids her in her work. A man who at all times stands for justice and righteousness even though he must expose and bring to punishment the hypocrites of his own flock.

From the Richard G. Badger Gorham Press, Boston, \$2.00.

THREE GENERATIONS OF CHICAGO

"The Girls," which Doubleday, Page & Company published on October 14, is Edna Ferber's novel of Chicago. It is a story of the scraggling, mud splattered town of the fifties in the days of hoop skirts before the Civil War, the flourishing young city of the nineties, and the colossal, hysterical city during the great war. It is also the story of an old Chicago family, of Grand Aunt Charlotte, thwarted and dominated by her family, Aunt Lottie, struggling between her sense of duty to her mother and her efforts to live her own life, and fascinating, lovable niece Charley who achieves the freedom of the modern girl.

Nor are the men negligible. Jesse Dick the first, Charlotte's unhappy lover whose family lived on the wrong side of town, Jesse the second, the poet, whose father owned the best delicatessen store in the city, and the elusive Robert are all clearly drawn characters. The book is a significant comment on modern life.

NOT TO BE FOOLED AGAIN

An old negro had just closed negotiations with a real estate dealer for a small farm and was told to bring his money to the office and get his deed.

"Yas, sah, I'll fotch the money, but I'se gwine to want yo'all to gimme a mawgage on dat land and yo'all keep de deed."

"No, John," the dealer replied, "the land will be yours without any incumbrances, and what you want is a deed."

"No, sah, what I wants is a mawgage."

"Why do you want a mortgage, John?"

"Caus' de las' piece of land I owned I had de deed and a white man had de mawgage, and de white man he took de land—yas, sah, gimme a mawgage."—Forbes Magazine.



THE LOST WIRELESS

(Continued from Page 58)

suaded him to come over to the hotel. There, giving him more to drink, he forgot about the dynamite, and the men soon returned it to a safer place.

The strains of the beautiful waltz, "Manaua," came floating softly out upon the evening air. When John Bixby and Lou Mason, two tired and very much worried mining engineers, crossed the plaza and entered the hotel, joining the solemn-faced Americans sitting around the upper lobby, at a glance they took in the situation of the scared, worried faces of their friends, and with the American sense of humor in the gravest peril, began an imitation of "Abe" and "Morris."

"Vell, Abe, suppose we sing dem a song?" "All vit Morris, you blay and I vill sing." Bixby began playing "Waiting at the Church," but Mason made his own words:

"Dere was Schultz sitten on the hill, sitten on de hill.

Lookin' down upon de mill; oh, how it did distress him!

Der vas Morris down at de mill, vanting Schultz to come down from de hill.

Vhy don't you come down from de hill? Because Trojillo won't let me!"

But cries of "shame! shame!" greeted them and ended their song. Poor Schultz up there on the hill waiting to be shot, and they all crowded around them, every one asking questions at once.

"Had they seen him?" and what are we going to do?" "Cheer up, we are doing all we can. We were just up there. Couldn't see Schultz, but left Juan up there to watch. Gave the guards a couple boxes of cigars and greased their palms well. We will have to work carefully. That ugly beast out there is dangerous." Right then we were startled with a great roar and commotion down stairs. Trojillo had come in and was demanding whiskey from the manager. "The bar is closed; there has not been a train in here for the past six months, and we have nothing left, but I can give you a good cup of coffee and something to eat—coffee was as scarce as whiskey. It could not be bought in Mexico—and if you just step into the dining room I will see that you get a good meal." He hesitated, then made up his mind to eat. As we entered the dining room the Chinese waiters all scurried to the kitchen, and it was some time before we could induce them to wait on the General. But when he demanded Mexican frijoles and they

didn't have any cooked, they expected instant death. The manager said: "We will have them in a short time," and kept heaping his plate and pouring him coffee. His appetite was enormous, but at last he seemed satisfied and lighted a cigar.

His officers, taking advantage of his seemingly good humor, were fox-trotting and one-stepping in the lobby with each other. One of the Frogrosomen was dancing with Scarity, about four and a half feet high, but they did not seem to keep step, when, all at once, that little bantam struck Frogroso. Like a streak of lightning out came his gun, and the shooting began. The musicians and spectators vanished. Trojillo and the manager hastily left the dining room, and, as he passed the light switch, he threw it and beat it out to the patio. When the shooting ceased and the lights were turned on, the place was in a sorry state. The casualties were one man killed, one ear chewed off, one hand and foot badly shot.

This only added fuel to his many grievances against the Americans, as they were blamed for it all. We all fled to the upper veranda, even our friends Mason and Bixby were quiet, and we sat huddled in our chairs, looking off to the hills, where the little fires of the Yaquies flared up and down like signal fires. A party of us made our way to the general manager's house and explained the situation and the peril we were in and after a long consultation, the company decided to offer the General a good round sum in U. S. gold and some provisions they badly needed if they would agree to give up Schultz and leave town.

The anxious, sleepless night drew to a close, and at daybreak we watched a single file of horsemen with the Yaquies afoot, going through the pass down into the low country.

TREASURES OF THE EBB-TIDE.

(Continued from Page 17)

Very few of the sea plants have a common name, as they are so little known and appreciated, but a little attention and loving thought will soon enable one to call them by their scientific names. Then a day at the sea shore will be one of profit and delight.

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BEHIND THE DEVIL SCREEN

(Continued from Page 24)

mingled as one in the swollen tentacles of Chinatown.

But Wing Fo had eyes and ears for none of it as he shuffled along his way. He saw only the face of the Desert Lily shimmering before his vision. His senses were numbed to his surroundings as he made his way up Jackson street, detouring slightly through the crowds of tourists and sightseers so as to approach the domicile of Ah Fang from a side street.

Some nameless potion of courage seemed to course through his veins, goading, urging him on. His body and legs were atremble, not from fear, but with the excitement of it all.

At last he gained his objective. He studied the house leisurely for a moment as though pondering how to continue. Its placidness and tranquility were reassuring. Curious persons passed to and fro at its front. Some gathered at its magnificent entrance to inspect the grotesquely carved ornaments.

Involuntarily he cast his eyes aloft to the balcony. His pulse throbbed terrifically as he glimpsed the Desert Lily's face as she arranged a row of China lilies, which in their earthenware pots lined the balcony's edge.

She looked down and recognized him. She smiled in sweet benevolence. Then her features grew suddenly stern, as if Wing Fo's face informed her of his mission, for she paled slightly and disappeared within the door, a great pot of lilies against her swelling bosom.

Nobody noticed the youth as he slipped through the nondescript gathering at the very entrance of the place. Already a curious American was in the act of seeking admission, for entrance was granted everyone upon festive occasions.

Wing Fo took up a position behind him, his heavy pistol hanging in his pocket like a huge lump of lead, his body carefully poised for instant flight, his senses attuned for the climax to come. He knew not that stool-pigeons had brought word to police headquarters of the impending warfare. Nor did he know that the burly American in the doorway was a squad-man, who sought confab with Ah Fang, the Manchu, in hopes of righting the wrong so that murderous conflict could be averted.

In response to the white devil's knock the door swung open—and Ah Fang towered in the aperture at the bottom of the stairs.

The crucial moment had arrived!

Then Wing Fo, the chosen one, with both hands gripping the instrument of death, aimed

above the squad-man's head, directly in line with the amber button on the Manchu's robe.

He pulled the trigger.

Then the world blew up!

"What in hell!" exploded the officer, involuntarily dropping to the floor, where lay his hat with a gaping hole in its crown.

* * *

It all happened in an instant, and in that instant the mind of Wing Fo went vague. He remembered faintly the report of the pistol, which vibrated and thundered resonantly in the corridor like the boom of a thousand matchlocks discharged simultaneously; the terrific crash, like the shattering of glass, and the horrendous death yell of the Manchu, who was hurled full length across the floor, where he lay with both arms extended, his knuckles beating a tattoo on the floor with the last vestige of his strength and the last tremors twitching his face and body.

He scarcely remembered eluding, eel-like, the score of hands that reached out to grasp him. Dazedly, he recalled, as a bullet from the squad-man's revolver whistled past his head, ducking around a corner and into the open basement window of an apothecary shop, then of silence as he scampered through the tunnel like a pursued hare.

Down near the waterfront he took refuge underneath a heap of vile debris, covering himself with a pile of rags, exposing only his nostrils to the welcome broil of the sea that occasionally came to his stuffy seclusion.

A day and a night passed ere one sought him out. Wing Fo raised his frightened eyes to the sound of approaching footsteps. It was Charlie Fong.

In Fong's eyes was a curious glint as he stood with arms akimbo over his comrade. For several long minutes he gazed down at the shivering figure under the rags—then he burst into uncontrollable laughter.

Wing Fo sat erect and stammered:

"Why do you laugh?"

"At you," grinned Charlie; "for you resemble a coolie of Canton's marts."

Wing Fo's face and clothes were grimy with dirt which had accumulated during his hiding. His hat was covered with cobwebs and the edges drooped about his face. Altogether, he had the dejected appearance of a wet chicken.

"You may laugh," he cried angrily, "for you have not the blood of another upon your hands. But, tell me quick, have the police discovered my hiding place?"

BEHIND THE DEVIL SCREEN

"Why should the police seek you?" parried Charlie enigmatically.

"The Manchu—"

"Ah Fang is no more," grinned Charlie again, as Wing Fo winced at his words.

Then Charlie told Wing Fo what had followed the shooting. Ah Fang, said Charlie, must have incurred the hatred of an evil spirit, or else had died of a stroke from the Highest. For, as he stood in the doorway, a massive earthenware pot of China lilies had fallen from its berth directly above him and had crushed life from his skull.

But the news was better yet, added Fong. Could one but marry the Desert Lily, in American custom, he could have the riches of the Manchu. Also it would serve to unite the tong, with whom the Manchu was affiliated, with the Yang Lee Tong and make them the most powerful in the Chinese Six Companies.

Wing Fo breathed a sigh of relief, as he understood and grinned:

"Then it shall be."

TWO WAVES OF LIFE

(Continued from Page 43)

voice on her wings. She failed to applaud as he stopped, and for that reason he turned and faced her, laughingly rebuking her.

"They tell me you sing, Mrs. Buehler. Now I gave that last for your especial benefit. It hasn't pleased you particularly?"

"Yes, I sing," she faltered, coloring slightly, but abruptly added: "No, no; you mustn't say you haven't pleased me. It has been almost too great." She gave him a look, luminous, beautiful.

"Sing for us, will you not?" Fielding stepped toward her gallantly.

Maneta went forward to the piano. Generally she was only too willing to sing. Now? Could she ever come up to anything this man had done? She smiled at him, standing beside the grand piano. "It's a little 'Habenera' in Spanish that I learned at the sisters." She gave him the chord—he was to improvise the accompaniment—which he took up; and they began. Leaning with one hand on a pile of music, she had to face him while singing. As his hands followed her voice he saw not only her lovely beauty but her soul. The song was three verses long, a plaintive thing with no particular depth to it. But no Meneta Buehler sang it. Instead, a woman with soul flying on

drenched wings toward the sun, tragedy in her eyes, a wonderful potentiality in her voice, giving out those minor sounds under a critic's hands.

When she had finished, his hands remained silently on the keys, his eyes drinking in her eyes. "More! More!" called out those in the room, quite forgotten. "Where," he asked, "did you learn to sing like that?" His tense tones vibrated through her.

"I do not know," she answered, "at the sisters, perhaps, there at San Gabriel."

"But it is not your voice alone; it is your ensemble, your musical vitality."

"Sing the 'Moonlight' one, Maneta," her husband called out, "the one you do the best of any." Obediently, she hunted through the Schumann lists, and opening a folio, placed it on the rack.

"I know only the English version," she said to Fielding, humbly.

Still looking at her he played the introductory, then they swung away together into a midsummer-night of sound, delicately evanescent, poignant with melody. As she sang, Maneta watched her husband, and up through her heart welled a slow defiance. Why didn't he cause her to sing like this. So good he was; and yet her spirit lagged after his where it would follow this Alex Fielding to the ends of the earth. Her husband, how good he was. And yet, she had the knowledge within her that this man's face would haunt her till her death. Ah, they were applauding again. She sat down beside Alfred while Fielding followed, pleading persuasively:

"But we can't have you stop. Just a little more."

"Mrs. Buehler has been ill," Alfred spoke half formally. "She is fatigued. Do not urge her further."

Maneta made a little movement with her hands as though to explain.

"You do it so perfectly I'm exorbitant," Alex apologized. "But there will be other times when I may hear you?"

Other times? Out of a dream she answered him: "Yes. Will not tomorrow or the next day be the beginning?" She looked at her husband to help her out. "I mean, of your visits to us? We would so enjoy it, Alfred and I. Then I will sing for you a great deal, if you wish." Her head was raised in speaking to Alex; her manner was calm, her voice controlled. But her expression held her auditor spellbound. It comprised the naivette of a child on its first morning look at the sun; the

blinding joy of a woman out of whose despair, out of whose soul loneliness a great endeavor shapes itself.

For the weeks of Fielding's stay the Buehler's home became his shrine; not his, rather the shrine at which he worshipped. He played to Maneta's voice, he played to her heart. His fine intelligence soothed her as it did her husband's; but his subtle comprehension of her less tangible needs—those tonal needs of her being—wooed her spirit and wedded it in the realms of music. He led her to a musical Land of Promise. He interpreted to her its hills and its valleys. He showed her unknown beauties; besieging possibilities of beauty. And in return she presented to him the flower of her personality, dusky and gleaming, burdened with the fullness of vital poetry.

Her husband comprehended it all as far as he could comprehend it. They were both irreproachable, his wife and his new-made friend. And his comprehension was fine enough then to be neither jealous nor suspicious. He only wondered if he would be big enough to accept this man's triumphant conquest of her spirit, to accept his own limitations, to cover up in his huge love for his wife that feeling of being out of her thoughts. On one occasion, seeing her sitting so calm outwardly, inwardly so far away after Fielding had left, he sat down on the couch beside her and took her hand, caressing it.

"Come back, sweetheart, come back. Your thoughts are not here, and I can't be left out."

She gave him a startled look. "Why, I am here beside you; how can you say that?"

He only drew her head down against his shoulder. "You love me, Maneta, darling? You are the world to me."

"Ah," she cried, stroking his hair, "does one not love the saints? Saint Alfred!" Her voice was filled with melancholy, and trailed a black banner in his memory.

On her baby she would cast looks of wonderment. Why was she, with this new-born spirit within her, given a child to possess?

The baby was happy and cooing, and she loved it as she loved her husband, and her prayers—religiously. Then a great fear would crowd out all but what she called her pagan love of Fielding and her voice. He drew it out of her. He seemed a part of her voice. Was it wrong after all to love anything that gave you wings? And he was returning in two days. Would a desert close about her then? Would the old apathy take possession of her?

Fielding had been urging her to come to New

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York for study. With such untold possibilities of achievement, where she might become a rapturous nightingale she was content to remain a wren in a bush. Content? She drowned the thought of husband and child. Yes, she would ask Alfred to take her to New York. To see Fielding, to study beside him, to have him near to give her buoyancy to her endeavor; to sing and live in her singing—with such thoughts did she try to adjust herself to Fielding's leave-taking.

Alfred, reading her by his love for her, made no demur when she and Alex, laying plans for her voice, presented before him the idea of a winter in the East. The vineyards could spare him, for he would go, too, with Mrs. Purcell and the baby. And Maneta should have her heart's desire.

But how otherwise did the wave roll in that was to engulf his hours of happy living! In the midst of bustle and preparation, Fielding was called East earlier. The day before his departure he spent at the Buehlers. Maneta with the knowledge of seeing him soon, nevertheless appeared distraught and sad, looking at Fielding scarcely at all. Then one of the foremen called Alfred. Maneta roused up out of her lethargy. She faced Fielding, and her hands went out to him pleadingly, as though seeking extenuation for her distracted self. She whispered excitedly:

"What shall I do without you?"

He caught her hands in his with a passionate gesture. And because of all he saw in her face he failed to speak. He tossed overboard prudence, honor, self-respect. He clasped her madly in his arms.

And Alfred, coming in just then, saw them thus.

Where a genial, well-poised man had left the room, there now entered a man, icy, desolate, furious. With a calmness more fearful than any tempest in its presage of all that lay below, he slowly surveyed them as they stood apart, he with his hands clutching a chairback his eyes moving from one to the other.

"So this is the voice to be trained, is it? This is the higher music? This is the trust I gave you?" He laughed a laugh of desolation. Then he wheeled on Fielding. "Go, you blasphemer of sacred home ties, you sacrilegious voice, go!" He shot the cowed and intensely sobered Fielding out of the room with a blow of the arm. Closing the door and coming to the chair where his wife crouched sobbing, he stood over her. His love that had laid itself a carpet beneath her feet, found itself transformed into a



curious, stifling, tyrannous cloak that should envelop her, smother her, consume her, if need be.

"Oh, oh," she cried out, looking up at him suddenly. She became more afraid as his eyes compelled her gaze. "I will explain all," she said. "He is not to blame. It is I."

He shook her roughly by the shoulders as she stood up, forcing her back into the chair. "I want no explanations, you understand. You belong to me. I can explain, if I wish."

At his roughness, at his fierce expression, she cried out again that pitiful, frightened, "Oh!"

"Saint Alfred!" Ha, ha, my girl, it is the tyrant Alfred hereafter. You belong to me. You are to obey me and love me. You are to love me, not the music nor Fielding."

She hid her face in her hands bitterly, as one warding off dark night. He locked the piano, putting the key in his pocket. Then he came and addressed her, laughing that desolating laugh. He stooped and lifted her hand from her face, regarding her mockingly.

Maneta caught his arms. "What will you do with me?" She choked out the words. "Oh, you promised to love me when I told you I was wicked—long ago."

"There are many ways of loving," he told her, freeing himself from her clasp. "Shall I not love you a prisoner, my daughter's mother?"

But she pleaded further with him. "Is it wrong to love that which gives you wings? He is part of the music which I love. I cannot help myself, oh, I cannot help myself."

Then Buehler did a strange thing. He flung open the screened door, pointing down the road to a dusty, retreating figure. "Go follow him, if you will. Bring him here, if you will. Let me look him over again—as the one who gives you wings." "Oh, it is an impossible infatuation after all," he cried to himself, as with hand frantically holding his forehead he watched Maneta hurry down the road after Fielding.

And then she brought him back. She was holding his hand as a guide might, leading one through a dark cave. And the face she turned to her husband was worn and pinched with an inscrutable despair stamping it as in a mask of tragedy.

"Alfred, once you called me your wild lily. And I loved it, justly. For I have always known there is something of the wild soul in me, searching for the shadows in the mountain hollows, searching for diviner music than I have known; hunting for that which I left in my father's tent that day you found me—your

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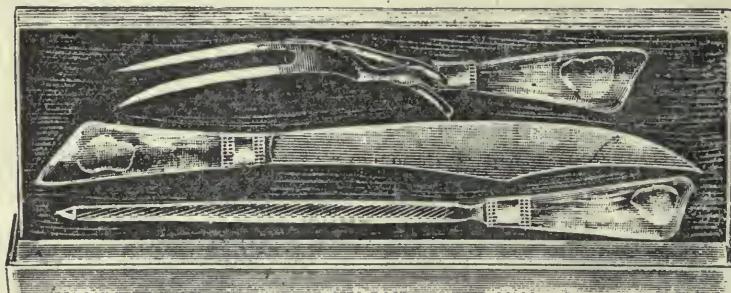
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Maneta." She suddenly threw herself at Buehler's feet. "You have given me wings with which I cannot fly. They are your wings. And Mr. Fielding whom I love for his soul alone, has made mine grow. And you kicked him from your door because for a little minute he held me in his arms. It is not his arms I want." Here she turned and faced Fielding. "I do not love you that way," she said gently. "I would love anyone who had the music in them that you have. And my husband mistakes it for something else. Oh, be friends again. Let us all be united again. It is not as though——"

But her husband cried that it must be one way or another, not both. And Fielding cried that he loved her more than did her husband. And would she return to unhappiness with him with the world before them?

Then Maneta did a strange thing. She moved over to the door facing the two men. "It is my voice that has led to this pass—the voice you cultivated," turning to her husband; "the voice you have loved," looking at Fielding. "It is a cursed thing. I will strike it from me. Never, never again will I sing a note. Alfred, will you be satisfied? Mr. Fielding, will you go now? Never! Never!" Her eyes lifted to Fielding in solemn farewell as she opened the screen door for him, pointing outward. "It is well I have decided, for I shall give the voice to my child. Perhaps—if she should sing when she is older—she shall give me wings. And I can wait, can I not, for it? Good-bye, Mr. Fielding."

She watched him down the steps into the late dusty afternoon, standing motionless—until her



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husband came kneeling at her feet begging forgiveness.

But there was something desolate in the look she gave him, something which seemed to have lost the comprehension of love. And her hand went to her throat as though the dead voice might be felt, lying there within its house. For from that day on never did she sing again.

And thus did the drowning wave surge over them both. Yet they live clinging to each other as to wrecks of their former selves. And over it all that faint sea-bird call of her spirit: "Was it wrong to love that which gave me wings?"

THE INDUSTRIAL CRISIS OF HAWAII

(Continued from Page 46)

in Chinese would work any hardships to the United States mainland, nor in any way infringe upon the rights of labor, as the only competition with labor would be confined entirely to the islands.

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A LADY'S BUTTON

(Continued from Page 29)

you let this matter die with you. The jewel will be replaced in the temple of Jagannath."

VII.

As the car started its tortuous course homewards, Clayton turned to the girl.

"Like the 'Arabian Nights,' isn't it?"

"Thrilling!" she replied, the excitement still in her eyes. "But still I don't understand it entirely—your part, especially."

"Simple, really! The whole thing revolves round this man at the hospital. His name is McLaren—Daniel McLaren. He is an adventurer—plays for high stakes—sort of international rogue. He managed to steal this jewel from the temple and flee to Calcutta; then to Yokohama. Here he discovered he was shadowed and knew that he must get the emerald out of his possession. He did what turned out to be a very clever thing. In one of the exclusives (Continued on Page 73)

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A LADY'S BUTTON

(Continued from Page 71)

sive shops that cater to the foreign trade he purchased a set of large ornamental buttons which they were making a feature of at the time. He cemented the jewel into one of the buttons and returned them, exchanging them for some others. A few days later his rooms were entered, and he was subjected to a thorough search and the rooms ransacked. The Hindus had employed this man Brady, who is a sort of political hanger-on in the cities of the Far East. After this, McLaren felt safer and was quite comfortable about town, merely keeping in touch with things at the shop. The buttons were finally sold. You and your parents were traveling in the Orient at the time, so you can guess who bought them."

"I see. And I had them mounted on this coat."

"Exactly; and it was perfect for McLaren. You sailed for America and he took a notion to come also. You landed at San Francisco and came south. He followed. He planned to take his time about recovering the buttons, but he suddenly discovered that he was still shadowed. He became desperate and attempted to steal the coat that very night. You screamed and he thought it best to retreat. As he did so, however, he pulled one of the buttons from the coat. He ran through the shrubbery only to discover that someone was on his trail. He made boldly for the hotel and walked through the billiard room. He paused for a moment at a table at which I was playing and dropped the button into my coat. That is how I came by my button. McLaren now felt that the game was about up, but he took another try the next evening. He managed to clip another button off the waistline of your coat without your noticing it. He was trapped that evening on the beach, but his cries brought help only after he was pretty badly battered up. Brady and the Hindus now hit upon his scheme; possibly through a paragraph in the morning paper. They secured the button in his room with ease as he was still unconscious. The jewel was not there. They now acted decisively. They kidnapped you bodily, coat and all. The rest you know better than I. There were eight buttons in the set. They had accounted for only seven, six on the coat, counting the ones you had replaced and the one from the hospital. Still the jewel was missing. Then they questioned you about the eighth, did they not?"

"Yes, and I told them you had it."

"Exactly. McLaren and I had already dis-

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covered the emerald, and, knowing what I did from McLaren, I was almost certain they would send for me during the evening, or, if necessary, take me by force. And so here we are."

There was a pause. The girl seemed to be turning the adventure over in her mind.

"It's just as well we promised not to say anything about this to anyone," she remarked, simply, "because no one would believe us anyway."

Then she seemed to shake off the picturesque mantle of romance and return to a practical world.

"Mr. Clayton," she said, "I am sorry that I acted towards you as I did. Although I had cause to be puzzled, I think I was too hasty. You were very kind and tolerant of me."

"Not at all," Clayton returned quickly. "You couldn't have acted otherwise. I—I wouldn't have missed this for worlds."

They were again politely conventional people. There seemed little to say. He wished they could have stayed longer in the Land of Adventure, where a common necessity swept aside all other considerations. A silence settled down on them and they yielded to the relaxing influence of the night and the swaying, luxurious car.

Presently the vastness of the sea was about them, the starry heavens close above. Clayton was conscious—deeply conscious—of the presence at his side. It was to him the embodiment of all that was feminine, mysterious, seductive. He seemed to feel rather than see the relaxed tilt of her head against the cushions, the soft curves of her chin and neck, the slightly parted lips, the mystery of her eyes. The least involuntary touch of her shoulder or arm was a distinct shock to him. He felt it necessary to break the oppression.

"Miss Barratt," he attempted, in an unsteady voice. "He said the jewel was known as a luck stone. I rather think that I agree with him as far as my experience goes."

His allusion was fatuous, awkward.

"In what way?" she asked quietly.

"Oh——, sharing this adventure with you; this——" He waved his hand vaguely, evidently meaning to include the present.

There was a considerable pause before she spoke.

"Don't you think, Mr. Clayton, that the—the night has gone to your head?"

But her eyes were none too steady when she looked at him.

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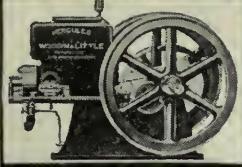
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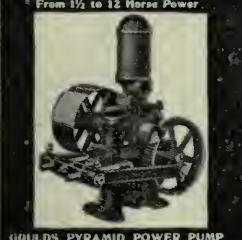
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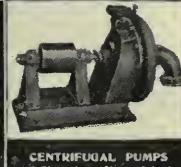
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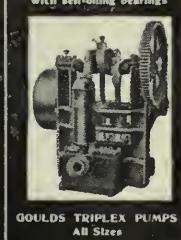
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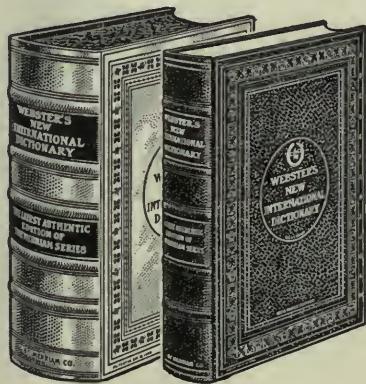
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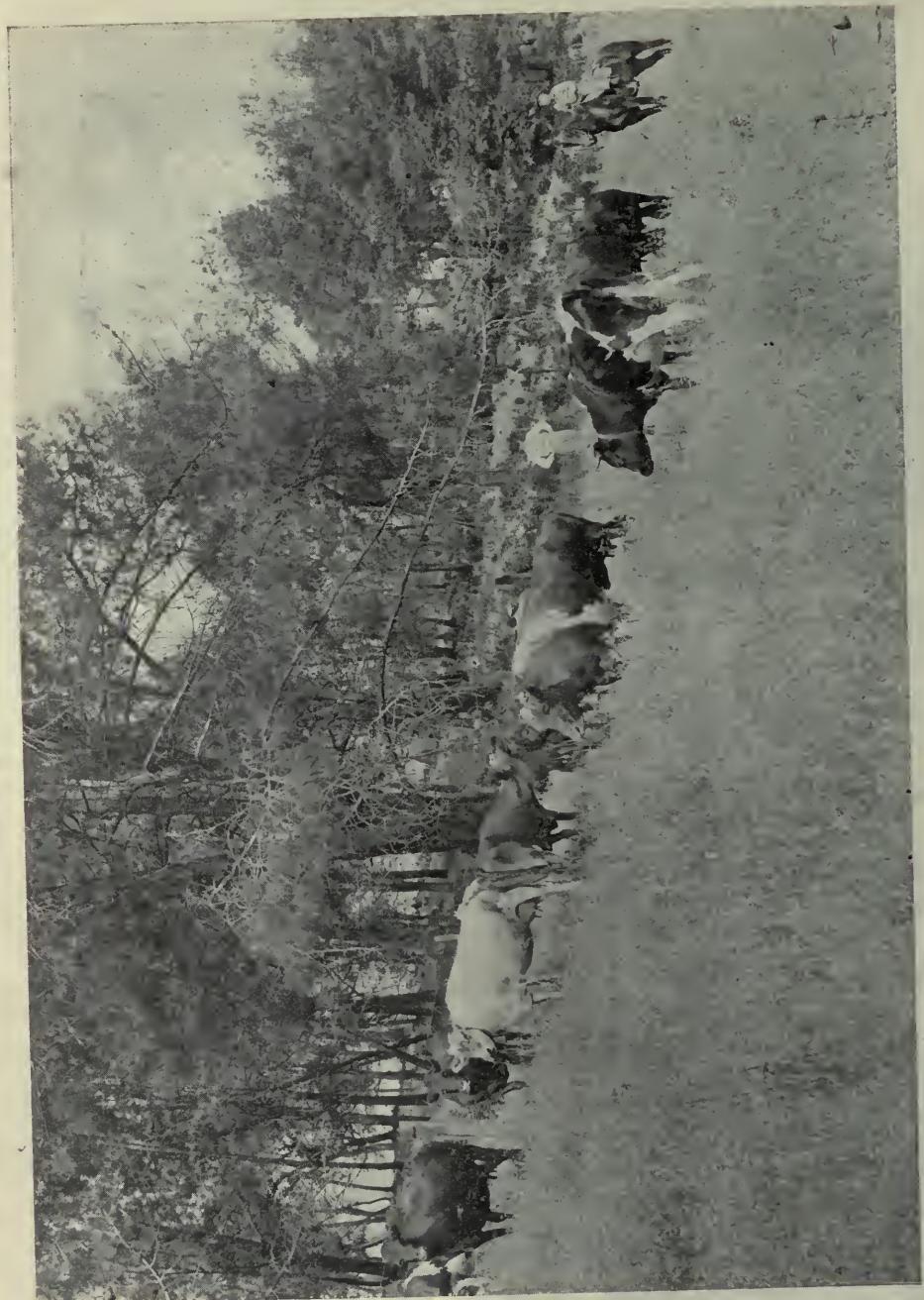
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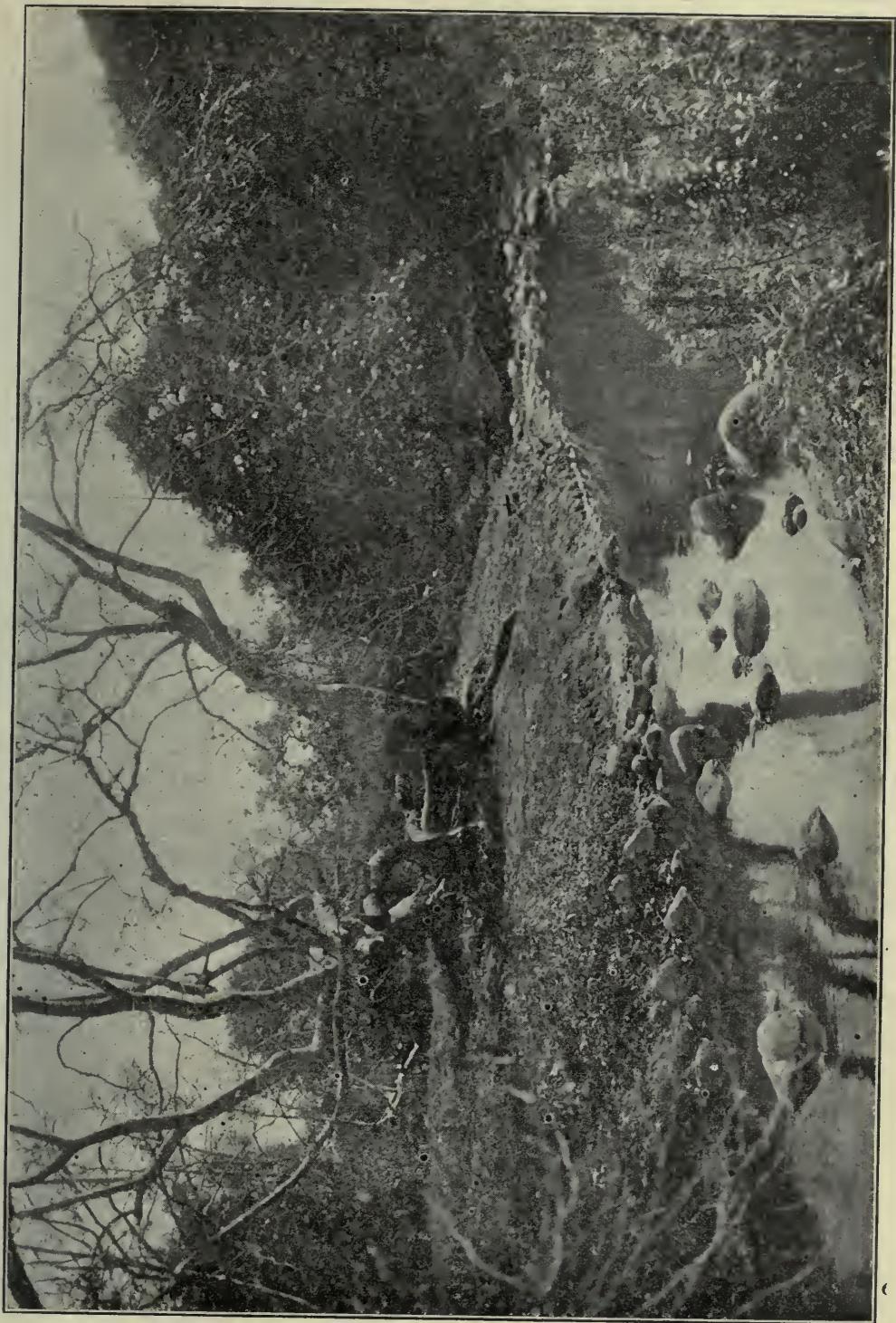
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California Contentment

Winter in California Woods





Overland Monthly

The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, *Editor.*

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Christmas Bells

By DAVID EVANS

Rector of All Saints Church, Palo Alto, Calif.

The happy bells proclaim the birth
Of One the world had waited long,
And once again the Angel's song
Rains joyous staves upon the earth.

The huddled sheep, the tranquil fold,
The manger crib, the Holy Child,
The Virgin mother meek and mild,
The frankincense and myrrh and gold,

Brought by the Magi from afar!—
One more with reverent love we list
The lore of God's Evangelist,
And track again the Pilot Star.

Ring out, O bells, your merry chime!
But mingling with your riot here
Echoes of phantom music clear
Come rippling o'er the Falls of Time.

And lo! in Memory's crystal well
The dear familiar faces rise,
Mirrored before my wistful eyes,
And look the love they may not tell.

O dearest birthday of the year,
The very bells for joy do swoon!
Your music weaves a magic rune,
For other, other, bells I hear.

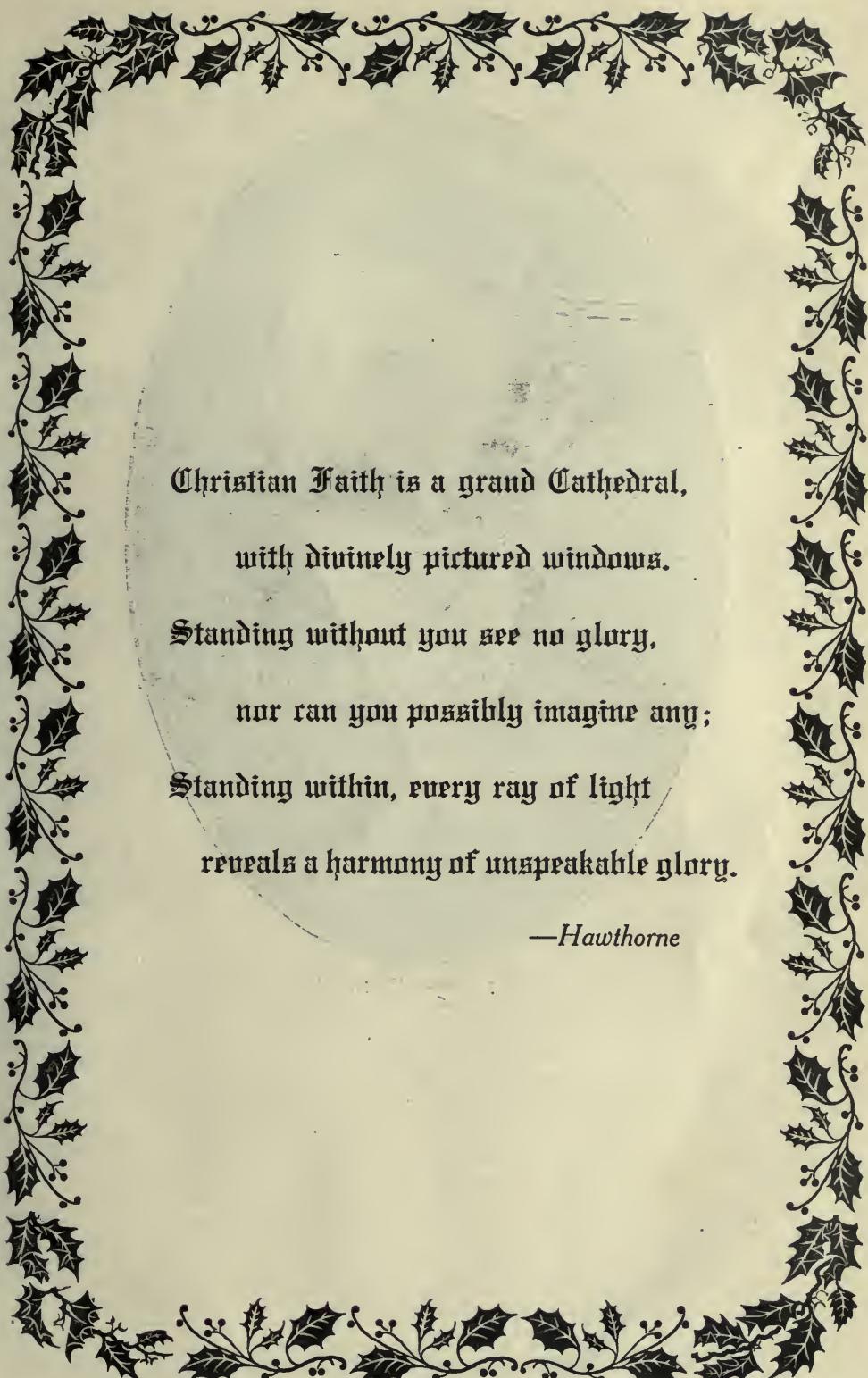


By courtesy of the author we are permitted to print the above poem, which was taken from his book of carols, "The Bravest Are the Belgians," a book which realized large returns for the Belgian Relief Fund.—Editor.



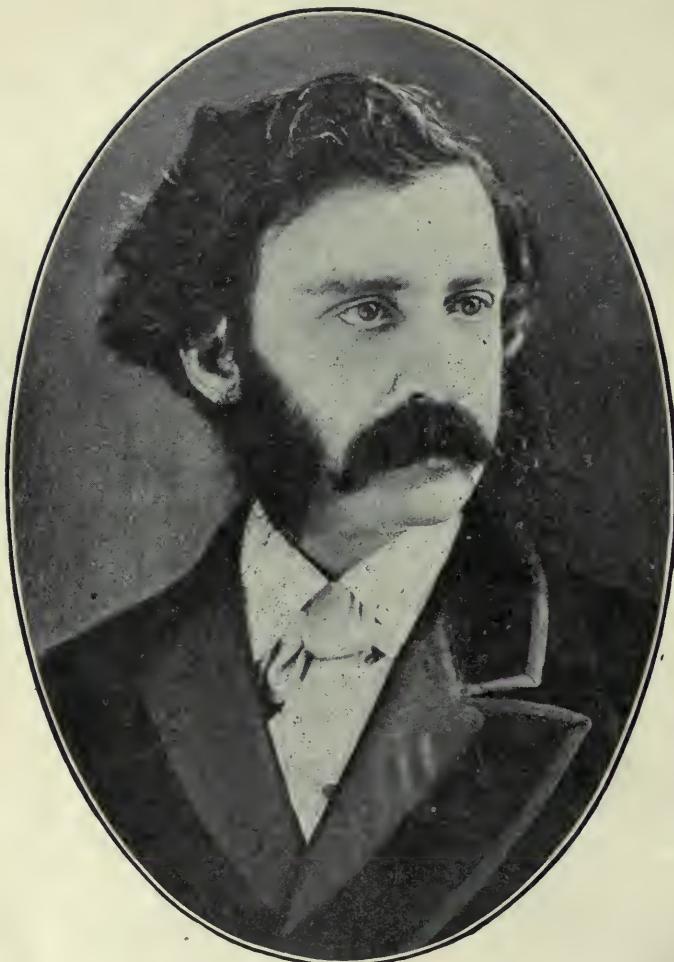
"Faith—a Grand Cathedral"

—Courtesy Pacific Mail S.S. Co.



Christian Faith is a grand Cathedral,
with divinely pictured windows.
Standing without you see no glory,
nor can you possibly imagine any;
Standing within, every ray of light
reveals a harmony of unspeakable glory.

—Hawthorne



Bret Harte—About 1871

OVERLAND

Founded 1868



MONTHLY

Bret Harte

San Francisco

Vol. LXXVIII

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 7

Bret Harte

The Founder of the Overland Monthly

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

*Author of "California, Romantic and Beautiful," "New Mexico, the Land of Delight Makers,"
"In and Out of the Old Franciscan Missions," etc., etc.*

IT is well for the careful student of California literature to hark back, every once in a while, to a contemplation of the work of those who laid the foundation of a distinctive and individualistic California literature. And the leader in this movement undoubtedly was Bret Harte.

Harte was born in Albany, New York, on August 25, either 1836 or 1839. His English biographer, T. Edgar Pemberton, says 1839, and it is so inscribed on his tombstone in Trimley churchyard, yet Henry Childs Merwin, his American biographer, gives the earlier date. He was christened Francis Brett Harte, but as she entered the literary field he dropped the second "t" in his second name, and finally the Francis, and became, as he is now universally known, Bret Harte.

As a child he was precocious, even in the matter of humor, mimicking in an inimitable manner, one of his childhood's schoolmates, who had been declaiming "Norval," at one of the school's weekly exercises. His father was of a restless, roving disposition, hence Frank—as he was invariably called until long after he reached manhood—never did much at school. His was really a home education, and that he was naturally studious was made manifest by the fact that, when he was fourteen years old, he was taken ill and confined to his bed for two months, yet in that short time mastered Greek so that he could read it to the satisfaction both

of his mother, and his classically educated father.

In 1854 his father died, and until 1853 his widow, with the children, remained in New York. In that year Mrs. Harte went to California, with a party of relatives and friends to make her home there with her eldest son, Henry, Frank and his younger sister, Margaret, remained until the following year, when they too, in February, 1854, started by the Nicaragua route and after a very wearisome and uneventful journey reached San Francisco. He was then eighteen years of age. Who that saw him land at the wharf dreamed that his was the brain and the pen to bring more swift fame to California than ever the discoverers of gold had accomplished.

But neither did Harte at this time do more than dream, perhaps, of his own powers. He was ever modest and diffident, so that it is questionable whether he himself, in his wildest dreams, saw himself as the world-famous author, with millions of readers eagerly looking for every word that came from his pen.

The day after his arrival in San Francisco Harte and his sister crossed over to Oakland to the new home of his mother. For she had married again, and he was to become acquainted with his step-father, Colonel Andrew Williams. It was a fortunate and happy meeting, for Col. Williams was a true-hearted gen-

tleman of the old school, somewhat old-fashioned perhaps, but with that genuine courtesy of heart and manner that it is to be regretted is now all too rare. He was the first mayor of Oakland, in 1857, and was re-elected the following year.

Now began those experiences in San Francisco and in the mining camps for about two years that formed the basis of all Frank's literary work. In his "Bohemian Days in San Francisco" he tells of his first gambling experience in one of the many "gilded halls" of sin that flourished at that period. He scarcely knew what he was doing, but acting under strong influence he threw down a large coin—to his horror he saw that it was the larger part of his possessions,—and as the spinning wheel came to rest found he had won a glittering heap of gold. A stranger at his elbow whispered advice to him which his boyish pride refused to accept, and he allowed his stake to remain, only to see the whole amount with the coin he originally had staked, swept away at the next turn of the wheel.

....During the two years of his first experiences he became a tutor in a private family in the San Ramon Valley, then, the next year, went up to Humboldt County and became an express messenger, guarding the Wells Fargo's treasure box, plying between points in Humboldt, Trinity and Del Norte Counties. In those days his was a highly dangerous occupation. Highwaymen and bandits roamed the country, solitary and even in bands, and holdups, burglaries, thefts, shootings and even wilful and deliberate murders were far too common. Yet as Charles Warren Stoddard once wrote: "He bore a charmed life. Probably his youth was his salvation, for he ran a thousand risks, yet seemed only to gain in health and spirits." His predecessor was shot through the arm by a highwayman, and his successor was killed. Here he learned to know through intimate daily association the stage-drivers whom he so forcefully pictured in his Yuba Bill.

For a time Harte worked in a drug store and two or three of his sketches recall the familiarity with drugs and their effects that he here learned.

There has been considerable discussion as to whether Bret Harte ever personally worked as a miner, and the question can now perhaps, never be satisfactorily settled. Yet his "How I Went to the Mines," seems to be distinctly autobiographical and his sisters so regard it.

There is one thing, however, both his biographers seem to have overlooked. Neither of

them have a word to say as to how he gained his familiarity with the regions in Tuolumne, Calaveras and Amador Counties, that were so largely the scenes of his later stories. It is incredible that he never spent any time at Angels, or Sonora, or Tuolumne, or Table Mountain, and that he had not seen for himself the roaring, dashing, muddy waters of the Stanislaus River, which he so often refers to. Poker Flat and Roaring Camp, Jimtown and Tuttletown Jackass Flat and Big Oak Flat, San Andreas and Chinese Camp were all as familiar to him as his San Francisco, and yet neither of his biographers tell of any visits he is known to have made there. It is evident that he must have spent some time in the region to know it so thoroughly.

Fortunately in W. R. Gillis, the brother of Steve and Jim Gillis,—all three intimates of Mark Twain,—we have a witness who knew somewhat of Bret Harte's familiarity with the country. William's brother, Jim, owned very profitable mines on Jackass Hill, and it was here that he (W. R.) lived for several months with Mark Twain, who was afterwards to become associated with Harte in the Overland Monthly.

Gillis asserts that Bret Harte never lived for any length of time in Tuolumne County. He says he did, however, reside for a while in Calaveras County. He recalls one occasion, in 1855, when he was living on Jackass Hill, that Bret Harte came and stayed over night with them. He was returning to San Francisco, and as he left in the morning, his brother Jim slipped a twenty dollar gold piece in his hand with the quiet remark: "That'll perhaps help to make the way easier."

Gillis never felt drawn to Harte as he did to Mark Twain. He often says he was not the human man that Mark was. Indeed, he expresses his opinion of Bret Harte very fully in one remark: "He (Bret Harte) asserted there was only one literary genius in the world and he was that one."

Harte was not yet, however, in any position to even imagine he was a literary genius. He was to find himself, soon, however, in San Francisco. Here, in 1857 he was engaged in setting type for the Golden Era. Joe Lawrence was its editor, and had it been well conducted it might have made the later founding of the Overland unnecessary. For this magazine Harte wrote several stories and essays, some of which have found place side by side with his later work. It was for this magazine he wrote "M'liss," which he afterwards materially expanded, as,

many of his friends and critics think, to its serious disadvantage. He also wrote some of his "Condensed Novels" for the Golden Era. It was during this period, August 11, 1862, that he married Miss Anna Griswold, and also made two valuable friends in Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, herself a woman of considerable literary ability, and the Rev. Thomas Starr King, the Unitarian divine, who had recently taken charge of the San Francisco church of that faith. Another friend was R. B. Swain, a member of King's church, and superintendent of the Mint. In 1864 Swain offered him the position of secretary of the Mint, and this office he refrained for the rest of the time—six more years—he remained in California. Little official work was required at his hands so that he was enabled to devote a good deal of time to his literary work.

During this time he wrote that stirring poem, "The Reveille," which was read to an audience in Thomas Starr King's church, as also were others of his patriotic poems.

Then in 1868 came the founding, by Anton Roman, of the Overland Monthly. Harte, by unanimous consent, was named as its editor, and he consented to act, provided Noah Brooks would write for it each month, and also if Charles Warren Stoddard and Ina Coolbrith would each guarantee a monthly contribution of prose or verse. These two were so often seen with Harte, or going to or returning from his office that some wag denominated them "The Golden Gate Trinity," and so long as Harte and Stoddard lived (Miss Coolbrith, we are glad to say, is still in the land of the actively living), the name stuck. Harte was essentially an editor. There must have been born in him an instinctive knowledge as to what made "literature." His whole career as a writer and editor seems to have been influenced by such a standard as James Russell Lowell afterwards so wonderfully set forth as his definition of a classic: "A happy coalescence of matter and style, that innate and exquisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form that consents to every mood of grace and dignity, which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient or modern, always new and incapable of growing old."

Then, too, he was already possessed with the western spirit. He and his co-laborers were—if not the heralds—then the true historians of the new west, as surely as Lincoln, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier and Bryant were the heralds and historians of New England. They sent forth to the world the first true and real pictures

of the west in which they lived. Hence Harte was essentially the qualified leader, the one divinely appointed to be the editor.

He possessed the keen, critical spirit and was gifted with an intuitive sense as to what a high-class magazine should be. Even the cover was of importance to him. In an age when meritorious and gaudy presents were called for by most people, his refined taste suggested the plainest, simplest and most dignified kind of a cover, such an one as can never be improved upon, because simple dignity is always good and uncriticisable. He had an unfailing ear for euphony in the titles of whatever he admitted to his pages, and an equally keen eye for a taking title, and this department of his magazine always received his thorough and careful attention and revision. Indeed the general "make-up" of his magazine was as near perfect as it could be.

Of his literary ability and critical judgement the true but really funny story of how his "Luck of Roaring Camp" was received in the printing office of his own magazine is the best exemplification I know. The young lady proof-reader was so shocked by the story that she threw down the copy and refused to listen further to such debasing lines. The printer, a good respectable "deacon," seconded the embarrassed girl in her protests, and the proprietor and publisher, Anton Roman, was perforce impressed by the maiden modesty and deacon-like purity that arrayed themselves against this immoral story of the wicked miners. Harte was called upon the carpet. With great diffidence and fearful, lest in the heat of composition and creation he had failed to comprehend the character of the beings he had fathered he agreed to reread his story in cold blood and even colder type. With critical senses alert to a point of painful acuteness he re-read his story. Instead of seeing anything to condemn he felt there was much to commend, and that nothing but false modesty and a too-sensitive prudency could see anything objectionable either in the facts of the story or his way of telling them.

With a firmness and bravery, which is as rare as it is honorable and commendable, he returned to the publisher with his decision, which was to the effect that, while as far as his work as author was concerned he would be perfectly willing to withdraw the story, he could not under any circumstances, as EDITOR, do so, as such a course would imply his unfitness for the critical editorial position. And from this stand nothing could move him. That was his unalterable platform and upon that, like Patrick

Henry and Lincoln, he was willing to "survive or perish, sink or swim."

The value of this invincible determination was of the highest value to California and its dawning literature. Indeed it formed an epoch in the literary annals of the Golden State, the importance of which few of Bret Harte's followers have sufficiently recognized. For had he wavered at that critical moment his own judgment would henceforth have been at the mercy of every wind that blew from whatever hostile source, and the pennant which so proudly waved from his elevated standard would have been lowered, to our lasting and irreparable injury.

But it was not lowered and though a storm of protest, aroused in the local press and pulpit, doubtless by the friends of the shocked proof-reader whose morals were so nearly contaminated by the fearful immorality of the mother of "The Luck," and "Kaintuck's" expletives, for awhile beat upon Harte's devoted head, he awaited with calmness the decision of the critical eastern press. It was not long in coming. We all know how the first mail brought him what seemed in those days an almost fabulous offer from the publishers in the staid, moral, puritanic city of Boston, of the immaculate, blushingly modest "Atlantic Monthly" to write each month for their pure pages such stories as this which had come so near wrecking the first real literary magazine of the Golden State.

And now, at this time, there is no one but will readily acknowledge that it was this magazine — the Overland Monthly — under Bret Harte's supervision that first won for California its spurs as a creator of writing that was literature. Its literary history begins—as far as the outside world is concerned—with the date which appeared on this modest looking, brown-covered magazine, with the cut of a grizzly under its title, viz., 1868.

Not only did Bret Harte lift high the standard of California literature and win the respect and homage of the literary world for it, but in his own personal worth he set a standard which has ever since materially influenced not only California literature, but all literature, to its improvement. He brought the short story to a state of perfection it had never before attained. Even Poe, in the most studied and finished of his products, never surpassed and seldom equalled Bret Harte, and in character drawing many regard Poe as Harte's inferior.

Jack Hamlin, M'liss, Yuba Bill, Colonel Starbottle, Judge Beeswinger, Tennessee's Pardner, Ah Sin, Truthful James, Jack Oakhurst, and

the rest are worthy to rank side by side with Becky Sharp, Col. Newcome, Maggie and Tom Tulliver, Aunt Glegg, Adam Bede, Dick Swiveller, Pickwick, David Copperfield, Sam Weller, and all the other notables that the creative genius of Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot brought into existence.

And while in the invention of his longer plots Harte confessed he was inferior, it cannot be denied that he was the creator of a style, clear, vivid, pure and enchanting, and worthy of as high a place as any man or woman who has hitherto wielded the pen in the realm of English fiction.

It is not my purpose here to give any review of Bret Harte's many short stories, his dialect or serious poems, or his two longer novels. I wish, however, to call attention to a phase of his work that cannot be too strongly emphasized, viz., that of the portions of California with which he was familiar no one, of any time or school and writing, has yet equalled him in the fidelity, truth, and vividness of his descriptions. The more one studies them the more marvellous do they become, and to merely quote them would fill many, many scores of pages. His literary touch, in these matters, was perfect. From beginning to end each line is laid in with unfaltering and masterly stroke, not a word too many or too few, all are needed to give completeness to the picture he wishes to present.

In his descriptions of the Santa Cruz Mountains, the mining country of Calaveras and Tuolumne Counties, the Bay Region near San Francisco, his pen pictures are equal to dainty and exquisite cameos that yet have the fidelity of photography. Weather conditions, the tree, flower and bird life are also accurately presented. And with what power! Where is there, in all literature, a finer description of a snow-storm than the one with which he opens Gabriel Conroy? Anyone who has been in the Sierras, either afoot, on horseback or in a conveyance, when a heavy snowstorm began, knows how it can fall and fall and fall, "filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of canyons in white shrouds like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches,rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon."

And who that has seen a heavy fall run in the foothills cannot immediately picture the scene in "Chiquito?"

The judge and his nevey struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all around us; Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek jist a bilin'; Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.

Then, too, how vivid the few words of picturing in "Cicely:"

Alkali, rock and sage;
Sagebrush, rock, and alkali; ain't it a pretty page!
Sun in the east in the mornin', sun in the west at night,
And the shadows of this yer station the only thing moves in sight.

And if you ever came down the Geiger or any other steep grade in a stage-coach on a dark night you'll feel the force of:

It was the Geiger Grade, a mile and a half from the summit;
Black as your hat was the night, and never a star in the heavens.
Thundering down the grade, the gravel and stones we sent flying
Over the precipice side,—a thousand feet plumb to the bottom.

And again and again I have seen and heard:
Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

No, No! dear friend. Harte didn't write this Goulash!

There are scores of such—all of which are worth quoting, and to the students of literature well worth memorizing. His powers of observation were keen and unerring, and seeing so much more than the ordinary observer, and possessing that unerring gift of words he sets it forth in such fashion that the unobservant is compelled to see with Harte's own poetic vision and fullness of detail. And in this power of observation, of analysis of persons, situations and things, and the ability to set them forth in such vivid cleanliness that they seem almost silhouettes against a clear sky, we find the secret of Bret Harte's style.

Style in a writer is a subtle thing. It is the mark of his personality, the revelation in literature of his individuality. What careful student does not recognize at once the nervous, brilliant fluency of De Quincey, the resigned pessimism of Matthew Arnold, the heavy pomposity of Johnson, the rugged virility of Carlyle, the dulcet limpidity of Tennyson, the serene virile strength of Newman, the beautiful and florid power of Ruskin, the unaffected directness of Oliver Goldsmith, the adorned rhetoric of Macaulay, the subtle sweetness of Keats, the quaint humor of Charles Lamb, and the peculiar exaggerations and unexpected turns of Mark Twain. These features are what make the "style" of these men; and the creator of a

new style is a distinct acquisition to the language; a benefactor to the race of readers and students. Looked at from this standpoint Bret Harte is the creator of a style as peculiarly distinctive, as subtle and charming, as pleasing and mentally provocative as that of any writer in the English language. He never uses a wrong word, or one too many. Take the poem "Dickens in Camp" as an example. Read each line for its sonorous beauty, listen to its rhythmic swing, study its picturing; feel its sentiment;—then take the poem as a finished whole and as you respond to its power and pathos you know that your mind and heart have equally been played upon by a master of style.

In "The Luck of Roaring Camp" how his quaint humor asserts itself in the side comments on the gifts offered by the miners. Equally, in the "Heathen Chinee" his sarcasm is as dainty and yet forceful, as the flash of a searchlight through the blackness of midnight.

Here by the way as an interjection let me relate that W. R. Gillis is strongly opposed to the assertion and belief that his brother, James Townsend, was the original of *Truthful James*. He asserts that the real personage was James W. E. Townsend, who it is asserted by one who knew him well "was by all odds the most original writer and versatile liar that this coast or any other coast, ever produced. He began his journalistic career in Mono County with the Mono Index. To read his paper you would think it was published in a city of ten thousand inhabitants. He had a Mayor and City Council, whose proceedings he reported once a week, although they never existed, and enlivened his columns with killings, law suits, murder trials, railroad accidents and a thousand and one incidents of daily life in a humming growing town, every last one of which he coined out of his own active brain. He was called "Lying Jim Townsend" to the day of his death and could he have had his way it would have been graven on his tombstone." He was never a liar who sought to injure anyone, but merely lied for the fun of it. He was, asserts Gillis, the man to whom the honor of being "*Truthful James*" really belongs.

It was not only in his own work on the "Overland" and elsewhere that Harte must be judged. It is no mere fiction of the imagination that one man with lofty purpose will inspire others. Pompey, Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, Gustavus Adolphus, Cromwell, Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Grant, and scores of the greater and lesser leaders of armies have influenced their thousands to deeds

of the greatest bravery and heroism. Many a college professor has sent out an influence that will last through the ages by the high inspirations he has put into the hearts of his students, and many a college president, king on his throne, editor in his sanctum, president in his executive chair has done more to benefit the world by the class of men and women he has gathered around him to aid in his work, than by any personal achievement of his own, no matter how notable. In this kind of relationship Bret Harte should be duly estimated. Take those early numbers of the Overland and see the marvellous influence he exercised, the magnetic power he manifested in drawing to him the very best the State afforded,—names that are now known and honored wherever the English language is spoken. Even a partial list is suggestive! Mark Twain, Dan de Quille, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith, W. C. Bartlett, Prentice Mulford, Noah Brooks, D. C. Gilman, Josephine Clifford McCracken, etc.

He stimulated these writers to their highest and most noble efforts. Each of these now acknowledged masters, was speedily taught that only his or her best was acceptable. No hasty, ill considered, imperfect work could find a place in the Overland. It must be GOOD or it was bad. There was no middle ground. Nothing was ever "good enough" unless it was the best, and even in this year of our Lord, there are few magazines published east or west that so delightfully tilliate my critical senses as do the pages bound in the brown paper cover on which is stamped its sign and symbol in the bold, fearless, primitive grizzly, and bearing date of the sixties and seventies.

How is it then that Californians have given such tardy recognition to the genius and worth of this man to whom it owes so much? Some geniuses fail to "arrive," but Harte both promised and fulfilled. We are the inheritors of his resourceful pen; the language is enriched by his vivid and poetic pictures of our western States, of the thousand miles of high Sierras, fruitful valleys, Coast Range and seashore. His high standards have influenced all our literary product since his day and by his standard and achievements our progress in literature must be determined. The attitude of mind of California can well be understood from the following comments on Bret Harte's work. It appears in "The Owl" of June 1891:

"A great deal of 'fuss' has been made lately over the productions of Mr. Frank Brett Harte, especially since his engagement with Fields,

Osgood & Co., (at \$15,000 a year). Many of the papers have hailed all his effusions with indiscriminate praise. Many others have heaped odium on the very efforts on which all his reputation rests; a few have been found who have separated the chaff and pointed out the clear kernel. His Californian sketches, such as 'Luck of Roaring Camp,' 'Miggles,' 'The Gentleman From Reno,' have come particularly under our notice. We have read the three above mentioned, and we are compelled to dissent from the loud condemnation proclaimed by some of our exchanges against at least the first-named. That the beginning of the story is somewhat indelicate we readily allow, but we are not prepared to denounce it as 'indecent and immoral,' since it is evident to any careful reader that the author was far from intending anything against propriety. The California tales are inimitable, simply because they furnish a true picture of the different phases of California life, especially as it was eight or ten years ago in the mining settlements in the northern sections of the State. Bret Harte is a poet as well as a tale writer, and many of his poems give evidence of uncommon abilities in this line. We do not place the 'Heathen Chinee' among those of which he may be proud, we regard this poem of very common merit; it is only the quaintness of the style that attracts our eastern brethren, and the style is not at all quaint to Californians."

There you have it! The east and a few in the west hailed him as a new star in the literary firmament; many others heaped odium upon him. There was more reason for this than that of the puritanical proofreader and those who viewed matters from her standpoint. Look for a moment at his lines on San Francisco:

I know the cuunning of thy greed,
My high, hard lust and wilful deed.

And all thy glory has to tell
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down, o fleecy fog, and hide
He rsceptic sneer and all her pride!

Wrap her, o Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame;
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she, cowled, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.

This was leading on dangerous ground.

But he went further. Like Dickens, whom he so much admired, he could not resist the temptation—perhaps did it deliberately and pur-

posefully,—to flash his lightings of sarcasm and trenchant wit about the heads of the pretentiously great and superlatively pure. He was not a "kowtower" to those in power, whether in office, church or tripod. Nor did he bow to the will of the mob. How he scathed the attitude of California in general and San Francisco in particular on the Chinese question. In his "Wan Lee," the pagan, he struck out boldly against the unchristian acts of the people and the vile hypocrisy of the attitude of the bench and bar, press and pulpit; and in *Truthful James* he seeks the same effects by his keen and terse sarcasm.

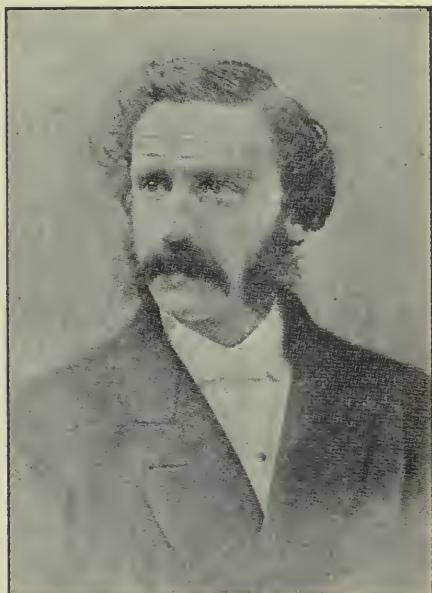
It requires no keenness of perception therefore to see in such playful sarcastic criticisms as this of the Californian's attitude, one secret of some of California's hostility or dislikes,—or are these terms too strong? Then let me qualify them and say California's lack of exuberant affection and pride for and in—Bret Harte's work. He was too frank, too outspoken about the things he disliked to be a popular idol. Little minds saw their own littleness reflected in these sarcastic utterances, forgetful of the marvellous and wonderful descriptions of vivid power and beauty that he had given of the things in the State that did appeal to him. Poor, sensitive mortals! such morbidly afflicted souls should be put in glass cases, free from all intrusion of sun, wind, cold and even dust, where neither moth and rust could corrupt and thieves break through and steal. A great man never chafes under reasonable criticism; a great nation is never sensitive when its faults are honestly shown up, and I have neither patience nor sympathy with the patriotism or State-love of those in California or elsewhere who require that their State shall be cossetted, petted, coddled and "sissied," instead of being treated in a frank, open, manly manner.

It has been the fashion, too, in some circles to criticise, more or less severely Bret Harte's truthfulness in portrayal.

This is not to be wondered at when the ordinary want of observation, power of perception, and utter lack of analytical power of the mass of even educated men and women is considered. Suffice it to say that there is not a single situation offered in any of the plots or stories of Bret Harte that did not have its exact counterpart in Nature, or was the typical outcome of the character he was presenting.

Then, too, his truthfulness and fidelity in the handling of dialect has been brought into question. Mr. Merwin forever closes the mouths of these objectors—that is, if they wish to speak

the truth. He says: "The rather astonishing fact is that Bret Harte uses dialect words and phrases to the number, roughly estimated, of three hundred, and a hasty investigation has served to identify all but a few of these as legitimate pioneer expressions."



BRET HARTE

*Taken While He Was Secretary of the U. S. Mint,
San Francisco, Calif.*

Hence the folly of these criticisms is evident.

It has often been said that Bret Harte was never grateful for what California did for him. What utter bosh. What did California do for him? Do we ever ask the questions: Does Kipling realize how much he owes to India? Byron to the countries he helped to immortalize by the magic of his pen? James Whitcomb Riley to the homely spots in Indiana which his verse have glorified. Of course not. California gave nothing more to Bret Harte than it gave to every living soul that came within its boundaries; it gave him the opportunity to see, to hear, to learn. But on the other hand California does owe much to Bret Harte. He DID see, and hear, and learn, and then, transmuting what he saw into the pure gold of literature, he gave it out to the world, and led millions to know and love California; taught the literary notables of the world to look with a new eye towards this land of the west, and informed them that not only was it true in a material sense that "Westward the star of empire wends its way," but also in a literary sense.

The fact of the matter is California has never

begun to pay the debt of gratitude it owes to Bret Harte. But it is beginning to do so though tardy, our decisions are, in the main, just and right. It is well that we have statues in our Golden Gate city to Francis Scott Key and Robert Burns and the well-beloved Robert Louis Stevenson, but I claim that if these three men were again in the flesh upon the earth and California was to ask of them the question: "Who of California's sons is first entitled to the gratitude, the praise, the honor we can accord to his memory?" they, with one voice, would exclaim with the truth as well as the generosity of genius, "Bret Harte!" Side by side with the monument of Stevenson in Portsmouth Square, which oasis Bret Harte gazed upon daily from the windows of the first "Overland" office, there will ever be a vacant spot to the shame not only of San Francisco but of all California, until a suitable and worthy memorial be placed to the honor of our first and greatest literature standard-bearer. I can imagine the joy of the shade of that prince of good fellows and loyal hearts when such a memorial shall be in place: "Bret, I greet you! Gladly would I have had your monument here first. I am joyed that at last justice is done you."

The rest of my sketch necessarily must be condensed. His work called him east and he left San Francisco in 1871. For a time he lived

in Boston, then in New York, going out into the lecture field now and again, in the hope of adding to his income.

Then his friends secured for him the offer of the consulship of Crefield, in Prussia, and in 1878 he left his native country never to see it again.

Prussia did not suit him and his kindly friends again interested themselves in his behalf and he became the consul in Glasgow, Scotland. In 1885, soon after there came one of the oft-occurring political upheavals in the U. S., Bret Harte was removed from office. He went, at once, to London, and thenceforward made that his home, writing for the stage and now and again giving out another of his California stories to delight his growing circle of readers.

One of his intimate friends was Madame Van de Velde, and at her beautiful home, the Red House, at Chamberly, Surrey, on May 5, 1902, he passed away. He was buried in Trimley Churchward, in the presence of a few of those he loved and who loved him.

Two of his old friends on the Overland, Ina Coolbrith and Joaquin Miller, wrote exquisite poems of farewell, and as many tears fell here in the west, as were shed there where

A face lay
Under the English daisies,
In a silence far away.

SANCTUARY

By S. OMAR BARKER

In pauseless march the unforgiving years
Will pass, and things that now are cease to be.
The hopes of youth may dwindle out in tears,
Or turn to gold through Fortune's alchemy;
But all must change, for this is Fate's decree:
That youthful loves and joys and ardent fears
Must flicker out in mists of memory,
Like lights that soften when night fog appears.

So passes life. Yet when the crowding grind
That daily is our great antagonist,
Shall press me hard in body, soul and mind,
Or heartaches throb which I cannot resist,
Kind memories will come and I shall find
Calm sanctuary in their purple mist.

A Christmas Legend

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

IT seems strange and unreasonable to me," he mused, "and yet it may be true.

Many who are older and wiser than I am have believed in it but I have never heard of anyone who has made a practical test."

The legend had been haunting him for weeks and as Christmas Day drew near it seemed to present itself to his mind more forcibly than ever; he was young and strong and ambitious and therefore anxious for adventure although the peace and quiet by which his life had thus far been surrounded had given him little opportunity to go in search of it; he had a great deal of stored-up energy and it seemed to him that he had found something upon which to expend it; accordingly he began to make such preparations as appeared to him to be necessary in order to accomplish the object that he had in view; in the first place he hunted up a strong box that had been made of stout boards securely nailed together and that was large enough for him to conceal himself within; in this box he carefully deposited a tallow candle and some matches and arranged the cover so that it could be easily removed and quickly replaced; at first he thought that he would take no one into his confidence, but he finally decided that since Miriam would be apt to wonder where he was during his absence, it would be his duty to tell her of his intention, but he made up his mind before he did so that he would not allow anything that she might say to frustrate or materially change his plans; had he known how strenuously she would object to the arrangements that he had already made he might have hesitated before he disclosed them to her, but his own enthusiasm about the matter was so great that he did not consider that she might not share it.

"I don't see how you can think of doing such a thing!" the girl exclaimed when he told her what he meant to do. "It would look as if you didn't believe that it is true!"

"If it IS true," he argued, "nothing that I can do will change the facts and if it isn't true we may as well all know it."

"But why?" she demanded, "should you doubt it? Have you any reason for your unbelief?"

"Have you any evidence," he parried, "to show that what you believe actually occurs?"

"Isn't the fact that everyone believes it evidence enough?" she cried. "I don't think that

you have any right to do this, and if you try to do it, I'm afraid that you'll be hurt!"

"Surely you are not superstitious about this, are you?" he gently asked. "What harm would I do even if I should prove that it is not true?"

"Why should you want to prove or disprove it?" she inquired, instead of directly answering him. "I don't see how you or anyone else would be benefited by any knowledge that you might gain!"

"I don't see how anyone would be injured by it!" he declared, "So I think that I'll go on with the experiment and see how it turns out."

On Christmas Eve he placed the box he had prepared outside of, but not far from, the house in a convenient and sheltered spot where it would not be apt to be discovered; he crawled within the box shortly before midnight and fitted the cover of it closely down above his head; with the tallow candle in one hand and the matches in the other he crouched down there and waited; it seemed to him that he had been there for a considerable length of time when he began to hear a soft scraping sound as if some free wild creature of the night had noticed and was investigating his retreat; this sound steadily continued until he plainly heard the clocks that were within the house strike twelve; then he hastily scratched the head of a match across the sole of one of his shoes and applied the flame of it to the wick of the candle so that it flared up and brightly lighted the interior of the box; at that moment he distinctly heard a voice that, it seemed to him he had never heard before, but the words the voice repeated were not strange or hard to understand for they were words with which he had always been familiar; accompanying the words it seemed to him there was a sort of rustling as if light-winged creatures were floating overhead; he was startled but yet determined to carry out the plan that he had made and so he suddenly lifted the cover of the box and climbed out of it with the lighted candle in his hand.

He peered eagerly around and saw that Miriam was standing there looking lovingly and fearfully at him; after a few tense moments of utter silence she softly said:

"When I heard them singing 'Peace on earth! Good will to man!' I was so afraid that that close unbelieving box would mar their music for you that I repeated what they said."



"When the Padres built the Mission's whitewashed wall and gray square tower"

LOS PADRES FRANCISCANOS

"*Mundo erant alieni sed Deo proximi et familiares amici.*"
—IMITATIS XTI.

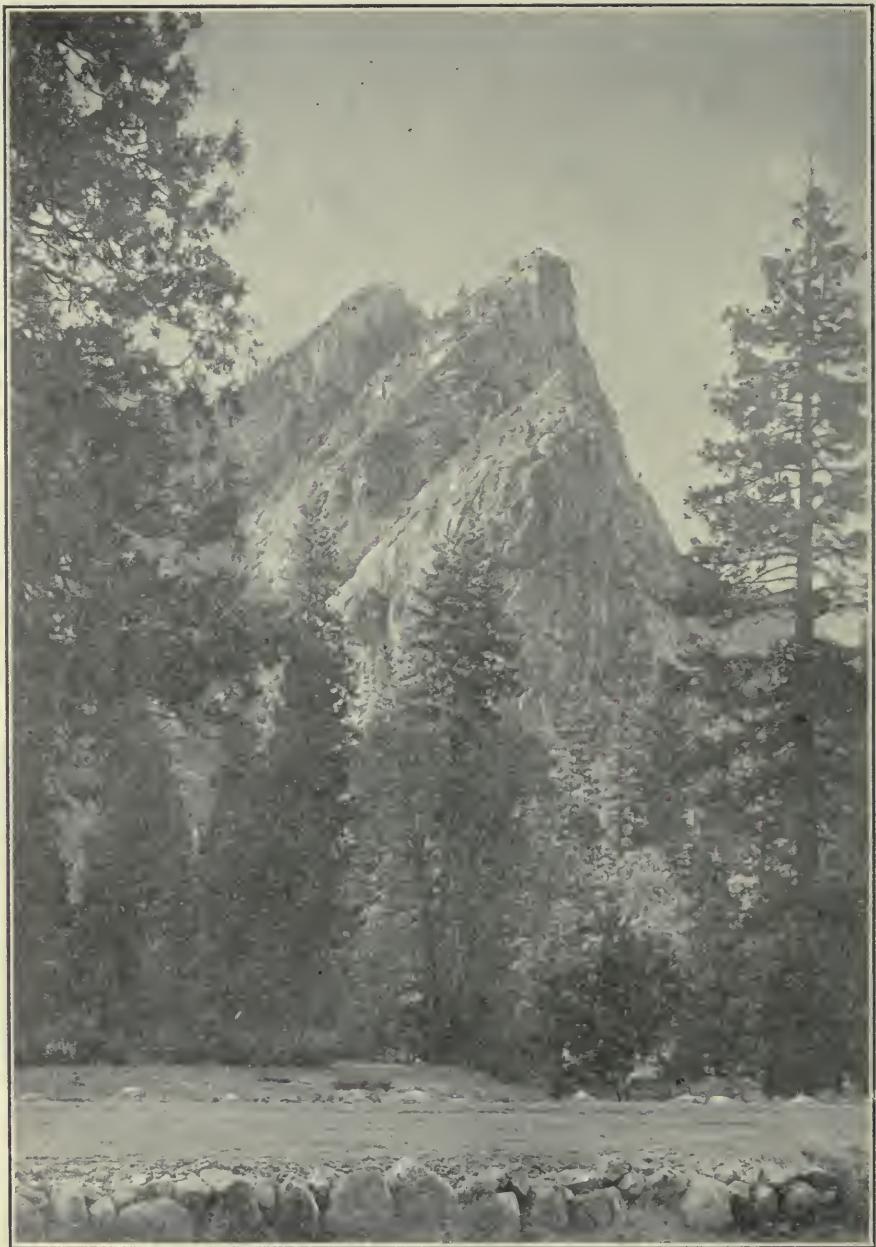
As of that City buried in the Sea
The far-off bells are faintly heard to chime
By sailors on the coast of Brittany.
So do we dimly feel, of that old time,
The courage and worldliness sublime
When th' Padres built the Mission's whitewashed wall
And gray, square Tower, when th' Angelus might call
The scattered Indians home when th' upward climb
Of stars showed Day was done.

Long vanished dream,
As patiently laid down as bravely wrought,
When the All-giver willed it should be naught
And so much labor lost! not least we deem
This lesson of the many left by these
Brave Builders—Padres on the Sunset Seas.

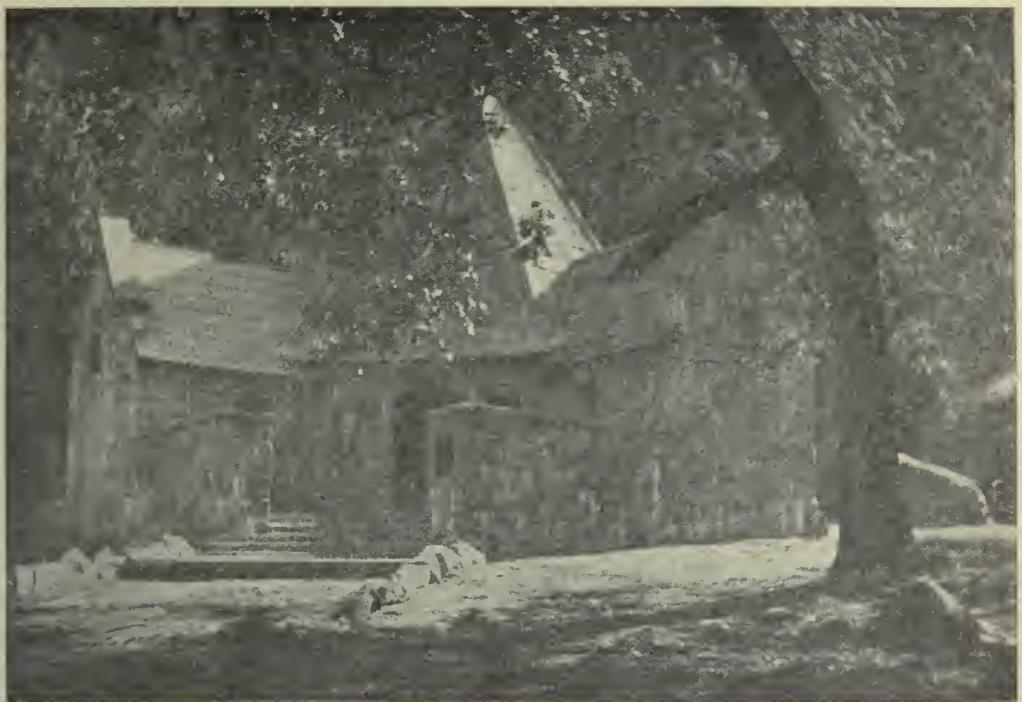


"Padres—On the Sunset Seas"

(NOTE—The above poem by Dr. William L. Adams accompanied the gift to a friend of a holiday edition of "The Old Spanish Missions of California" shortly before his untimely death two years ago. This is probably the last of the many beautiful poems that Dr. Adams wrote, the collection of which is soon to be published.)



*Mountains and Valley of the Yosemite, which Prof. Joseph Le Conte Loved So Well, and
Where, Under Its Lights and Shadows Is Erected, to His Memory, the
Beautiful Lodge Shown on the Opposite Page*



The Le Conte Memorial Lodge—Yosemite Valley

—Photograph by Ansel E. Adams

WHISPERINGS

By R. R. GREENWOOD

Full many a year the master's music rose
Unheeded as the idle wind that sighs
Across the leaden moors at evening's close,
Ah, sweet as day-dawn when the dull night
dies!
Still wrought the master, for the love of song
Burned in his soul, a deathless altar fire,
Unwitting that the dull world slept o'er long
Nor heard the golden maic of his lyre.
He caught the sea's far whisper through the
night;
His were the bird notes of the crystal morn,
The song of winds that frolic on the height
Was blended with the forest's call forlorn.
Immortal ear! attuned to unheard things,
Still through the slumbering world thy mes-
sage rings!

The Helmet of Mambrino

From the Memoirs of Clarence King.

By courtesy of the Century Publishing Co.

"How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever?" cried Don Quixote; "dost thou not see that knight that comes riding up directly towards us upon a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"I see what I see," replied Sancho, "and the devil of anything I can spy but a fellow on such another gray ass as mine is, with something that glitters o'top of his head."

"I tell that is Mambrino's helmet," replied Don Quixote.—Cervantes.

DEAR DON HORACIO: You cannot have forgotten the morning we turned our backs upon San Francisco, and slowly rambled seaward through winding hollows of park, nor how the mist drooped low as if to hear the tones of fondness in our talk of Cervantes and the Don, nor how the approving sun seemed to send a benediction through the riven cloud-rack overhead.

It was after we had passed the westward edge of that thin veneer of polite vegetation which a coquettish art has affixed to the great wind-made waves of sand, and entered the waste of naked drift beyond, that we heard afar a whispered sea-plaint, and beheld the great Pacific coming in under cover of a low-lying fog, and grinding its white teeth on the beach.

Still discoursing of La Mancha, we left behind us the last gateway of the hills, came to the walk's end and the world's end and the end of the Aryan migrations.

We were not disturbed by the restless Aryan who dashed past us at the rate of 2:20 with an insolent flinging of sand, a whirling cobweb of hickory wheel, and all the mad hurry of the nineteenth century at his heels.

For what (we asked one another as we paced the Cliff House veranda) did this insatiable wanderer leave his comfortable land of Central Asia and urge ever westward through forty centuries of toilsome march? He started in the world's youth, a simple, pastoral pilgrim, and we saw him pull up his breathless trotters at the very Ultima Thule, rush into the bar-room, and demand a cocktail.

Having quenched this ethnic thirst and apparently satisfied the yearning of ages, we watched him gather up his reins and start eastward again, as if for the sources of the sacred Ganges, and disappear in the cloud of his own swift-rushing dirt.

By the fire in our private breakfast-room we

soon forgot him, and you led me again into the company of the good knight.

Even Alphonso must have felt the chivalric presence, for all unbidden he discreetly hispanized our omelet.

Years have gone since that Cervantean morning of ours, and today, my friend, I am come from our dear Spain.

As I journeyed in the consecrated realm of Don Quixote, it happened to me to pass a night "down in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to recollect."

Late in the evening, after a long day in the saddle, we had stopped at an humble posada on the outskirts of an old pueblo, too tired to press on in search of better accommodations, which we believed the town would probably afford. We were glad enough to tie our weary animals to their iron rings within the posada, and fling ourselves down to sleep in the doorway, lulled by the comfortable munching sound of the beasts, and fanned by a soft wind which came fitfully from the south.

The mild, dry night, wherein thin veils of cloud had tempered the moonlight and overspread the vacant plains with spectral shadows, was at length yielding to the more cheerful advance of dawn.

From the oaken bench on which I had slept, in the arched entrance of the posada, I could look back across the wan swells of the plain over which my companion and I had plodded the day before, and watch the landscape brighten cheerfully as the sun rose.

Just in front, overhanging the edge of a dry shallow ravine, stood the ruin of a lone windmill—a breach in its walls rendering visible the gnarled trunk of an old olive-tree which hugged the shade of the ancient mill, as if safe under the protection of a veritable giant.

Oaken frames of the mill-arms, slowly consuming with dry-rot, etched their broken lines

against the soft gray horizon. A rag or two of stained canvas, all that was left of the sails, hung yellow, threadbare and moldering in the windless air.

The walls of our doorway seemed visibly to crumble. Here and there lingering portions of stucco still clung to a skeleton of bricks; and overhead, by the friendly aid of imagination, one could see that time out of mind the arch had been white-washed.

Signs of life one by one appeared. From a fold somewhere behind the posada a small flock of gaunt, lately sheared sheep slowly marched across my narrow field of view.

Single file, with heads down, they noiselessly followed a path faintly traced across the plain, the level sun touching their thin backs, and casting a procession of moving shadows on the gray ground. One or two stopped to rub against the foundation-stones of the mill; and presently all had moved on into a hollow of the empty land and disappeared.

Later, at the same slow pace, and without a sound of footfall, followed a brown and spare old shepherd, with white, neglected hair falling over a tattered cloak of coarse homespun. His face wore a strange expression of imbecile content. It was a face from which not only hope but even despair had faded out under the burning strength of eternal monotony.

A few, short, jerky, tottering steps, and he too was gone, with his crust of bread and cow's horn of water, his oleander-wood staff, and his vacant smile of senile tranquility.

Then an old, shriveled parrot of a woman, the only other inhabitant of the posada, came from I never knew where, creeping in through the open portal, heavily burdened with an earthen jar of water for our beasts. "Buenos dias!" fell in a half-whisper from her lips which held a burning cigarette. She too disappeared.

On the other side of the arched entry, against the opposite wall, on an oaken bench like mine, his head to the outer air, asleep on his back, lay my guide and companion—Salazar—a poor gentleman, humbled by fate, yet rich in the qualities of sentiment which make good men and good friends.

His arms were crossed on his breast, after the manner of those pious personages who lie in their long bronze and marble slumber in church and chapel. His delicate constitution, yielding at last to the wear of time, and now plainly declining, had decreed for him only a narrow margin of life. In a little while, in a few short years, he will lie as he lay that morning in La Mancha, and his countenance will wear the same expression of mingled pain and peace.

I had chosen him as companion for this episode of travel because of his fine, appreciative knowledge of Cervantes, and from his personal resemblance to the type of Don Quixote. He had listened affectionately to my talk of the Bachelor of San Francisco, and joined with zest in my search for a "Helmet of Mambrino," which I hoped to send as a gift to the gentleman by the western sea.

I scanned his sleeping features long and thought him a perfect Spanish picture. How sternly simple the accessories! Only a wall of time-mellowed brick, barred by lines of yellow mortar, and patched by a few hand-breadths of whitened plaster! Only a solid, antique bench of oak, weatherworn into gray harmony with an earthen floor! Northing more!

His ample cloak of dark, olive-colored cloth, reaching from foot to chin, covered him, save for one exposed hand, completely, and hung in folds to the ground. There was nothing to distract from his face, now thrown into full profile against the rough wall.

Far back over the bald cranial arch, a thin coat of mixed gray and brown wiry hair covered the back of his head, just where it rested on the blue handkerchief he had carefully composed over an improvised pillow. The heavy eyebrow formed a particularly long, high bow, and ended abruptly against a slightly sunken bony temple. The orbital hollow, an unusually large and cavernous bowl, showed beneath the brow a tracery of feeble blue veins; but the closed eye domed boldly up, its yellow lids strongly fringed with long brown lashes. The hooked beak of a well-modeled but large aquiline nose curved down from the brow. Over his always compressed mouth grew a delicate, grizzled mustache, the ends of which turned up in the old Spanish way. His jaw was refined rather than strong, and bore on his long chin a thin tuft of hair which grew to a point and completed a singularly chaste and knightly profile. The shallow thinness of his figure, the sunken yellow cheek, and emaciated throat, were all eloquent of decline.

Age, too, recorded itself in the exposed hand,—not so much in its pallor or slenderness of finger, as in the prominence of bony framework, which seemed thrust into the wrinkled muscular covering as into a glove which is too large and much out-worn.

These are but material details, and only interesting as the seat and foundation of a fixed air of gentlemanliness, which, waking or sleeping, never left his countenance.

He was, as he slept, the figure of the dead

Quixote,—a gaunt face softened by a patient spirit, an iron frame weakened and refined by lifelong frugality, and now touched by the wintery frosts of age; but, above all, the sleeping mask, with its slightly curled lip, wore an aspect of chivalric scorn of all things mean and low. I watched the early light creep over his bald forehead, and tinge the sallow cheek with its copper warmth, and I marked how the sharp shadow of his nose lay like a finger of silence across his lips.

There lay one of those chance friends, whom to meet is to welcome from the heart, and from whom I for one never part without perplexing wonder whether chance or fate or Providence will so throw the shuttle through the strange pattern of life's fabric, that our two feeble threads will ever again touch and cross and interweave.

Chocolate is the straw at which the drowning traveler catches in the wide ocean of Spanish starvation. Its spicy aroma, with that of a cigarette announced the coming of the old posadera.

I reluctantly awakened Salazar, and we began the day by each purging water from an earthen jar for the other's ablutions. From a leathern wallet my companion produced a few dry, crumbled little cakes, and my ulster pocket yielded up a bottle of olives I had brought from Seville. The woman squatted by us and smoked.

While waiting for his boiling beverage to cool, Salazar addressed our hostess: "This American gentleman has in his own country a friend of whom he is exceedingly fond, a certain Don Horacio, who, it seems, is in the habit of reading the adventures of Don Quixote, which you very well know, señora, happened here in La Mancha. This Don Horacio has never seen one of our Spanish barber's basins, such as the good Don Quixote wore for a helmet.

"It is to find him an ancient basin that we have come to La Mancha. There were plenty of new ones in Seville and Cordova, but they will not serve. We must have an ancient one, and one from this very land. Do you by chance remember where there is such a one?"

The good woman reflected, while we sipped the chocolate, and ate the cakes and olives. She threw away the end of the cigarette, and began rolling another. This little piece of manipulation, well known as provocative of thought, was hardly accomplished when she exclaimed:

"Mira! I do know the very piece. Come to the door! Do you see that church in ruins? Bueno! Just beyond is an old posada. The

widow Barrilera, with her boy Crisanto, lives there. Poor people put up their beasts there. It used to be a great fonda many years ago, and ever since I was a child an old basin has hung in the patio. It ought to be there now." At this we were much gladdened; for our search all the day before among the villages and hamlets had been fruitless. The posadera was so dumb at the silver we gave her that she forgot to bid us "Go with God!" till we were mounted and moving away from her door toward the pueblo.

A Spanish town, especially in wide half-waste regions between great cities, sometimes sinks into a slow decline and little by little gives up the ghost of life; dying, not of sudden failure in the heart or central plaza, but wasting away by degrees around its outskirts, and shrinking by the slow ruin of block after block inward toward the center of vitality. This form of decay comes at last to girdle the whole town with mounds of fallen wall, vacant squares of roofless masonry, fragments of paved patio, secluded no more by inclosing corridors, but open and much frequented of drowsy goats, who come from their feeding grounds to sleep on the sun-heated stones.

Here and there a more firmly founded edifice, like a church or a posada, resists the unrelenting process of destruction, and stands for a few years in lonely despair among the leveled dust of the neighbor buildings.

If a church it is bereft of its immemorial chimes, which are made to jangle forth the Angelus from some better-preserved tower on the plaza. Owls sail through the open door, and brush with their downy wings the sacred dust from wooden image of Virgin or Savior till at last the old towers and walls, yielding to rain and wind, melt down into the level of humbler ruin.

The old posadas, while they last, are tenanted by the poorest of the poor. Childless widows too old to work end here in solitary penury their declining days, sister tenants with wandering bats and homeless kids.

Past such an old and dying church Salazar and I rode, following the directions of our hostess and soon drew rein before an old oaken gate in a high wall of ancient masonry. Upon the lintel was rudely cut, as with a pocket knife, the sign "Forraje." Half the double gate, fallen from its rusty hinges, lay broken and disused on the ground, its place taken by a ragged curtain of woolen cloth, which might have once been a woman's cloak. This, with the half gate still standing, served to suggest that the

ruinous inclosure was to be respected as private ground.

My grave companion alighted from his horse, folded his cloak, which till now he had worn against the morning cold, laid it carefully across his saddle, and knocked very gently; then after a pause, as if to give misery a time to compose its rags, he drew aside the curtain an inch or so, and after peering around the inclosed yard, turned to me with a mysterious smile, laid his finger on his lips, and beckoned me to look where he pointed.

I saw a large, square, walled inclosure bounded on the right by a one-story house with a waving, sagging, collapsing roof of red tiles. The left or eastern wall, which rose to a height of twenty feet or so, was pierced by two doorways and several second-story window-openings. Through these we looked out upon the open plain, for the apartments into which the doorways had once led were ruined and gone.

Over the eastern door was traced the half-faded word "Comedor," and over the other "Barberia." Still above this latter sign there projected from the solid masonry an ornamental arm of wrought iron, from which hung a barber's basin of battered and time-stained brass, the morning light just touching its disc of green.

Salazar knocked a little louder, when a cheery welcoming woman's voice called out, "Pesen, senores!" We held aside the woolen curtain, crossed the inclosure, and entered a little door directly opposite the old barberia, scented as we entered a rich, vigorous odor of onion and garlic.

There are nerves so degenerate, there are natures so enfeebled, as to fall short of appreciating, as even to recoil from, the perfume of these sturdy esculents; but such are not worthy to follow the footsteps of Don Quixote in La Mancha, where still, as of old, the breath of the cavalier is the savor of onions, and the very kiss of passion burns with the mingled fire of love and garlic.

From a dilapidated brick floor rose the widow Barrilera, a handsome, bronzed woman of fifty, with a low broad brow, genial round face, and stout figure, who advanced to meet us, and rolled out in her soft Andalusian dialect a hearty welcome smiling ardently out of sheer good nature, and showing her faultless teeth.

It did not seem to have occurred to her to ask, or even consider why we had come. Our entrance at this early hour created no surprise, no questioning, not even a glance of curiosity. It was enough for her sociable, affluent good-nature that we had come at all. She received

us as a godsend, and plainly proposed to enjoy us, without bothering her amiable old brains about such remote, intricate conceptions as a cause for our coming.

To one of us she offered a stool, to the other a square of sheepskin, and urged us to huddle down with her in the very focus of the garlic pot, which purred and simmered and steamed over a little fire. She remarked in the gayest way that it was still cool of a morning, and laughed merrily when we assented to this meteorological truth, adding that a little fire made it all right, and then beaming on in silence, while she stirred the savory contents of the pot, never varying the open breadth of her smile, till she pursed up her lips as if about to whistle, and blew on a ladle full of soup till it was cool, when she swallowed it slowly, her soft eyes rolling with delight at the flavorful compound.

"Senora," said my hollow-eyed and hollow-voiced comrade, "the gentleman is a lover of good Don Quixote."

The woman flashed on me a look of curiosity, as who should say, "So is every one. What of that?"

"My friend is Americano," continued Salazar.

"Valgame Dios!" ejaculated the now thoroughly interested widow. "All the way from Buenos Ayres! No? Then from Cuba, of course! Yes, yes! My father's cousin was a soldier there, and married a woman as black as a pot."

"No, senora, my friend is from another part of America; and he has come here to buy from you the old brass basin above the barberia door."

Curiosity about America suddenly gave way to compassion.

"Pobrecito!" she said in benevolent accents. "You take care of him! He is," making a grimace of interrogation, arching up her brows, and touching her head—"a little wrong here."

Salazar, with unbroken gravity, touched his own head, pointed to me, and replied, "Perfectly clear!"

"What in the name of the Blessed Virgin does he want of that old basin with a hole in it?" shrugging her fat, round shoulders till they touched her earrings, and turning up the plump, cushiony palms of her hands to heaven.

"It seems very droll, my good woman, does it not?" I interrupted, "but I have in my own country a charming friend whom I love very much. He is called the Bachelor of San Francisco, and he has never seen a Spanish barber's basin, so I want to carry this as a gift to him. We have no barber's basin in America."

"Caramba!" she exclaimed, "what a land! Full of women as black as coals, and no barbers! My father's cousin had a beard like an Englishman when he came back and his wife looked like a black sheep just sheared. As to the basin, señor, it is yours."

Then turning to a hitherto unnoticed roll of rags in a dark corner she gave an affectionate shove with her foot, which called forth a yawning, smiling lad, who respectfully bowed to us while yet half asleep.

"Crisanto, get down the old barber's basin from the patio, and bring it here."

In a moment the boy returned with the old relic, but seemed to hesitate before relinquishing it to his mother, who extended her hand to receive it.

"What are you waiting for, child?" said the woman.

"It is mine. You gave it to me," said the boy bashfully.

"My lad," said Salazar, "we shall give you two silver duros for it."

The boy at once brightened and consented. His mother seized the basin in one hand, a wet rag in the other, and with her toe scraped out some ashes from the fire, and was about to fall upon it with housewifely fury, and in a trice, had I not stopped her, would have scraped away the mellow green film, the very writing and sign-manual of the artist Time.

A few silver duros in the smiling lad's palm, a bit of gold to the mother, a shudder of long unknown joy in the widow's heart, a tear, a quiver of the lip, then a smile,—and the bargain was made.

I was grasping her hand and she, saying "Adios!" was asking the Virgin to give me a thousand years," when Salazar said:

"No, no! It is not yet 'Adios!' This basin and bargain must be certified to by the ayuntamiento in a document stamped with the seal of the pueblo, and setting forth that here in La Mancha itself was bought this barber's basin."

"Seguro!" replied the woman, who flung over her head a tattered black shawl, tossing the end over her left shoulder. We all walked, Salazar and I leading our beasts, to the door of the alcalderia.

The group of loungers who sat around the whitewashed wall of the chamber of the ayuntamiento showed no interest in our arrival. To our story the secretary himself listened with official indifference, sipped his morning coffee, only occasionally asking a question of idle curiosity or offering objection to the execution of so trivial a document.

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed; "the authorities of Spain have not provided in the Codex for such jesting. What is it all for?"

"Señor Secretario," I replied, "I have conceived this innocent little caprice of legalizing my purchase of the basin, to gratify a certain Don Horacio, known in America as the Bachelor of San Francisco, a gentleman whose fine literary taste has led him to venerate your great Cervantes, and whose knightly sentiments have made him the intimate friend of Don Quixote."

"But," said the secretary, "no contract of sale with a minor for vendor can be legalized by me. The Codex provides—"he was going on to explain what the Codex did provide, when Salazar, who knew more about the legal practice of provincial Spain that the Codex itself, stepped forward, passed behind the august judicial table, and made some communication in a whisper, which was not quite loud enough to drown a curious metallic clink, as of coins in collision.

Thus softened, the cold eye of the secretary warmed perceptibly, and he resumed, "As I was about to say when my friend here offered me a—a-cigarette, the Codex does not in terms recognize the right of an infant to vend, transfer, give over, or relinquish real or personal property; but on reflection, in a case like this, I shall not hesitate to celebrate the act of sale."

A servant was dispatched for some strong paper, and the softened magistrate fell into general conversation.

"You have had a great war in your country."

"Yes," I replied, "very destructive, very exhausting; but, thank God, North and South are now beginning to be friends again."

"Are you of the North or of the South?"

"The North."

"Do you not find it very trying to have those Chilians in your Lima, Señor?"

Weeks before this I had given up trying to stretch the Spanish conception of America to include a country north of Mexico, for the land of Cortes is the limit of imagination in that direction; so I helplessly assented. Yes, it was trying.

The boy returned with the paper; ink-horns and pens were successfully searched for, and the document was executed and sealed.

Salazar and I withdrew after saluting the upright official, mounted our beasts, received the soft benediction of the smiling widow, and pricked forward down a narrow way which led to the open plain. We were descending a gen-

Horace A. Wade—America's Youngest Author and the World's Only Boy Novelist

Story of Famous Eleven-Year-Old Novelist, Movie-Actor, Advertising Writer, Orator and Special-Feature Writer for Metropolitan Dailies

By ALVIN M. ROBINSON

PER SE the normal boy's interesting, for within him may be wrapped powers that will remake geography and change the currents of national life. Within the acorn are all the potentialities of the sturdy oak. Accented becomes this natural interest, however, when we attempt to study the psychology and attempt to analyze the genius of a boy who at the callow age of eleven had written four novels, and whose creative pen began to record clever stories when the author was but six years of age.

When something over a year ago, Horace A. Wade, injected his tiny personality into the literary consciousness of the nation, he was heralded far and wide as a prodigy. His novel, "In the Shadow of Great Peril," written in less than a month at Oak Park, Ill., betrayed such a marvelous command of literary craftsmanship, such a fresh and vivid imagination, and yet so instinct with the buoyant spirit of youth, that the entire nation was electrified. Proclaimed by Irvin S. Cobb as a genius of an unusually creative type, the reading public as well the "carping critics" accepted Mr. Cobb's estimate of this remarkable boy as accurate. George Ade, who sponsored the youthful novelist, wrote the preface to the book, and commended the manly, red-blooded type of characters portrayed therein—characters, as he states, who are "devoted to action rather than moody self-analysis." Book reviewers in America and England confessed their amazement at the command of literary "technique" that distinguished the manipulation of the plot and its clever denouement.

There's a natural curiosity to know something of the personality and the methods of this gifted boy, to get an intimate angle on his mental processes, and to study at close, sympathetic range, his temperament, his purpose and his possibilities. Edison said that Horace

Wade "belongs to America," and accepting this as a truism, America is entitled to know something of this asset so recently acquired.

Horace A. Wade evinced his literary trend, his creative gifts at the very early age of six years. He learned to read and write when but a little beyond four, and became an omnivorous reader. His first efforts were fairy tales, and before he was seven he had begun to attract attention as an unusual child. At the age of nine he had completed his first complete novel, called "Double Crossed," a tale of the California Argonauts. This manuscript, unfortunately for the literary world, was lost in gypsying over the country, for Horace was a great nomad at an early age.

His second book, "In the Shadow of Great Peril," was written with startling rapidity, the young author writing as many as 5000 words without cessation, or, as he expressed it "at a single seance." He would lie prone on his stomach for four or five hours at a time, and cover page after page of rough note paper with his fresh and wonderful imaginings. He never re-read or corrected a single sentence and the book went to the publishers just as it poured from his fruitful pen. The manuscript of the novel was finally submitted to Irvin S. Cobb, who said among other things: "He has imagination, has a sense of balance and proportion most marvelously unusual, considering his age, and he has a wider choice of words than I would have believed possible for a boy of his age."

"He will have one great advantage—he will start his professional career with a natural aptitude for words, for plot and for sequence which most writers lack and must acquire by slow and very painful processes."

When the book appeared Horace was literally deluged with letters of commendation from very high sources in the literary, scientific and



Irvin S. Cobb and Horace A. Wade

political worlds' For instance, William J. Bryan, wrote "the book is the work of an unusual genius;" Arthur Brisbane, "a brilliant production;" Sir Gilbert Parker, "a remarkable production;" Rupert Hughes, "it evinces an incredible command of the English language;" Elinor Glyn, "an exceptionally gifted boy," and scores of other notables hastened to laurel the brow of the little author.

I first met Horace at Cleveland, Ohio, introducing myself to him at the conclusion of an address he delivered in Cleveland's principal bookstore to a large and interested audience. He was then on a tour of the United States, speaking day after day to thousands of people. I found this famous boy a wiry, slender little fellow, with intensely mobile features, a wide and protuberant forehead and rather light, blue eyes, that gave an impression of tremendous reserve power. His smile was extremely winsome and appealing. When in repose his face seemed shadowed and occasionally I thought I detected a strained expression that betokened the tax the mental was making on the physical. He has a nervous little way of running his hand through his brown hair that might alarm one who did not know that his body has been given ample opportunity to develop by constant out-of-door exercises, for Horace is an indefatigable baseball player, and adept in many other boyish sports.

I asked Horace to tell me something of his methods of composition: "Well," he said, and he has a notable habit of ushering in a conversation with "well"—"it's hard to tell you just what my 'methods' are. In fact, I guess I haven't any. My novels are written under what you might call 'inspiration.' I feel a strong urge to write. My mind is crowded with incidents and characters, and the story seems to take form as I write. I never plan my stories ahead, permitting my characters to act as I think all boys or girls would act under the same circumstances. I forget myself when I am writing—just get lost in my story—so wrapped up in fact that you can call to me and even nudge me and I would not hear or feel it. I guess you'd call it concentration," he said with a quizzical smile, "but I'd call it a passionate desire to write, something that I really can't control," and again I noted a deep shadow settle on his face.

"I will tell you a little incident," he continued, "that might interest you. You know George Bernard Shaw is the lion of literature, a great bearded lion, with a growl and a roar that scares literary folks to death. Before my book was published I thought it would be fine

to get Mr. Shaw's opinion of its merit. So without consulting a soul I wrote Mr. Shaw, addressing him in London. After a few weeks I got a slip of paper on which this unsigned sentiment appeared:

"You are not a little boy—you are a big liar; you are only fishing for my autograph, but you must use a more plausible fly if you would catch me."

"When I got this I was aflame with indignation. I felt that I had been unjustly dealt with and that the gruff old literary ogre across the pond owed me an apology. So I wrote him a letter to this effect:

"Mr. George Bernard Shaw,

"London, England.

"Do you think it was nice of you to call me a "big liar?" I am a little boy eleven years old, while you are a big man. Don't play the school bully. I simply asked you to criticise my book. It was good enough for the Chicago papers to want it and I thought you would like to encourage a boy who wanted to go ahead. Some day, if you live long enough, MY autograph will be worth more than YOURS. I didn't want your NAME, I asked for your OPINION. I read the "Young Visitors" and you have in Sir James Barrie a liar big enough without coming to America to abuse a boy of eleven years. I am sending you my picture, and if you doubt that I wrote my book, write the book reviewer of the Chicago "Post" and then you'll find out and quickly apologize for calling me a liar."

Horace chuckled to himself as he added, "On the back of the snapshot I sent him I wrote: "FROM THE BIGGEST LIAR IN AMERICA TO THE BIGGEST CRANK IN ENGLAND."

America's youngest author has probably addressed more adults and children in this country than most men in public life. The New York World estimated that he had appeared before audiences aggregating over 1,000,000 people. The Indianapolis News, for instance, stated that this boy had spoken to over 30,000 people in that city during his two days' visit there. He speaks equally well on almost every subject. When in New York he addressed 700 of the leading advertising men on "Advertising from a Boy's Standpoint." He addressed also in that city the National Convention of Toy Manufacturers. In the past two years he has delivered over 300 speeches, touring the United States twice. He has been given the freedom of several cities, and many boards of education have invited him to speak to the children in their respective jurisdictions. He has filled many pul-

pits, only recently conducting the entire services at the First Baptist Church in Oakland.

This juvenile novelist and orator has met most of the leading men and women in public life in America. He was the friend of John Burroughs, who, when he was in Chicago preparing to take the train for New York, asked beautifully and tenderly of "my little boy author." It will be recalled that Mr. Burroughs died before he reached his destination. He is a friend of W. J. Bryan, William Allen White, Irvin S. Cobb, Clark Howell, Elinor Glyn, Sir Gilbert Parker, ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois, Hiram W. Johnson, Rupert Hughes, Emerson Hough, George Ade, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, J. Whitcomb Brougher, Thomas A. Edison, Judge E. H. Gary, etc., etc.

His remarkable versatility is revealed by the fact that last year he was enacting an important role with the Famous-Players (Lasky Corporation) at Los Angeles. He was associated with Judge Ben B. Lindsey in the production of a noted screen success portraying certain phases of a boy's character.

As an advertising writer he won the plaudits of the cleverest creators of this eminently concentrated form of expression. He prepared many series of advertisements for some of the colossal department stores of America, and contributed an article on advertising to "Printer's Ink Monthly."

Horace has been a feature writer on many of the great metropolitan newspapers of the

country, such as the New York World, New Orleans Times-Democrat, Cleveland News-Leader, Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Los Angeles Herald, etc., etc.

He is well known to Californians, having spent some seven years of his short life in this state.

It is a difficult matter to predict the place that this gifted boy will eventually achieve in American literature. This has been the source of extensive speculation, not alone by famous literary celebrities but by psychological departments of great universities. If age is to fulfill the expectations of youth, it is not extravagant to venture the prediction that Horace will become, as he says it is his ambition to become, the "Dickens of America." His style is quick, nervous and intensely colorful, and his facility for description is signally well defined. His command over the resources of expression is masterful, his vocabulary excelling that of many literary craftsmen of mature years.

California has a special reason to feel pride in this literary prodigy, as the major portion of his life has been spent within her borders, and the New York papers declared that his descriptions of the New York water front were, in fact, brilliant touches of color from the Golden Gate.

It is well for literary America to keep a watchful eye on this young genius, whose achievements already give evidence of a career that will shed unusual glory on American letters.

A CHRISTIAN CHRISTMAS

By Martha Shepard Lippincott

Let "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
 Ring out o'er all the world today,
 And on this Christmas day let all
 For Christ's true Christian spirit, pray
 Let war and selfishness now cease,
 And all obey the Golden Rule.
 Uplift our souls and let us all
 Be learning in the Master's school.

Let grief and sorrows pass away,
 Of love's enchantment let us dream,
 Until our souls will realize
 Life, as a paradise will seem.
 No more let selfishness and greed
 Turn this into a world of woe;
 But through the blessing of Christ's love
 Life's harmony, let us all know.

Maeterlinck and Schopenhauer Invade the Cabin

By DONNA REITH SCOTT

JUD, assisted by a blast of misty wind rolling down from the mountain peaks, pushed open the cabin door. "No use startin' in the face o' that," he muttered, lumbering across the floor, and addressing his words to his partner, Ebri, who sat beside the fireplace. "When it appears a big rain's roamin' round, I ain't goin' no eight miles to the mail box after no paper!"

His dark face, sparkling with the life of the hunter and trapper, rimmed with graying hair, wore a look of disappointment. While hanging up his coat and hat his glance turned toward the rafters that did duty as a ceiling. "There! It's comin' down now, like a flock o' birds scramblin' over the roof."

Mondays were the eventful days in their lives—the days when Jud went for the mail, and brought home the Sunday paper, often checks for hides and supplies from mail order houses. Therefore he was much amazed when his partner made no comment on the situation.

"That settles it!" he added.

Still he received no reply. Surprised, and a trifle angry, he walked over to the fire-place and found Ebri absorbed in a book. The latter's sallow, lined face and blue eyes were lit up as though he was plunged into an ecstatic dream. Little pleased sounds came from his lips.

Oblivious of an astonished, disapproving spectator, he whispered, his eyes on his book, "Yes, she's an Angel!"

"Who?" demanded Jud.

"Wo-man."

"Woman—an Angel!" shrieked Jud.

"She is!" insisted Ebri, employing more force than the other had ever heard him use before.

Jud had "set opinions on women." While he was making an attempt to control his breath to contradict such a flagrant lie, Ebri, with an important air tapped the page, and then read: "Yet shall the woman we elect always have come to us straight from the unvarying star. And—"

"From a star! A star?" bellowed Jud. That's too much—more'n I'll stand from anybody!"

Almost involuntarily his hand flung out and the book shot through space. It struck on the

edge of another book lying on a rough table five feet away. Both books banged to the floor.

"Hold your hosses," flared Ebri, half-rising from his chair. His eyes were blazing resentment, not so much at the unprepared journey of his book, but because his unusual reverie had been so rudely broken into. "If you'd hold your hosses you'd see that she—that book—"

"I didn't mean to hit her so hard," said Jud, trying in a rough way to apologize, "but where did the fool book come from?"

"It's one of the two books that I got over at that edicated, young hunter's cabin, yesterday," replied Ebri in a tone that proved he was not yet mollified.

He stiffly got down on his hands and knees—for the years had been piling up for both of them until there were more than fifty in the stack, apparently a few more for Jud than for Ebri—and picked up a book.

He sat down and excitedly turned the pages to an essay entitled: "On Women." With trembling voice, he asked: "Listen a minute."

Jud raised a protesting hand.

"Wait! Now when we got a chanct to find out about women, you won't listen." Before Jud could voice his protest, he began to read: "'Hence it will be found that the fundamental fault of the female character is that it has no sense of justice. This is—'" He faltered and stopped, a blank expression on his features.

"Go on—gon on—I'm listenin'," commanded Jud, his face radiating extreme satisfaction. "Wouldn't a angel have a sense o' justice?"

"He—didn't—something—" stumbled Ebri. "I—I—" The color of the binding attracted his notice. "It's the wrong book," he said disgustedly. "It's the green one. This was written by a feller named Schop-en-hauer," he pronounced. He picked up the green bound book and flung the one he held to the floor. "This is the one—wrote by Mae-ter-linck. Both of 'em tells of women."

Jud reached for the book which Ebri had cast away and settled himself in a near-by chair.

By this time Ebri had found the essay marked: "On Women," in the green-covered volume, and proceeded to read: "'All women have a communication with the unknown that

are denied to us.' There, do you figger if they have a talkin' acquaintance with the unknown, that they ain't got no sense of justice?" His voice trailed off in triumph.

Jud was absorbed in the essay "On Women," by Schopenhauer, a dogged, set expression on his face.

"I ask you, do you, Jud?"

"Here," flared Jud, "here's the answer!" He read: "They are dependent, not upon strength, but upon craft; and hence their instinctive capacity for cunning, and their ineradicable tendency to say what is not true." An' that's jest what they'll do, they'll lie every chanct they git. Justice or no justice."

"I—" Ebri turned to the printed page for aid: "'With reverence must we draw near to them, be they lowly or arrogant, inattentive or lost in dreams, be they smiling, still or plunged in tears; for they know the things we do not know and have a lamp that we have lost. Their—'"

"They certain took the lamp, whatever that means. I jest read to you how ther're crafty, cunnin'—they like to lie."

"Hold your hosses, Jud, you didn't hear all." Before Jud could utter a sound Ebri read: "'Even in their most trifling actions they are conscious of being upheld by the strong, unerring hands of the gods.' Gods it said, Jud. Upheld by the hands of the gods."

"The gods is mistook."

"Bosh, it—"

Jud raised his tones above his partner's voice and the raindrops to read: "These notions have served only to make women more arrogant and overbearing; so that one is occasionally reminded of the holy apes in Benares—'"

"That goes too far!" shouted Ebri, snatching at the book in the other's hand.

Jud waved it around his head and thereby saved it from destruction. "This writer feller knows what he's talkin' about."

"He don't know the first thing," contradicted Ebri. "You read my book," he pleaded, "an' you'll see they're truly Angels."

With a quick motion each extended his book, which each brushed distastefully aside. The books reached the floor with loud thuds.

They shot glances at each other that sizzled. Then they glanced out of the window to the hills that they owned jointly, which they—after Ebri had been hurt in a mining accident, and could no longer do a hard day's work—had bought from a homesteader.

The tree branches were swishing softly against the window-panes, and the rain was patterning gently on the roof. For several min-

utes there were no other sounds in the room.

Finally Ebri broke in with, "Down in the town I seen—"

"What? Angel-women?"

"About that," insisted the other, stepping toward the door, and laughing in a provoking manner.

He threw open the door. The storm was over. He stood on the threshold in a flood of sunshine and exhilarating air and gazed longingly beyond the range of low-lying hills and far mountain peaks metamorphosing themselves into towers of jewels.

When he turned back into the room, Jud was jabbing on his coat. "Wait, Jud," he begged, "'spose we take a few days an' go to town? We ain't been there for more'n five years."

Jud fiercely slammed on his hat.

"We could kinda look around an' see which of them writer fellers is right," meekly suggested Ebri.

"I ain't interested one way or the other," said Jud. "I'm goin' after the paper."

The woman—

"Shet up!"

"Jud," the other went on, "we ain't talked to a woman since we got that fine dinner in the restaurant. An' we can agree they can cook."

Jud took off his hat and fumbled with it.

A man gets oneasy-like on a steady flack-jack kinda grub—some the time," Ebri added insidiously. "While I be a good cook—an' like it. I was thinkin' of trying a cake this mornin' while you—"

"Wall, seein' as you're homesickin' for a few squares le's go."

While Jud went out under the now clean and brilliant blue sky to catch the horses, Ebri fusily strewed ashes on the coals in the fire-place, put the kitchen in order and made the bed in the little lean-to.

About three o'clock, after they had shaved, bathed, and dressed in gray suits and soft hats, they mounted their horses.

For a mile or so they wound about the trail among sage-brush, poison oak and manzanita, and then came to a ravine. There they paused before crossing, a large tree had fallen over the seldom used trail.

The moment the clatter of the horse's feet ceased, a joyous warble, not far away, came to them. They sat motionless in an attitude of listening.

"What kinda bird's that?" questioned Ebri. "Mockin' bird season on again?"

"That's fluenter than a mockin' bird," declared the other. "It's a—"

"In an awed whisper the younger one interposed, "It's a girl!"

The sound floated nearer. Fascinated, half-frightened they waited. Soon, close at hand, they distinguished crackling noises, followed shortly by the sound of quick, light footsteps.

They dismounted, hastily fastened their horses to near-by trees, and then quietly moved in the direction of the sound.

Presently they glimpsed, on a damp, mossy path, carpeted with brown and yellow leaves, and shadowed by trees, a lithe, dainty girl, threading her way. She appeared in her middle teens. Now and then the sun glinted on her blue velvet "tam-o-shanter," on her knee-length blue dress, on a revolver in her belt, and on her bobbed, wavy brown hair.

She swung along care-free and familiar as if she were accustomed to the neighborhood and had a definite destination in view.

Ebri's face was a study in panicy joy. "She looks all that writer said they be!" he whispered. Immediately, however, a puzzled, anxiously frightened expression coalesced with the joyous one. "Where's she goin'?" he added nervously. "When she gets to our clearin' there's no place else to go."

The path she was on was a passage way leading from one canyon to another, and had been trodden out by themselves. In the direction she was going it lead to and ended at their door.

"Gosh!" replied Jud with a startled air. "How'd she git here? Where'd she come from?"

They noiselessly kept pace with her, hidden in the bushes. One after the other muttered, "It beats me! It beats me!"

When she drew adjacent to where their oak-sheltered cabin nestled in a depression below enclosing hills, they squatted down into a clump of juniper. While they held their breath in near terror, she marched straight to their front window, gazed in for a moment, then opened the door and with the manner of a victor walked in.

When the door had slammed after the invader, they looked at each other in stupefied speechlessness.

After an interval, Ebri asked faintly, "What shall we do?"

"One o' them Angel specimens is right in our shack," exploded Jud, "an' ya ask what shall we do?" He acted as if he had no responsibility in the matter whatever.

Ebri's nervousness became intense. "Whadda we gonna do?" he pleaded.

"Now uphold yore book. You—"

"But Jud, I—"

"You allus prided yoreself on bein' younger than I be. If you want to find out what one o' them angel-critters is doin' in our house you go—"

"Always you had more nerve an me, Jud. I wouldn't go out to face the mountain lion like you did, Jud. Now——"

Ebri's flattering words were annihilated in a strangling breath. His face grew pale, his eyes wild. A great burst of smoke had come out of their kitchen chimney, presumably from the kindling he had laid in the stove preparatory for their return from their trip.

Simultaneously with the burst of smoke a terrifying thought had come to Ebri. "Mebbe," he gasped wildly, "I could face a ord'nary kind, a book kind, but never a Bolshevik!"

"A—what?"

"She's one o' them Bolsheviks we been readin' about in the paper. That's what she is!"

Jud shook his head in a puzzled manner.

"Ain't she come an' took our house, like they took the king's palace in Russia?"

In despair they searched each other's eyes. Ebri trembled. Jud's face became thoughtful, trying to plan some line of action. They had intended to stay in this cabin the remainder of their lives. Contentedly Jud had trapped, contentedly Ebri had cooked, washed, chopped wood, and sometimes assisted at the hunting. Now events had taken a sudden, unforseen twist.

A lilting air from an opera, accompanied by the clatter of pans, came out to them.

"There's some cracks in the kitchen wall. If we could git thar, we could see what she's doin' with our pans," suggested Jud.

"I washed 'em all this mornin'," moaned Ebri.

They made a wide circuit in the underbrush to get near a grape vine, tangled over trees and bushes at the rear of the house. Reaching there, they got down on their hands and knees, and stealthily crept to a crack and surveyed the interior of the kitchen.

After the pounding of their hearts had somewhat subsided and they could gaze calmly they saw that the girl had removed her cap and had rolled up her sleeves. With flour dripping from her fingers, she was tripping to and fro, opening boxes and drawers, disturbing Ebri's fussy bachelor order.

She seemed to be taking an inventory or to be searching for something. At last she paused before the vinegar bottle on a shelf, laughed with satisfaction, took it down, tamped in the cork with the palm of her hand and began to

use it as a rolling pin on a mixture spread upon the table.

They retraced their steps until they got opposite the front door again.

"It be queer goin' ons. She's onseemly young to be a Bolsh—" began Jud.

"Ain't she cookin' our grub?" insisted Ebri.

This was unanswerable. First one sighed, then the other. Finally Jud rose to his feet, squared his broad shoulders, and suggested with a bravo swagger, "Bolshevik or no Bolshevik, s'pose we both go in together an' lay down the law to her?"

Jud swallowed hard two or three times. He looked appealingly at his partner, but saw nothing but determination in his expression.

"Be about—the—best way," he jerked out. "We can't let our home go! We'd—we'd be company for each other."

They crossed the trail and lightly rapped at the door.

Within sounded a pattering step that impressed them as more like a dance than a walk. Suddenly the door flew open and the intruder stood in the aperture. In whirling confusion they faced her. Ebri, after one hasty glance, slunk behind Jud.

"I found—" she began. In the depths of her blithe brown eyes came a glimmer of surprise. Her cheeks and lips, like a damask rose, deepened in color. She laughed genially. "How-do-you-do," she said to Jud. Extending her hand, she smiled straight into his eyes, as though he had been her long lost and sought for grandfather.

The smile, sweet tones, little childish mannerism and gladsome welcome melted Jud's mood like the sun on wax. He fearfully took her hand and gave her an answering smile that cut fresh wrinkles around his eyes and lips.

"Come in," she invited.

With visible embarrassment they stepped inside their home—the home that was the same, yet different, like a bouquet of blossoms set in a wood-shed. She floated about with bubbling hospitality, taking their hats and placing chairs for them.

"How did you get here?" she asked, showing glittering little teeth.

Both looked at her startled for a moment. Ebri endeavored to speak, but the attempt ended in a palpitating stutter.

She gazed at Jud.

"We—walked," he said.

If you walked these hills as I did, you must be starved—I am. I'm so glad. There's lots of good things here," she continued. "Now

that you're here I'll get a whole dinner. Make yourselves at home."

She took three or four dainty skips and disappeared into the kitchen.

The proprietors excitedly examined each other with their eyes, not daring to make any comment on the situation, for fear she might overhear. However, after a few moments of this, Ebri made desperate motions for Jud to get busy and tell her a few things.

Jud helplessly shrugged his shoulders.

In amazement Ebri gazed at his old partner. "Ain't you," he whispered, "gonna lay down the—"

"Ya' was home-sick for some fine cookin' so—"

Her blue-clad form decorated the door-way. "Would you like to help? I can't find a can opener. Men do keep house dreadful!"

"Yes ma'm," agreed Jud, with an accusing glance at his companion. They followed her into the kitchen.

Jud quickly opened a drawer and produced a can opener.

"How clever," she said. "Please open these cans." She designated a can of chicken, beans, peas, corn, and tomatoes. This was Ebri's entire stock of tinned goods, which he kept on hand for emergencies.

With amiable alacrity Jud obeyed.

"Put them all in this kettle," she instructed Ebri, placing a large pan beside him.

He made an attempt to protest. "M'am—I—never—"

"Do as the young lady says," Jud rebuked him.

Silently he obeyed.

She peeped into the oven. The aroma of baking biscuits met their nostrils. "Not done yet," she divulged. "Fire wasn't very good." With the infectious happiness of a child directing a game she went on, "While I'm stirring things in the stew you could set the table, if you like."

Jud heaped up every dish they possessed and put them on the rough table in the living-room.

Shortly she came into the living-room, while arranging the dishes, she remarked, "I'm making some chocolate; it hasn't boiled yet." Her glance was roving around the room. "Men never decorate a place," she disclosed. "Such a lovely setting, too. It could be made so artistic. O-o-o-h," she exclaimed and ran outdoors.

Ebri breathlessly waited half a minute, then rushed to the door, closed it with a determined

click, and secured a chair under the knob.

"Open that door," demanded Jud.

"We gotta get her outta here—someway," moaned Ebri. "I know now that that Schopen was right. They're cunnin', crafty. Didn't you hear what she said got a 'lovely setting.' If I'd only paid attention to him first I'd a nailed down the doors an' winders."

"Open that door!"

"What's she doin' in our house, anyway?"

"Ain't she cookin' ya' a fine meal?"

Jud swished the chair from under the knob and flung the door wide.

"Queer proceedin'," Ebri protested in a cautious low voice, "takin' our house, a-cookin' our grub, an' biddin' us to eat it in our own dwel-lin'! If you ain't gonna lay down the law to her, I'll—"

Her romping shadow fell across the threshold. She tripped in, her arms piled with holly berries and ferns. "The world's full of ugly rooms," she asserted, arranging the armful of color over the fire-place.

A sizzling sound came from the kitchen. "Oh, the chocolate's running over!" She fled. The holly berries descended to the floor, bringing along Ebri's cherished meerschaum pipe.

Dismally Ebri flopped into a chair and viewed his shattered pipe. A strong smell of mingled burnings pervaded the atmosphere. He sniffed with disgust.

"Oh," the girl screeched, "come help! Biscuits burning—everything's burning!"

When they reached her side, she was pulling the blackened biscuits from the stove with a scorching towel. Ebri slid back the stew, and Jud took off the boiled over chocolate.

The room looked like a foundry.

"Oh, well," she pouted, after the rear door had been opened and the fresh air began to stream in, "what can one expect, this is the first whole meal I ever cooked. Let's take what's left out to the table. You must be hungry wait-ing."

Jud heroically ate whatever she placed on his plate. "Best meal I had in five years," he said.

She bounced in her chair with pride. "It's just grand of you to say that!"

At this Ebri gazed bitterly out of the window, refusing to eat. "Wasn't hungry," he explained. Over them came a glowing pink, the reflection of the setting sun on the hills. He became nervously apprehensive. Would she let them stay—or would she turn them out?

The meal finished, she went to the window

and gazed out into the wild scenery. "He ought to be here, now," she pondered.

Ebri's nerves were at the highest pitch, summoning all the courage he possessed, he got to his feet. "Is—is he a Bolshevik, too?" he flared in half whisper.

Her eyes widened. "Who? What?"

"The—the man comin'."

"Bolshevik, too?" she echoed. "Why do you think I'm one? Cause I've got my hair bobbed?"

Jud was about to speak. Ebri hastily forestalled him. "You took—our shack."

"Your shack!" She raised her eyebrows in bewilderment.

"Our shack," repeated Ebri, swinging his hand in an intimate gesture.

She screamed a little, and jumped up. "Your house? This? Stratford—"

A sudden understanding came to Jud. "Stratford," he cried, "do you know him?"

"Know whom?"

"Stratford Kling."

"Why,—y-e-s," she uttered, a little frightened tremolo in her voice. "Isn't this his cabin? Aren't those his books?" pointing to the volumes on the floor where they had cast them that morning. She scanned Ebri half suspiciously.

"Them's his books," continued Jud, "but his cabin is in the canyon yonder the way you come."

"Oh, dear, how terrible! I thought you'd come to see Stratford,—and I wanted to entertain you. Why—didn't you turn me out? Stratford insisted I'd get lost. He happened to mention he'd left Maeterlinck and Schopenhauer lying on the floor. When I saw them I just knew I was right. And—and—"

"He told us to borrow anything we wanted. Ebri got em."

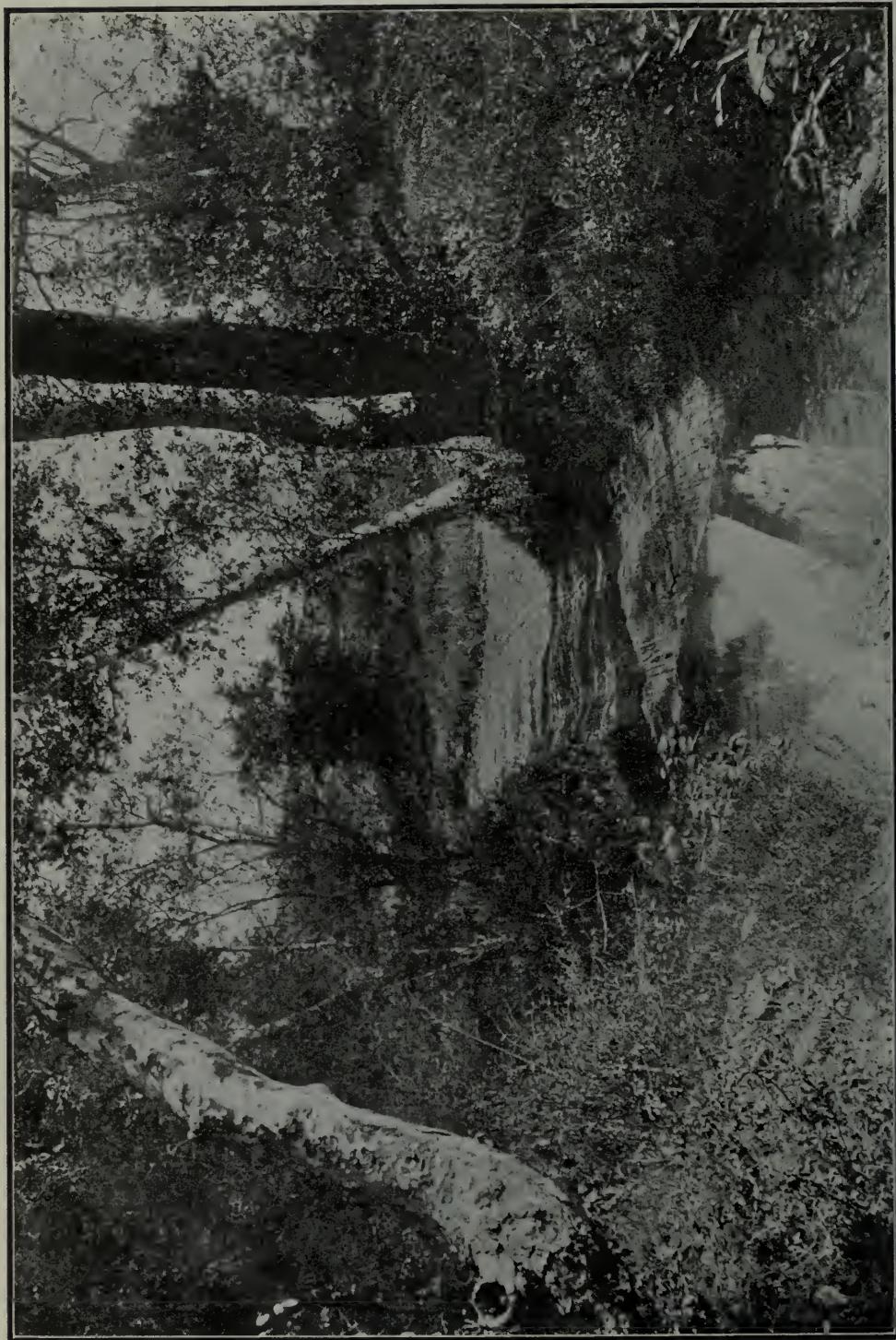
"Stratford brought me as far as he could in the machine," she explained, reaching for her cap, "then he went back to a village to get pack horses to bring up our things. We're going to stay a month. I was determined to come ahead—didn't want to wait. I'm so sorry."

While Ebri hovered at the entrance, Jud went with her to a steep incline and showed her a cabin a mile or so distant, surrounded by bushes. "That's Stratford's."

She gasped. "I must have passed close by—and never saw it! Look! Over there! pointing. "Isn't that my brother tying his horses to the trees?"

She tripped down to the path. "Good bye,"

Continued on Page 65



A California Roadway—the Ojai Valley—Southern California

Heart of Gold

By ALMIRA GUILD McKEON

WHEN the box came from home, it seemed that the very first thing that had to tumble out was the picture of the big Christmas tree—a vivid reminder to Louise of home and her first Christmas celebration so many years ago. Ages, it seemed.

While little Gladys in expressible wonderment gazed on the photograph of, to her, a perfect fairy dream, Louise sat half stunned, forgetful of the present by the conflicting emotions that surged through a momentarily lonesome heart.

She did not hear the step beside her and was only aroused when the cold muzzle of her Collie was thrust into her hand. Quickly she arose from beside the box, her usual quick smile, which had helped pilot her little family through many storm-threatened seas, greeting the half stern, half sad gaze of her husband. A comprehensive, almost fearful understanding had come to him as entering the room he had found his wife kneeling over the long expected box. Just for a moment they stood thus—he strong, supple with a hand on either of her shoulders—the boyish joy with which he had entered the room gone—the steady, apprehensive and, withal, sympathetic light in his eyes as he looked steadily into his wife's upturned face. Her courageous smile was belied by the sadness that, even in her quickness, she had not fully dispelled.

It was the voice of Gladys that broke the spell, "How did it grow there?" pointing to the tree and looking questioningly up at her father and mother, then at the low, rough hewn rafters overhead, as a gust of wind snapped about the windows. As she watched for a moment the great trees outside, bending and swaying against the red-gold sunset, a startled look came into her face. What thought puzzled the baby mind as she again bent wonderingly, intently over the picture of this enormous tree gaily decked with tinsel and candles and seemingly large enough for a world full of youngsters to play about, but near which, instead, stood two little girls so small, indeed, that they could scarcely reach the first branches. They stood in solemn awe, their hair loosened and falling down over their little white gowns—it was apparent that they had scampered from cozy nests to catch Sany if they could, all unmindful of possible conventions for such an occasion.

* * *

Seven years before Carol and Louise Gleiths-

mere had stepped from the restraint of a finishing school to a choice of travel or the alternative of the social life to which they were accustomed. Of French-American parentage the girls were of widely diversified characters and ideas.

Previous to entering the eastern school they had spent most of their time in French schools, in short travels about Europe and occasional vacations in the city of their birth—New York. It was that they might become really acquainted with their own country that they had been brought back and put into the eastern school. Then, as they neared those interesting ages of wisdom and self-reliance—eighteen and twenty—they were given their choice of travel over the western states or delving into society.

Carol, without a word but with the idolatrous languor which had characterized her since childhood, was soon the recipient of all the social favors the arrogant young lady could wish. She seemed to demand the plaudits of those among whom she moved, nor was it denied her. Cold and austere, at times she was almost imperious. The blood of her forefathers, who had known the tyranny and intrigues of Court life, was strongly dominant. Her early environment, linked with the vain-glory plaudits, which met her quick witticisms, flattered her vivacious beauty and bowed to her material riches, only instilled into her character more deeply this heritage.

Louise, in direct contradiction to this nature, gave full rein to the romance and love of nature—a love for unrestrained freedom.

Clandestinely she had harbored within her breast the thought of life in, the then, half-cultured West. There was a strength in that West, as she conceived it, that constantly pulled and tugged at her heart, so she was quick to make her decision, when the opportunity came, to leave the already effete social pleasure with its false conceptions of enjoyment and go on a western trip.

Her particular friend was the daughter of the Bishop and he had planned to visit all the reservations and posts, where he had sent his workers. The trip was also planned partly for pleasure and a party was made up for this tour to remote places and among remote people. In fact, many of the proselytes of the church were Indians and it was the real West that they were going to visit.

The most enthusiastic and least apprehensive of all the party were the two girls—Louise and the Bishop's daughter.

After weeks of travel through the middle west, with visits to different reservations, the party turned toward the mining country where naturally a special interest and fascination lay in the recent gold discoveries. Like a tiny flame running with lightning rapidity, the gold fever had touched adventurous spirits throughout the East and with members of the party lay the expectancy of finding some college friends out here in the West.

The particular region visited was wild—undeveloped. Only the courageous hearts of these young pioneers, seeking "locations" gave a sense of security to the place itself.

The unusual grandeur of the thickly wooded mountains, the not far distant chaparral-covered desert, through which they would soon pass again; the simple, strong features of the few people they had met, instantly appealed to Louise.

For some weeks the party lingered here, resting after the more arduous and necessary call for the journey had been answered.

Knowing the exigencies of expected heavy winters staunch log cabins had been built and the miners were well prepared to meet change of seasons, as well as change of fortunes.

Louise and her chum soon knew what it was to handle a gun, to ride a horse up steep, winding trails; to know the open candor of men of the mountains, many of whom had learned it only through their contact with this great out-doors and the simple but forceful lessons that it taught.

Already, with the talk of the return trip, Louise began to feel an unfathomable lonesomeness—an unwilling desire to turn back toward the conventions of the East. There were but a few days left when the great decision came.

It was just past an early sunset. The little party had come in from what seemed likely to be a farewell reconnoitre through the mountains. As Standish, their host, stood by Louise's horse, waiting to help her alight, she looked down into his clear eyes and at the strong, square chin, slightly belied by the wee semblance of a dimple; at his kindly mouth, then away at the purple tipped mountains, where the after-glow of sunset softened the sky-line, throwing into deepening shadows the canons and the outlines of the great trees.

"What must it be here in winter!" she managed finally to say.

"I cannot imagine anything more wonderful

than those gigantic firs, snow-laden, instead of just sidewalks heaped with cinder-mingled drifts and the poor "white squad" vainly trying to clear a way for traffic—but these giants—what a Christmas!"

Like the recoil of a spring the man's muscles grew taut. Instinctively he ran his hand through the entanglement of the horse's mane, gripping it tightly;—his horse, friend, pal through three long, lonesome Christmas seasons!

"Louise, you do not have to go. You can see your Christmas tree as you want it. They, in part, are mine. Across that divide—" indicating with a sweep of his arm, "up through the two canons where you and I and 'Scottie' and this black beauty here—" patting the horse, "have been roaming and dreaming for four wonderful weeks, belong to me. The cabin is staunch and—" with a half nervous, half happy laugh, "well stocked."

"Well stocked, too, with big, brown, furry-barked logs so when the drifts are deep and our giants over there are bending under their weight of snow, you and I and Scottie can just listen to the snap of a cozy fire and watch the sparks fly up that old chimney."

"Won't you Louise?" Standish insisted. "You love it here. You are a part of it; we all need you—want you." And he looked down at Scottie, the Collie, whose intelligent eyes seemed to say—"The lonesome days of my master are at end."

He even capered about a bit, emitting short, sharp barks and at every word from Standish wagged his beautiful plumy tail the harder.

So, in Denver, at the home of the Bishop's sister they were married. Louise had returned to her home in New York only to be met with horrified remonstrances from her family. She was made to understand that in her happiness she had really sacrificed what affection she had had from her mother and sister. While their ideas were different, she loved her sister but she felt, through their unalterable attitude toward her chosen life with Standish in the West, forced to go to her chum's relatives for the wedding.

She had been happy; yes, very happy. There had been but a few periods of misgiving or fear. That the letters from home should be so infrequent that she often despaired of hearing again affected her was certain. As her own happiness increased and she knew more and more of the strengthening life of Nature's environments, the more she longed to share it with her mother and sister.

It was when little Gladys came and, a short

time later, news of her mother's death was received that Louise felt that all ties of the old life were severed. The girlhood days, the consciousness that any blood-relatives had ever been in her life, floated from her as a misty dream.

Some business letters had come with the settlement of her mother's estate, and by this settlement she became aware that her existence to them must likewise have been a dream—and not a very good one at that. But her husband and baby—her mountains—were sufficient for her. At last a letter had come saying that her sister was going abroad to live and that she would send some few trinkets from Louise's old room.

So the box had come. And, with the tumbling out of that old photograph of their first tree, a wave of memories rushed over and engulfed her. The picture was taken in the days of high ceilings, spacious drawingrooms and of untold wishes fulfilled; the tree stood surely as high as their present cozy log cabin, from its mud and stone base to its chimney top. Or was the perspective enlarged as her thoughts traveled rapidly over those childhood days? At least her mind did not enlarge upon the amount of toys that were heaped about and hung from the spreading branches.

Gladys prattled on with a bombardment of questions, each one loosening to over-flow the flood tide of remembrances for Louise. She stooped suddenly and took the youngster in her arms.

"Now, my little question-box, mamma is going to tell you a story."

It wasn't the story of the "Little Pig That Went to Market." Once she had had a nurse who had told that story but it had not been at all well received by her austere mother and mistress nurse had been given a curt dismissal.

No, this was about a little girl who, if she didn't ask too many questions, was to have granted her one very much desired wish. The little girl really did not know which, of all her wishes she was most anxious to have gratified. So the good fairy proceeded to help her out.

"Supposing, that instead of putting that nice little finger of yours in your tiny rose-bud of a mouth so often, that you make it a useful little finger. Make it an elfin worker, and, for it, we will wish a gay gold hat. It will be so proud that it will want to get just as busy as a bee."

Gladys didn't quite understand that so explanations must be forthcoming.

Louise, studying the child's enquiring gaze said—"When I was quite a small girl I was taught how to make the prettiest things in the world—pretty flowers out of silk—and those

are what you so love on the big table in our livingroom. Now supposing we take this little finger that will roam to Gladys' mouth, and all the other little fingers, and teach them to be workers. Maybe some day the good Fairy will come here and bring a wonderful bright gold hat for Gladys and we will call it 'thimble'."

Thus began the training in embroidery and needle-work in which Louise had become so skillful during her days in the convent abroad, and which, as Gladys began to grow up, proved a great boon to her during the long winters in the mountains.

The story of the gold hat often dominated her thoughts as she worked. The country about them was still more or less inaccessible and luxuries, such as were common in the cities, were not seen often at the log-cabin.

It was when she was seventeen that the most unthought of, startling news came to them—Carol's daughter, the only cousin of whom Gladys had ever heard, was coming West.

History repeating itself! The girl was born abroad, had been reared much as Carol and Louise had been and no doubt—at least it was so surmised from recent letters—had followed her mother's proclivities.

Fear and apprehension entered the heart of Louise. What would be the effect of even a few days' companionship of this much indulged girl, on Gladys? So far the home had known nothing but contentment. Apparently Bernardine had come West under something of the same circumstances that had brought Louise here—undoubtedly a party anxious to see the famously developing mining country. Possibly the sister had some longing to know more of her girlhood playmate whose life had been so strangely different from her own. Anyway Bernardine was actually coming to visit them—it was almost unbelievable.

In the meantime, the box, long pushed aside and almost forgotten, had again been explored and, wonder of wonders, there had come to light, among the treasures, a gold thimble.

Gladys had never forgotten the story her mother had told her the day the box was first opened and as she grew up the impression of the fairy tale stayed with her. Her life to a great degree was one of dreams and thought. Hours she spent alone with her horse and dog out in the woods, drinking in the sweet fragrance of the firs or traversing the mountain sides. As, in the long winter evenings she worked at her embroidery she discovered that the early fairy tale was linked now with an actual longing for a gold thimble.

With Bernardine's arrival there was immedi-

ately felt, by the little household an undercurrent of apprehensiveness as to what the next moment was going to bring forth. She came haughty, austere as her mother was before her,—condescendingly kind to her relatives who pretended happiness in such, to her, crude surroundings. However, she was well prepared to "rough it." Her clothes were of the very latest style in sports apparel that New York could offer. Mannish, striking and altogether overwhelming.

But as time passed environment began to tell and Bernardine, finding something in Gladys altogether new, gradually dropped her supercilious airs. She was fascinated by her cousin's charmingly naive lack of knowledge of the things of life to which she was not only accustomed, but with which she was already satiated.

Their walks and rides together brought them into a chummy intimacy. It was not long before Louise noticed the bloom of the clean outdoors come into the cheeks and heart of her sister's child and she hated to see her prepare for her journey homeward where Bernardine was to be married—married to a man of wealth and position; a man older than herself, whose reputation for many and early entanglements was well known but now ready to be married, was nevertheless, considered most desirable by the social set.

In the frequent confidences that the girls now exchanged, Bernardine had told Gladys much of her future plans. And, in contradiction to the first enthusiasm of these confidences, Gladys noted with astonishment a lassitude creeping over her cousin whenever the subject was brought up. Not only did she not seem to wish to discuss her future, but she seemed rather repellent toward it.

One day as the girls were resting on a great rock that jutted over the trail, a favorite perch of theirs on return walks to the mine and from where they looked out over the distant chaparral country and into the dusk-gathering, purple shadowed canons, Gladys began to contrast, in her own mind, their lives. Bernardine had laid aside her jewelry and had even exchanged those perfectly correct sports clothes to don the free and easy "knickers," loose blouse and high-laced shoes that characterized the attractive and really essential dress of that mountainous country.

They had been discussing the idea that while Bernardine could have anything she desired, Gladys knew very little of material riches outside of the few trinkets that had been ordered in the East and which, in truth, Louise had not cared to heap upon her daughter, preferring

to make her happy with what was offered them from their natural surroundings.

"No, it may seem as if I have everything. But do you know I have always, since a child, had a longing for one thing I could not get?"

Her quick, flashing smile was followed by a merry laugh which echoed against the mountain side, and rippled down the canons below them as in open candor she confessed this one longing she had harbored for years.

"But why did you want a thimble? I don't just see what time you have had to even think of one," replied Gladys.

"That is the point. I probably kept on wanting it just as any other spoiled child wants the thing it is denied. I haven't any deep impression of ever really wanting anything without having had it given to me."

"I wasn't knee-high to a grasshopper when I saw that gold thimble. By the way—I didn't know what a grasshopper was then—or any of the little wood-folk as I do now. Oh, Gladys I never knew what it was to live—I love this."

The girl rose, spreading her arms out toward the inspiring panorama before her—"I love it and I don't want to leave it. Why should I be tied up to some one I don't care about, just because mother wants it?"

Gladys sat stunned. She had wished and longed to keep Bernardine with her after hearing many of the details of her life in New York and her coming marriage and now—well, she knew what had wrought the change. She did not need to ask.

"We could have a wonderful time here—I'm sure I could make something really beautiful if—" and back came the merry twinkle in her eyes, "if I had that gold thimble."

A good part of that night Gladys lay awake thinking. Bernardine had had about everything in the world she could wish for. Perhaps she, herself, had not wanted so very many things. With a smile she recalled one of her first letters to "Santy" and its answer. She remembered how she had been led into the big room of the cabin and, guided by faint "mews," found on the bear rug before the flaring fire a gaily decorated basket with three inquisitive kittens in it.

She recalled the day when her fairy dream of the "gold hat for her finger" had come true; when the gold thimble found in the box from her mother's home had come to light and was now her most cherished treasure.

In the morning came indications of snow, also an ultimatum to Carol that not only was she going to spend the holidays right there with the little family but, she confided to Gladys, she



"Her First Christmas Gift—a Gaily Decorated Basket with Kittens in It."

thought that her coming marriage was going to be postponed into the far future.

Immediately preparations were begun for a real celebration. Shadows, if there had been any, slipped away. Laughter and a joyous tingle pervaded the atmosphere.

Bernardine, in the relief that seemed suddenly to have released many emotions, announced that she was going to roll the first snow-ball. For a moment Gladys looked very serious then said slowly—"No, I am going to roll the first snow-ball and it will be on Christmas morning."

The sudden gust of merriment that had so spontaneously enveloped the whole party seemed to vanish. Gladys had never shown a selfish motive heretofore. What had happened?

Bernardine's mind was momentarily filled with doubt and with disappointment. Yet her better nature triumphed and instead of showing any of the petulant nature that characterized her when she first came, she assented to Gladys' plan. But, in fact, she did not know Gladys' real plan nor the decision that the latter had quickly made when she realized the influence that was keeping Bernardine from going home.

It was a "White Christmas" in truth. The cabin was filled with fir boughs; many things indicative of the season were procured by Stan-dish after he and Louise had taken a holiday trip to the nearest mining center.

Pop-corn and cranberries seemed to be the most wonderful find for the jolly party. Indoors the air was laden with sweet fragrance; the warmth of real love pervaded everywhere; nor could the soft falling flakes outside bring a chill into that inner atmosphere.

It was Christmas Eve when Gladys, making sure that all were asleep, threw on a boudoir gown and carefully shading a candle light sat down before a great array of what appeared to be old papers.

Deftly and quietly she worked. It was nearing the wee hours when she snuffed out the candle and crept into bed.

The morning dawned sparkling, beautiful. The very message of "Peace on earth, good will to men," was in the air.

Bernardine stretched lazily, luxuriously and, yes, happily. Yawning, with cat-like contentment she slowly opened her eyes. Her hazy thoughts were of her new environment and the change which had come over her. She thought of Gladys and of the comradeship which had

sprung up between them. Then, with a little pang of regret or resentment, the refusal of Gladys to let her help roll the first snow-ball piqued her into opening her eyes quite wide.

Wonder of wonders what did she see! Was she still dreaming?

Suspended by a rope of intertwined greens hung a huge white ball. Elfs and fairies could do wonderful things but they were not so mystic, surely, as to be able to hang a snow ball over one's bed. Without another thought Bernardine bounded across the room and after Gladys.

"Why, goosie," replied Gladys in response to the rapid fire of questions and exclamations that greeted her, "it is the snow ball you wanted."

"But, what is it for—what is it all about?"

"Go and find out," laughed Gladys.

On investigation Bernardine found the ball to be covered with tissue paper ingeniously wound round and round to an almost cylindrical smoothness. Layer after layer she unwound until the room was heaped with paper, not all tissue to be sure, probably for lack of procuring any quantity of such a commodity.

Bernardine was down to just a tiny ball when Gladys asked:

"Did you ever see a cold exterior like snow might create and then find a warm, true heart of gold within?"

Overcome with curiosity by this most original package, Bernardine was more mystified by her friend's words. But as a gold thimble, with a tracery of carving on it, dimly monogrammed, fell from the last of the wrappings she no longer wondered.

She could not speak nor control the emotions that surged over her.

Together the two girls had laughed over their childish whims, the orb of which had been a gold thimble. To Gladys it had been her one great possession.

* * *

If any trace of doubt as to her future remained in the mind of Bernardine it was gone now. Impulsively she threw her arms about her friend—Gladys. "Gladys, the spirit of the West has taught me and I want to live here where the big outdoors is the inspiration of those things that I have only just begun to learn and which, it seems to me, much of the world is missing."



CHRISTMAS IN THE WEST

By NINA MAY

'Neath azure skies bedecked with gold
The perfumed zephyrs plays
While buds with radiance rare unfold
And song birds trill their lays.

Majestic hills with carpet green
Fringe open sea and bay,
And those who winter days have seen
Would vow 'twere summer's day.

But we in California know
When Nature's at her best,
And earth is bathed in sunshine glow
'Tis Christmas in the West!

TODAY

By Belle Willey Gue

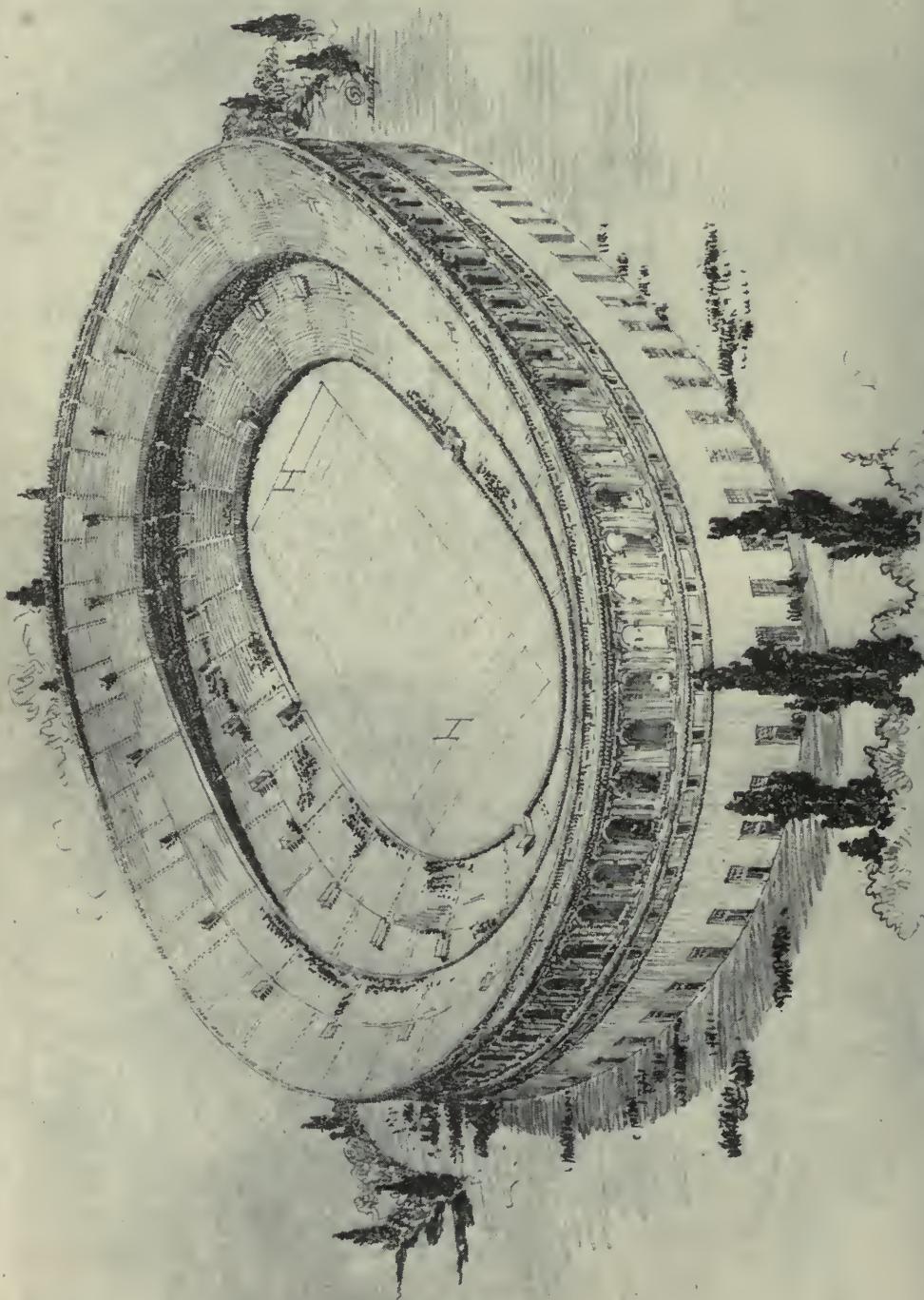
Only today is given unto us—
Only of this one hour can we be sure.
There is no past as known to human time—
Only the mem'ries of mortal deeds endure.

Only the present time is ours to hold—
There is no future—seek it as we will—
When we have reached what seems so unto us
What is to happen will go farther still.



- STADIUM - UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA -

JOHN GALEN HOWARD - ARCHITECT



Westward the Course of Stadia Takes It's Way

University of California to Build Double-Decked Stadium at Berkeley—Stanford Completes
Dirt Ampitheatre—University of Washington and Pasadena Building Stadia.

By LOUIS ALLEN

THANKS to the revival of the Olympic games at Athens in 1896, together with the growing demand for seating accommodation at university football contests, the stadium idea has taken firm root and is fast spreading in the United States. Since the World War the stadium-building impetus has gained surprising headway, due in large measure to national consciousness of growing physical defectiveness, which the draft examinations of 1917 so glaringly exposed.

From the first notable college stadium completed at Harvard in 1909, the gospel of collegiate stadia has spread until today virtually every large university in the country has either built, or is rushing plans for a stadium. Princeton followed Harvard with the Palmer Memorial Stadium in 1914; Yale in the same year completing the great Yale Bowl accommodating 80,000 spectators, the largest stadium in the western world. In 1920 Ohio State University raised funds for a double-decked steel and reinforced concrete stadium to seat 60,000. Syracuse and the University of Chicago followed shortly afterward with plans for adequate stadia.

On the Pacific Coast the University of Washington started work in 1920 on a reinforced concrete stadium to accommodate 60,000. The Stanford Stadium, of similar seating capacity, is virtually completed, while Pasadena is rushing plans for its Tournament of Roses Stadium, where it is planned to hold the annual football classic between the pick of Eastern and Western teams. Latest of all projected stadia is the California Memorial Stadium at Berkeley, the campaign for a million dollar fund for the construction of which has been recently consummated. The Berkeley stadium will be dedicated to the memory of all sons of California who lost their lives during the World War.

With a double-deck arrangement of seats that will project its 60,000 spectators toward the playing field, California Memorial Stadium, which will be built during the next three years, offers a unique departure in stadium construction.

The seats are arranged in a manner analogous to those of a theatre, the lower seating area or deck corresponding to the orchestra seats of the theatre and the upper deck to the balcony. Both decks are stepped up so as to give every seat a view of the entire field. By the use of two decks, the greatest possible number of seats are brought close to the games, the upper deck overhanging the lower in such a way as to bring its seats much nearer the field than if they formed an extension of the lower deck beyond the farthest seats.

The idea of theatre construction will be further carried out by a careful effort upon the part of the architect, John Galen Howard, to solve all problems of acoustics, so that the stadium will lend itself to fairs, pageants, civic and state meetings, in addition to track contests, football and baseball games. The structure will be given an architectural beauty of line and form by the inclusion of alcoves, balconies and winding stairways.

The total seating capacity is approximately 60,000, making a liberal allowance of space for each individual seat. Both decks are divided into seating sections, each of which has its own separate means of entrance and egress by corridor and stairs. To eliminate confusion, the distribution of spectators to their respective sections can thus be taken care of entirely outside of the building.

The double-deck arrangement of seats was used successfully in building the stands at the Polo Grounds in New York. Other university stadia have been built on a different plan, notably at Yale and Harvard. At Yale the spectators are on one seating plane and the fan who happens to draw a seat on the outskirts of the bleachers is removed a great distance from the playing field. In the Berkeley stadium the greatest horizontal distance of any seat from the center of the field will be 360 feet, thanks to the double-deck seating arrangement. Yale Bowl's most distant seat is approximately 460 feet from the field's center, or a hundred feet more distant than the most remote seat in the projected California arena.

The stadium will be of steel and reinforced concrete elliptical in shape completely surrounding the playing field. From north to south on the major axis the stadium measures 728 feet, and 528 feet from east to west. The playing field measures 250 feet by 450 feet. Four ample portals, placed at the ends of the major and minor axis, serve as entrances for the teams as well as extra exits for the crowds after the game. These portals lead by spacious corridors and stairs under the lower deck, directly to the exterior of the building. They are also inter-connected by a wide corridor running around the entire ellipse under the toe of the seating deck, by means of which convenient access is provided to the training quarters, convenience stations, reception rooms for distinguished guests and other necessary features. Architect Howard has so designed the stadium that otherwise waste spaces under the decks may, as desired, be taken advantage of for handball, tennis and other activities.

The Stanford Stadium, christened November 14 with the annual Stanford-University of California football game, is also of unique con-

struction. Instead of a costly structure of reinforced concrete, the Palo Alto stadium was built by the mounding of earth about an oval; 65 rows of wood seats being constructed on the inner side of the embankment. The top of the embankment is 36 feet above the surrounding ground.

While the greatest horizontal distance of any seat from the center of the field will be 360 feet in the California Memorial Stadium, Stanford Stadium's farthermost seat will be at a distance of 415 feet. The stadia of the great Pacific Coast collegiate rivals are almost identical in seating capacity, both being designed to accommodate approximately 60,000.

The smaller colleges and universities of the Pacific Coast are not to be outdone in the matter of stadia. Pomona College, Oregon State College and the University of Nevada are considering plans for permanent athletic arenas. According to college athletics officials who have their fingers on the pulse of the public, every college or university west of the Rockies engaging in athletic competition, will be equipped with permanent stadia within the next ten years.

THE RIDING WESTERN WIND

By Charles J. North

I sing the song of the western wind,
That rides from the salty sea.
With swinging lope it takes the slope,
Where peaks are high and free.

It gathers speed on the mountain tops,
And rides wherever it will.
On frosty roofs, with clicking hoofs,
It makes the highest hills.

It gallops down through the canyons deep.
It swings on the valley's edge.
It bucks around on mesa ground,
And jumps the rock ledge.

It sidles banks where the rivers run,
And then while its strength remains,
It makes a break to round the stake,
And spills out on the plains.

I catch the end of the saddle rope,
In venturous trails out-spinned.
I knot the rope with deathless hope,
And ride with the western wind.

The Christmas Ghost of San Francisco

By ELLA STERLING MIGHELS

THE sunshine of winter lightly gilded the crested hills of San Francisco, spreading from the lapping waters of the bay at her feet over to the solitary cross of Lone Mountain. But the dunes of sand beyond lay under masses of clouds blowing in from the Pacific, soon to creep over the blue sky, to blur out the sunset and to hasten the twilight.

Enjoying the brightness of the day, Christmas crowds were hurrying to and fro, along the busy street. With many parcels clased in their arms, and unusual brightness in their eyes, young and old were smiling as they passed along. In the midst of the happy throng came a strange and shambling figure. It was a man, bent and old, hastening along in a sort of jocular gait, strangely at variance with his feeble frame. His clother were green as if with mould, his face was drawn and pallid. There was a general suggestiveness of a corpse with a skulllike head. He looked as if he had arisen from the dead.

"Neither man nor woman, neither brute nor human"—came unconsciously to my mind as my eyes rested on him. He seemed to take no notice of those about him and jogged on, bent on a course of his own. I watched his movements, fascinated and followed him up Kearny street, where he turned and went into the White House, (for this was before the fire), where only the aristocrats go to buy; and mutely he held out his hand to the magnificent floor-walker, who was the haughtiest thing that walked. My heart bled for him, and I wondered why he ventured in there, only to be driven out with scorn for daring to brush by those prud dames and their daughters.

But there was something so awful in the old man's face, that the fine gentleman put his hand into his pocket and gave him a silver dollar. I was surprised at his generosity; a dime would have sufficed. I looked in my own purse. It was not so very full, and there were many presents yet to get. Unwillingly I took out a half dollar and followed the old man.

"Even suppose he does spend it for drink, to warm his poor old bones, it is Christmas-time," I reasoned, "and he is free to do what he may to comfort himself for the few remaining hours

he has to live. I will give him the benefit of the doubt."

He looked at the ground as if unseeing, and extended his hand—a pitiful hand, for one of the fingers was missing—and it had been roughened by hard work, though the marks of good birth showed in the delicacy of its shaping.

He passed on and went to the next store-entrance. A man at once reached out a shining piece of gold to him. There was something no one could withstand in this abject creature; there was a warning in his skull-like face, as if he said, "Your hour is coming, too."

Each moment a terror crept into my heart. I was fascinated yet repulsed. It was impossible to describe the feeling that overwhelmed me. "If he be alive," I kept on repeating, "then someone should take him to the hospital, for he will die in the street before morning. The soul has already escaped from that body, and he is in reality dead, but his body is still going on from a muscular force of habit."

I looked around but no one seemed to take any further notice of the old man than to give him alms or a momentary glance of horror as they passed him by. The responsibility seemed forced upon me against my will to look out for this abject creature, evidently homeless, friendless and on the verge of dissolution. Inwardly I rebelled.

"Why should I have to follow this man? He is repulsive, he is not even clean," I complained to myself. "Let someone else take the responsibility." But still my feet followed whether I would or not. My little gifts were forgotten; the children at home faded away. I was impelled to follow, follow!

The blue above was now overcast with drifting masses of clouds, the uncertain light of late afternoon faded into the dim of twilight, and still I was dogging the footsteps of the strange old man.

His strength kept up mysteriously; his jocular gait was even difficult to keep up with. As we went up Market street we met a man who was well-known for his immense wealth and dishonest practices. Mutely was the appeal made.

The millionaire carelessly gave him a gold piece, then as he viewed the awful face; "My

God, is that you?" he exclaimed, calling out the name of a farmer partner of his own, who had died some years before. But the old man said never a word, only jogged along leaving the rich man dazed and gazing after him.

He went into narrow streets, into low groceries, to the doors of humble people, and all gave the weird creature a dime, or more, willingly. Somehow I was led to wonder at the open-heartedness of all these beings, for I had never guessed that there were really so many to show generosity, kindness of heart and so much feeling to a wretched beggar even at Christmas-time.

All at once a handsome carriage came rolling by. Within was a one-time actress, the idol of the people in her gala-day, now grey-haired and stately in her old age, with diamonds gleaming at her throat and in her ears, for she had been prudent in her youth, and now enjoyed a fine income from her block of houses.

As the carriage stopped a moment, the old man jogged to the door and stood there in an appealing attitude. The stately woman looked terror-struck and brushed her hand across her eyes vaguely. "William!" she gasped. Then seeing the hand mutely extended and no word coming forth, she put her purse into it, and gave the word to "Drive on," her blanched face, set with its diamond rays of light, gleaming out strangely in the darkness.

I could hear the chuckle of the old man as he tucked the purse away and went on. Dark night came on, damp and chill, and at last, in a humble part of the city, we came to an old house, built years ago in the early days of San Francisco. It was shaky and tumble-down in appearance. The old man entered without knocking. From the dark hallway I saw through an open door, lighted by a flickering candle, a woman sitting upon the floor, wild-eyed and despairing. A youth lay tossing in fever, upon the wretched apology for a bed, the room being without carpet or chairs. Everything was bare and desolate; poverty, mean and gaunt, sat by the woman's side, looking over her shoulder.

"Money, money—" she whispered, weaving to and fro. "Money would save him. I had thousands—but he, the false friend, the black-hearted—he stole all from me and I have nothing, nothing! He robbed the widow and the fatherless and now, at last, we are starving! Oh, my God! if there be a God in heaven, hear my prayer, and let that man find no rest in the cold bed where he lies."

My blood was congealing in my veins. There was such an awful vacancy in her eyes, it

seemed as if she were already insane. The old man stepped forward, with that same peculiar little trot-motion and poured into her lap a shining heap of silver and gold with the purse on top. Meanwhile he whispered in a wheedling tone, "Now will you let me have a little peace? I have no rest day or night because of your prayers. Don't pray against me for a little while, for I am tortured by your cries. See, they have let me come back at Christmas-time to make restitution. I have brought you the first, because I wronged you the most. I have much to do—much to do."

The woman gazed upon him with eyes that changed from vacancy to horror. Then she gave a suppressed scream, "What? Is it you?"

The old man jogged along to the door. "Let me have a little rest—a little rest! If you knew, you would pity me, and I am tortured by their cries. Let me rest—let me rest!"

"It is some harmless lunatic escaped from his keeper," said I, "and just before death he is making restitution for imaginary wrongs."

Still I followed, then I heard him chuckle in a gruesome manner, "Pretty soon, pretty soon, I'll get it set straight, but I must be at work again for there is much to do—much to do in the Christmas-time."

On we went through the long dark streets, under the eucalyptus trees, away out on Pine street, and still he kept up his jog-trot. On and on.

"Can it be possible he lives so far away?" I thought to myself as we reached the last house.

The mist had lifted. The street lamps shone more brightly, the cloud masses broke up into islands in the sky, and an old moon sailed among them like a silver ship. He turned quickly. I knew that we were nearing Laurel Hill cemetery, and close at hand, on the rising land of the incline of the hill, was the sight of white tombs in the spectral light.

"What strange fate has brought him here to die?" I thought to myself pitifully, when suddenly, I saw him disappear into the earth.

A mastering sense of terror overwhelmed me, and yet I was held fascinated, as if by a spell. In the dim light of the moon I read the inscription upon the lofty monument. It was the name I had heard spoken that night—the name of one who had not scrupled during his lifetime at any evil thing that could bring him wealth or pleasure, so that his name was execrated by the community.

Brief was the glory he had won, however, for it was well known to everyone, how at his death the great fortune he had piled up, had

Christmas Enchantment

By ALICE G. COOPER

BOB EMERSON stamped the snow from his feet, and with a hand on the door knob of his log ranch-house, looked back at the bay horses that stood at the yard gate hitched to a home-made bob-sled. His keen blue eyes swept the snow covered range, unbroken except from a deep coulee where the smoke curled up from his enemy's mud-daubed chimney. The smoke etched a heavy black line against the gray sky, and Bob frowned. He hated the man Bixby whose household fire was thus symbolized, and he didn't care who knew it.

The momentary frown vanished from his usually serene forehead when he entered the house.

"'Bout ready to go, Mary," he called cheerfully. "Got the hot water jug? Cold as Greenland."

The satisfying breakfast odor of coffee and bacon came from the warm kitchen when his wife opened the door bearing in one hand a jug, and in the other a covered basket. One could not look at Mary Emerson and frown. Gladness emanated from her vivid face, laughing dark eyes, and smiling lips.

"Everything's ready, Bob. Hot coffee in the thermos bottle, ham sandwiches, and the rest. If it wasn't that Dad and Mother are coming, I'd make out with the Christmas things I have, and—refuse to let you go that twelve long miles to Cascade; twenty degrees below zero, too. B-r-r-r; Montana's a cold place!" she shivered.

"But look here, Mistress Mary," Bob laughed. "This is our first Christmas tree, and we can't let a little thing like zero weather freeze us out. Let's see,—we've got to have—" he enumerated on the fingers of his left hand, "colored candles, candy, nuts, oranges, and a few

little toys for the McGowan kids and that new family down the creek, and the Fritzes; we want them, too. Of course Fritz is a rich man, but he don't know it. Anyhow rich or poor, there is no respector of persons on Christmas, is there? And be sure and don't forget me, honey," he said whimsically. "I never had a tree of my own, and come to think of it, it was almighty little I DID have, and I'm going to see that other kids—"

"Seems odd, doesn't it, Bob?" interrupted Mary, "We've been married six years and never had a tree, and lived right here all the time, but then—" she hesitated, picked up the corner of her starched apron and pleated it.

"Oh, well, we can't have everything," hastened Bob with a quick glance at his wife's face. "We're happy, anyway. Suppose we had a crippled boy like McGowan's, or-or a poor little deaf thing like the Fritz boy, or-or—"

"Oh, I'd even take that kind of a baby, Bob," she protested passionately. "I wouldn't care so it was a baby, and I'd love it so, it would never suffer for it's affliction. Only think how cruel it seems for the McGowan's to have seven children they can't buy shoes for, and the new family that has moved in on their claim has a house full besides twins; TWINS," she emphasized. She held her arms out in an unconscious attitude of defrauded motherhood, but at the sight of Bob's face her heart misgave her.

Bob, dear, you know I'm happy as a lark. It's Christmas that started me to being envious, Ungrateful wretch," she laughed.

But Bob did not respond. He had been hurt and that's the very thing I don't want to be. because he could not bear for her to want any-

thing that marred her happiness. He stifled a sigh.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Mary. We'll begin this Christmas by helping other folks raise their babies. I wish some good woman like you had taken pity on me. Lord, you don't know what a boyhood I had."

Through the window out on the snowy road in front of the house, they saw a man bundled in a fur coat plodding along on a gray horse.

"If he'd get out of here there wouldn't be a blooming thing to make me ever feel grouchy," Bob scowled.

"He's a lonely old man, Bob, I'm sorry for him," Mary placated.

"Lonely!" Bob almost snarled. "He's got the whole country down on him. He's grabbed every foot of land he could get hold of by hook or crook, and his latest effort is to beat me out of Spring creek, and you know very well that would kill our place as dead as a door nail. Don't waste your pity on a fellow who's trying to take the bread out of your mouth."

"But he can't do it with you around, you know," she smiled.

"He thinks he can, just the same. I've beaten him every time yet," Bob chuckled, "but who wants a neighbor he's got to watch all the time? Shucks! When I get started on Bixby I never know when to quit. No way to spend Christmas, hey?" he tweaked her ear, "I've got to hurry along. I looked in on the tree as I came up to the house. It's some peach, too. The new barn smells like a pine woods. Did you invite the new family?"

"Should say I did. We've got to have those twins, and—Bob, it's Christmas; let's forget everything else—and—and—invite Mr. Bixby. He's the only one of all the neighbors we've left out. That no way to do—on Christmas."

"What! invite old Bixby?" Bob shouted. "Why don't you know he's got a man hired to jump your desert claim? Says it's not desert. Don't you know that the land your father intends to file on to protect our homestead, is going to be contested by him? We had a fight in Cascade, too," he smiled grimly. "I didn't tell you. We hate each other, we—"

"How awful, Bob," Mary almost whispered with white lips, "no, I—I—didn't know, but even so," she maintained valiantly, "there's no use to have a Christmas tree without the Christmas spirit; that would be a mockery. I'm making believe this is for our own little boy or girl; and if it were, we'd be so happy we'd love the whole world, Bob, dear," she said softly.

Bob Emerson looked at his wife's softly radi-

ant fact, and felt vanquished. He picked up the jug and basket and turned to the door.

"Can't be home before tomorrow afternoon. Roads so heavy it would bring your father and mother along after dark; too cold. We'll all help finish the tree," he grinned. "Only tree I ever saw when I was a kid was at a Sunday school."

He swung off down the path toward the waiting horses, then:

"Say, Mary, I reckon you'd better invite, er Old Bixby," he threw back over his shoulder.

Mary laughed, threw a warm shawl over her head and followed him down to the gate. The horses were tired standing in the cold and leaped in the harness with a jingle of bells. She watched them glide over the long road until they diminished, a mere black speck on the white plain. A tender smile curved her lips. The light that Bob had seen in her eyes when he kissed her good bye still lingered when she saw Mr. Bixby returning. She knew he would have to pass the barn, and she hurried down the snowy path in order to be there as he came along.

When the barn door was opened the odor of pine, the magnificent tree, and the sweet silence that pervaded the place smote her like a benediction. She fell to her knees in voiceless prayer. She did not know how long she knelt, but when she rose Mr. Bixby stood in the door with bowed head.

"I—came down on purpose to see you as you came by, Mr. Bixby," she hesitated, she had never spoken to him before, and looked doubtfully at him. He had removed the ugly coonskin cap, and she noted the heavy lines from nose to lip; the frown between the scant eyebrows and felt his attitude of cold aloofness, but she was too full of the spirit of Christmas to be repelled. The cold had sent the red to her cheeks, and her friendly greeting and the warm light in her dark eyes was such that no man could have resisted her. A slow smile quirked his reluctant lips.

"I wanted you to come in and see our tree," she hurried on.

"Yes, I got a glimpse as I was going by, and though I'd take a peep, I didn't know there was any one here," he ended lamely.

"Well, I'm mighty glad I was here, or I wanted to invite you to come over tomorrow night. All the neighbors will be here. But I want to tell you the surprise I got when I came down, Mr. Bixby. Bob sneaked in and trimmed the tree to save me the work. You know I think he must have sat up all night to do it, or

got up mighty early. Look how he has tacked that ground juniper all over the walls. Look at the tin cans he has nailed everywhere for the candles. The rafters are draped with pine boughs, and the brown cones make it look like a huge green cave. Mr. Bixby you can't imagine what a lonely boyhood Bob has had. About all I did was to tell him where to put the old square piano Daddy gave me. You know we're going to have the Langdon's with their violins and drum. I gathered the red rosebuds from the wild rose bushes on the creek, and Bob and I strung them with popcorn by the fire of evenings. Mr. Bixby you know Bob can't remember his father and mother. He was farmed out to any one who needed a boy, and never had a real home. Poor fellow, I intend for him to have the nicest Christmas he ever had." She ran to a corner and brought out a bundle from behind a box. "Look, this is what he almost died to own when he was a boy, and never could have." She opened her left hand and proudly displayed a two-bladed knife, and with her right hand, held out a flaming, red bound volume of Robinson Crusoe. "Wasn't it too bad, Mr. Bixby, a poor little waif couldn't have had these simple things?"

"It sure was," responded Mr. Bixby feelingly, for his soul was with the tragic youth of the boy, and not with Bob Emerson the man. Perhaps his vision harked back to the longed for, unrequited joys of his own boyhood. He forgot to be aloof. Enchantment stalked about unbidden in this pine shrouded barn. The soured old man looked in the face of his adorable neighbor and forgot he ever harbored a grudge.

"I—we want you very much tomorrow night, Mr. Bixby," she hurried. "All the neighbors are coming."

For a second the thought flashed through her mind of when she had hated this man. She and Bob had bitterly discussed the moving of their souce because a corner edged onto the land he intended to contest, but she resolutely thrust the thought aside.

The man's eyes were bent on the floor, and he was pushing a spray of purple berried juniper about with his foot.

"Why, why, I'd sure like to come, Mrs. Emerson. It's been many years since I saw a Christmas tree. I'd sure like to come," he accepted unreservedly.

They chatted amably for some time, and when Mary Emerson stood at her gate and watched their enemy move over the snow toward the smoke that curled up from the distant coulee there was a fine warm glow about her heart.

In the evening Mr. Fritz came up in his sled and brought one of his girls to stay all night with Mary. They went down to the barn, and Mr. Fritz brought out various mysterious knobby bundles to place on the tree. "If Mrs. Emerson did not mind," he offered diffidently.

"Why, I'm as glad as I can be," declared Mary, "I need all I can get, the tree is so immense."

She and Bob had lived rather selfishly to themselves, and the tree was breaking the ice between her and her neighbors.

"In this bundle there are some knit sox my wife sent for the Tucker twins that have took up that claim down the creek, and come here to live. Terribly big fambly," Mr. Fritz sighed in sympathy.

"Only think, Mr. Fritz, twins, and we haven't any." Mary's voice trailed away in lonely cadence.

Mr. Fritz, with the suspended bundle in his hand, regarded her solemnly, and for the first time gave her a human, understanding thought. As he secured the bundle to the tree he wagged his head without a response, went out and clambered into his sled without a word of goodbye to his own offspring, or to Mary. Still wagging his head, he drove homeward over the white road lit by glittering stars.

The next day a warm wind came over the plains. The smoke from Mr. Bixby's chimney soared skyward only to fall helplessly to the snow packed earth. The sun glittered on the white range, and Mary Emerson sang about her work joyously. Bob came home in the afternoon with her mother and father whom she had not seen for two years. Many and varied were the gifts and the tree grew into a thing of marvelous beauty. Mother had brought from Kansas a plum pudding of her own make that was justly celebrated in her town. The odor of turkey filled the comfortable log house, and amid all the joyous thrills of the season, the dull little ache in Mary Emerson's heart for the baby that never came was almost vanquished.

When evening came and the tree was lit; when the sleds with tinkling sleighbells began to arrive; when horses were comfortable in lone sheds; when Bob at the door met his enemy cordially with the rest of the neighbors, Christmas Enchantment danced through the open door and decided it was a good place to stay.

The big stove was roaring red with good cheer. The little Fritz's and McDougals, and tuckers were happy with sticky fingers and smudgy faces, and the twins slept sweetly on

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Imperial Valley, The Wonderful

By EMMY MATT RUSH

A NAME that once conjured visions of great desert stretches of arid land, cactus-covered, brown and barren! Such a place, certainly was the Imperial Valley; and, only the short span of twenty years ago, prehistoric sand dunes and sand hummocks two hundred feet below the level of the sea held it in their mighty grasp!

Today, it is covered with fertile fields of waving grain, divided by the meandering canals of irrigating waters and dotted here and there with industrious and prosperous little towns! This prehistoric desert stretch today supplies the eastern markets with garden truck, when the East is covered with a blanket of heavy and formidable snow! Formidable from the "truck-garden-in-mid-winter" standpoint!

Imperial Valley's history reads like a fairy tale!

When the California Development Company, the "Old C. D. Co." as the Imperial Valley pioneer affectionately refers to the company that first made the Valley garden a possibility, entered this desert territory, nothing less than a sturdy courage, and an indomitable will against the tremendous obstacles facing them, (coupled with a wondrous faith in California's future), urged them on!

Here was a great desert valley, once the bed of a prehistoric sea, hemmed in upon all sides by mountains that were formerly the protecting wall of this great inland sea of salt water!

No vegetation save that of the desert—thorned, spindled and leafless!

Sand dunes and sand hummocks arose like ocean billows, and the shattered remnants of great granite boulders were scattered everywhere!

Sand dune and hummock had to be leveled! Thorny desert plants had to be removed, and the millions of broken granite boulders scattered everywhere, had to be picked up and carried away, before the work in hand could be undertaken, or carried on!

The great desert, however, was ready for reclamation!

Even the most sanguine of that original group could not have foretold its fabulous future!

The prehistoric inland sea which formerly occupied the territory in Southern California today known as the IMPERIAL VALLEY, was

once an arm of the Pacific Ocean, the northernmost extremity of the Gulf of California. In that remote prehistoric age, vague and mysterious, nature in one of her mad moods built a strip of land that eventually separated this portion of the Gulf of California from its natural feeder, and the elements of the air gradually evaporating the waters, left behind the salt and other chemicals of the waters in a fertile virgin bed!

The Colorado River was tapped twelve miles below Yuma, Arizona, and the waters of the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains trickling through forest, glade and precipitous gorges, and then on and on down through the Grand Canon of Arizona, today supplies Imperial Valley for irrigation and domestic purposes!

The silt of these mountain waters, playing upon the prehistoric virgin ocean bed, chemically produces a sandy loam inexhaustible in its production of crops so fabulous in their proportions and the profits netted, that they read more like Arabian Nights tales than actual facts and figures!

The water is taken from the Colorado River without a diverting dam through a concrete head-gate known as Rockwood Gate. Natural gravity forces it through the irrigating canals of the Valley.

There is no snow in the Imperial Valley, and the annual rainfall averages but three inches.

In 1905 the Colorado River broke the dykes controlling the water supply of the Valley. Here the old adage about it being "An ill wind that blows nobody good" held good, for a new river was thereby created. The "new" river allowed to flow unmolested, is still known by the explanatory cognomen of "New River," and it renders untold service to Imperial Valley farmers.

Thus has the Colorado River aided man in the reclamation of the Great Imperial desert!

The Imperial Valley, in total, covers an area of 4,089 square miles, but that portion familiarly known as the "Valley," the irrigated and cultivated section thereof, is forty-five miles long, comprising more than one-half million acres of irrigated land, and all under cultivation!

Imperial Valley farms yield Alladin-like crops. Four crops of Alfalfa are annually

raised upon this reclaimed desert land. The quality of the produce secured from this chemically built-up soil is unexcelled, and the quantity unlimited!

Milo, Maise, Cotton, Alfalfa, Cantaloupes, Lettuce, Dates, Barley, Wheat, Asparagus, Tomatoes, Beans, Oats, Squash, Citrus and other fruits of the "Valley," are not only considered better flavored, but finer in every respect than that raised elsewhere. It was a great surprise while in the Valley, to find Imperial Valley grape-fruit not only much sweeter, but finer grained than that grown in other California sections, and throughout the entire Southland!

Imperial Valley strawberries reach eastern markets earlier than berries from other fields, and this is true of all Imperial Valley commodities because of the climate and the virgin quality of the soil.

We paid the exorbitant tourist price of FIFTY CENTS a quart for strawberries in the Valley, direct from the pickers' hands. The price was an extortion, but the berries were fine!

Probably the Cotton, Onions, Lettuce and Cantaloupes of Imperial Valley have created a greater foreign interest than any of its other commodities. For millions of dollars are annually invested in these products, and millions of dollars are annually netted therefrom. That is to say, if the season is a good one. If for any reason, it is not, well—then millions of dollars are sometimes lost!

It is a game of chance, the Imperial Valley produce game!

Earth, seed and water the Eternal Triangle, blessed with Nature's wondrous sunshine, and the fabulous crops of the Valley result!

A plot of ground about to be cultivated is treated in like manner as the municipal skating rink of an eastern city. The four sides are banked two feet high with earth, and the entire space flooded with water. How often this flooding process is necessary only the grower understands, and how much of this life-giving fluid is required for his specified crops is understood to the minutest detail, for Uncle Sam operates an Experimental Station in the Valley for the growers' benefit, and he profits by the experiments of the Government.

In order to combat the sometimes too-intensive heat of the sun's rays in this unusual farming country, two hundred feet below the level of the sea, it is necessary, very often, to build racks with canvas coverings over hundreds of acres of growing stuff to shelter it from the solar summer heat of the Valley. For often during the heated or summer period here, the thermometer registers 126 degrees Fahrenheit with-

out even a murmured apology. The air in this torrid region, however, is dry and free from the humidity of summers where the average rainfall is greater.

Between fertile fields of growing grains, waving beneath the desert sun, from one to two hundred feet below sea level, sixteen modern villages have arisen with startling rapidity.

El Centro, "The Center," as its name indicates, boasts a population of 8000 white people. The combined resources of El Centro's four banks amounts to \$5,000,000.00.

Brawley, located 219 feet below sea level, and equally as important industrially, agriculturally and commercially, has a population of 4500 white. Brawley ranks third in California in the matter of produce shipments—San Francisco and Los Angeles, with larger territories from which to draw, ranking first and second, respectively.

Brawley produces 80 per cent of the melon crop of the Valley, and more than one-half of the lettuce of the Valley originates in the Brawley vicinity. With this percentage of crop output, this flourishing below-sea-level-town ranks as the second largest shipping station along the lines of the Southern Pacific Railway throughout the entire Southland!

The towns of Imperial and Calexico rank first in the Valley in the matter of raising cotton. We will take the 1920 season as an example.

The cotton crop for the 1920 season, was valued in round numbers at \$17,286,750.00. This covers the cotton and the seed therefrom, and represents 88,650 bales, as against 85,000 bales in the year 1919. Of this number, 75,350 bales were compressed at Calexico, and 13,300 bales were compressed at the Imperial compress.

It is claimed for Imperial Valley cotton that it ranks with the cotton raised in Egypt. It is long and fine grained, and as soft as wool.

Calexico, operating 23 cotton gins, one compress and two cotton oil mills, extends into the confines of the Mexican border. That portion of the town extending across and into Mexico, or Lower California, is known as Mexicali, the two names owing their derivation from California and Mexico.

Mexicali, true to its Mexican traditions, even tho it is the extension of an American city into Old Mexico, is a wide-open resort for the gambling populace of this dual city, and the American tourist attracted thither. Immigration officers at Calexico, the American extremity of this dual town, estimate that approximately 18,000 people travel daily between the American and

the Mexican parts thereof! Nothing more formidable than an iron cable drawn across the street, here separates Mexico from the United States!

Eight hundred thousand acres of Imperial Valley land extends into Lower California, and every dollar's worth of cotton and grain produced in the Mexican extremity of the Valley passes through the Calexico gate-way to eastern markets of the United States!

We will take for consideration, the Calexico customs figures for the year 1919. Importations passing through the Calexico custom-house during this year amassed the startling

sum of \$12,491,551.00! Upon the other hand, let it be remembered, all food stuffs, farming implements, etc., required upon the Mexican side of the Valley, likewise passes through this gate-way, there being no other inlet or outlet commercially! The population of this nationally dual town is estimated at 20,000 people.

Many of the Mexican residents of Calexico-Mexicali, live in the American portion of this unusual city with all of the open-air abandon that is customary with the Latin-American race in their native habitat! A small house, filled with a large family, a dog, a guitar, and the Latin-American is happy! His needs are few,



A Desert Valley Hemmed In by Mountains

and his supply very meager. Political problems fail to harass his horizon! Sufficient unto manana are the evils thereof, his motto, for politics with this class of Mexicans belong to the classes and not to the masses! The screeching horn of a phonograph completes HIS day!

A word covering the melon and the lettuce "games" of the Imperial Valley might here be apropos! As has already been inferred, these constitute two of the most important industries of the Valley.

Approximately 26,000 acres are fed annually with cantaloupe seeds, which it is estimated yield approximately 12,500 cars of melons during the eight weeks of the melon shipping season. The growers in the Brawley district claim 300 cars per day as their output during the peak of the melon season! The balance comes from the El Centro, Imperial and other districts.

The crop distribution game in the Imperial Valley is as unique as it is interesting. It is purely a game of chance, in which at least one

Continued on Page 67

SPRUCE WOODS

By HELENE SEARCY

White violets in the spruce woods grow
Like flakes of sun-forgotten snow,
And on the dim still trail we knew
Where light itself was shadow blue!

So little sky, such silence there,
The spice of spruce-gum in your hair,
The Cascade's deep-toned distant roar,
White violets on the forest floor,—

Give me your deep still look, dear eyes,
What though we live 'neath blistering skies.
Some day again we two shall go
Where snowflakes into violets grow.

VAGABONDS

By RICHARD PERRY

Whither bound, O ye vagabond?
Is it the hope that lies beyond
The lure of hill or winding lane?
'Tis surely not for worldly gain.
But whither ye go, there go I,
And never ask the reason why;
'Tis not for us to leave behind
The gypsy-blood and vagrant wind.



A Glimpse Through the Open Door

By ISABELLE D. HULL

THE United States of America has not given the thoughtful attention to China that her worth and wealth merit. The absence of closer relationship, her inaccessible masses of people, her own exclusive policy, and her great dislike for foreigners, have all tended to close securely the open door. We have been waiting, engrossed with other things demanding our time and attention, and losing sight of the opportunities that have given other countries the ascendancy in trade which they will hold for some time to come. Certain changes are taking place gradually. The anticipated Anglo-Japanese treaty may have had its influence.

Shanghai, being one of the greatest industrial and commercial ports in China, is strongly imbued with an Oriental charm of environment, evidenced by the strange sights, sounds, and conditions that greet one on every hand. The twelve miles journey up the Wangpoo river to the docks is a continual suggestion of this commercialism. As soon as you step off the tender which conveyed you to the jetty, the rickshaw, the wheelbarrow and heavier vehicles, drawn by human horses, touch a chord of sympathy. Later on, as you go along the Nanking Road, or take a drive down the Bubbling Well Road, and meet the Chinese merchant, Mandarin, and the Chinese aristocracy, dressed in Oriental elegance chin-chinning with their friends, one's mind is taken from the rickshaw coolie reeking in squalor, and the beggar you meet so frequently.

To know the Chinese in his own country is to increase our respect for him. It is true that the people, who know him best, speak best of him. These inoffensive people are ready to do a kindness when they feel that it will be agreeable, and ready to attend to their own "pidgin" when they think to the contrary. With the Japanese, urbanity seems more theatrical and studied than with the Chinese. With the latter there is a direct sincerity that wins. It is seen even among the servants of the two nations. Efforts made by family servants, and pleasant surprises planned for us during our houseboat trip, gave us this assurance, and are remembered with great pleasure. The foreign white woman is known as "Missy" to the house servants. Often in attempting to do the least service for oneself a servant is always there to interpose with—"Missy, me can do." This pidgin English, which is a convenient vehicle to convey ideas to each

other, is used by both the foreigner and coolie.

Few tourists have an opportunity to see the real life in China. So many obstacles arise in the attempt to do so that one becomes discouraged. The lack of accommodations outside the open ports is a formidable obstacle. No other available means affords a better opportunity than a houseboat trip through the Yangtze Valley with its net work of canals.

No country on earth has better water facilities than China. The Yangtze Kiang traverses the country from west to east, and has a course, with its windings, of 3000 miles. It forms a splendid waterway for ocean steamers, of over 1000 miles, to an open port.

The United States is represented in a business way at treaty ports by about one-tenth the business houses that Europe keeps open. The great factor for stimulating and promoting trade has been comparatively neglected. Advertising has been done mainly through papers and periodicals printed or reprinted in Europe, advertising which keeps the eyes of the would-be buyers directed to European markets.

The Pacific Coast is China's nearest important producing and manufacturing neighbor—and naturally should be her chief source of supply. No one state or city is so much interested in China as California and San Francisco. The Chinese in this state have passed through the fire of prejudice to a place of genuine respect. They are ready and practically standing at the open door. Thousands of Chinese of the traveled and educated class realize that, if China is ever going to take her place among the great family of nations, she must reform and modernize. We are told that centuries ago China developed a high degree of civilization, but from some internal causes has stood still for ages. We are told by thinking and brainy men of all sections that she is now passing from the static to the dynamic state. For years, except in a few cases, the great manufacturing power has been human labor. China is so rich in undeveloped resources which, guarded so closely for ages, must have transportation through their wonderful waterways, and must be opened up through the open door, so that men of Science, enterprise and capital may exploit these vast regions of coal, plumbago, iron, tin, gold, silver, copper, and other valuable products. Just as through the Yangtze Valley the great network

of canals were cut ages ago to carry the tribute rice from the farm to Pekin, so will the advanced methods of modern times bring to the Chinese, with all other advanced nations, new eras and inventions. These canals were demanded by her "enlightened sons" to carry out a great plan to further an absolute necessity for the millions in darkness, who were waiting for light to be brought to them by their more advanced and fortunate brothers.

Every common coolie is said to carry on his person a pedigree on which he depends as a claim to demand assistance from the more fortunate members of his own family. This responsibility makes each one his brother's keeper, and it is the keynote to their family and their national life.

Benevolent institutions are not emphasized in China, as in some places, but they carry on many phases of smaller charities. They maintain prodigal asylums for dissolute young men, foundling asylums, quiet retreats for those who wish to reform, and homes for old people. A Chinese Carnegie has installed stands where tea can be had for the taking, all over the city of Shanghai. The tired rickshaw coolie finds a grateful beverage here awaiting him.

This network of canals has subserved its great purpose. It was planned by brains and skill to connect with the Grand Canal, about eighty miles from Shanghai. Here, we rented a native houseboat for our trip. It was built of fine hard wood, and finished inside and out with Ningpoo varnish, which looks like lacquer. We equipped ourselves with bedding and canned goods, depending upon getting fresh eggs and poultry and fish on the way. We took our cook and the Amah, for we had two children in our party.

We passed down the Woodsung river in a train of six boats, being towed by a steam launch for a distance, through a maze of boats near the jetties. As we passed the Bund and the Public Gardens and the different Concessions, the sight was most absorbing. Every description of boat was represented, from the formidable war vessel down to the sampan and junk. The war vessels were painted pure white, blue and gold lines decorating them. The ubiquitous dragons in the colors were in evidence. The eyes also, for all Chinese boats have eyes painted on them. In answer to my inquiry, "Why?" The chief laudah (boatman) said: "What fashion? No havey no eye, no can see to worky on the water." The answer was conclusive.

Six miles from Shanghai we saw our first pagoda, one of the many yet to come. Rustic homes of the farmer dot the landscape along the

canals. The fishermen's huts, made of mats and raised above the water by trestles of bamboo, were objects of interest, and the golden wheat fields, the gorgeous poppyfields in full bloom, blending in harmony with the contrasting greens of the bamboo and the mulberry trees.

We were greatly interested in the temples, gates and wonderful bridges of stone masonry so prevalent along the canals. Near sundown, the stream of light which we faced made a background of gold for the temples and gates. These gates are approaches to the temples and tombs. There is no enclosure around them to which they form an entrance. They stand to mark the deeds of some faithful widow, to whose memory they were erected by the government.

We passed through the silk producing district. The mulberry trees called attention to this fact. We were in the hatcheries and saw the young worms, gorging themselves on the mulberry them. We saw the reelers reeling the silken hank for the manufacturers.

It was at temple of Mercy where the larva was fed to the fish that had been rescued from some offender, and placed in a beautiful reservoir of clear water, that the rescuer might add to has credit a merciful deed.

The inhabitants would gather around us as they so seldom see the sight we presented, and stand with mouth and eyes open to take measure of the ("Tse") or foreign devil, another name for the white man.

On this trip, which was such a revelation to me, the thought continually came what a comprehensive means to a serious study of mankind in all its phases. I thought and felt as never before, a keener insight into our interdependence. These people in their simple crudity had a lesson for me and my civilization. Family loyalty, freedom from hoodlumism, respect for the aged, a high regard for financial obligations, and a respect for racial purity designed by the Creator, are highly ethical foundation stones for the builders of a noble civilization.

The poorer classes have little; they seem content with what they have; and appear to be the most uncomplaining people on earth. In this trip we came in contact with this class, and received at first-hand our impressions of the coolie and farming classes.

After returning to Shanghai, we visited homes of the wealthy Chinese, as a special courtesy to one of our party. From the street entrance, often dingy walls and doors confronted us. On entering one is suddenly brought into an Oriental paradise. The diversity in ornamental stone work, the arrangement of grassy lawns, select trees, beds of flowers, lakes and bridges, lotus

ponds in which golden carp play, all delighted us. Rockeries are favorite forms of ornamentation of these grounds. One feels dazed with beauty and variety. Pavilions and tea houses with meandering rooms and galleries which seem to be intended to bewilder the visitor. The inner doorways open into rooms filled with costly bronzes and porcelains, ornamenting elegantly carved furniture which feasts the eye, and makes one long for things Oriental.

We made stops at Hangchow, Hoochow, and the far-famed city of Soochow, noted for her beautiful women, and known as the Venice of China. At these cities we were invited to call at the Missionary Compounds, as they are called. They were cheerful and cordial and well provided for, very zealous and much interested in their work. We were glad to find them living in comfortable—yea, even artistic homes—in this far off “heathen” land. It was a great pleasure to have our minds relieved of the “poor” missionary idea. A great deal of their work consists in modernizing these people before they can do what they do in Christianizing them. From Hangchow we went to a summer resort, a mountain retreat for the missionaries, during the deadly summer months. We were carried to the top of this mountain, Mokansan, in a Sedan chair, up winding steps, around narrow grades, without a miss-step by our sure-footed coolies. We rested in the comfort of having human forethought to depend upon. The dispensary or drug store has served as a great factor in modernizing the Chinese. It was introduced and functioned by the missionary, to whom it has proven to be a great accessory in reaching the isolated coolie, and getting in touch with the masses. China’s exclusive policy has made the access to the interior by outsiders almost impossible, and left these sections as unexplored country to tourists and travelers. The flow of intercourse brought about by actual contact is so essential to human progress.

Though the Chinese as a rule do not belong to the educated class, at least, it is claimed, that 95 per cent of them can read and write. It can never be expected that a mutual understanding will ever obtain between the wide-awake and the extremely ignorant classes of any country. There will always be a divergence where these classes exist. So progress and light must come to all before the ideal conditions shall be reached. The good day never appeared nearer than now to the optimist. But all who desire to hasten that day must ignore pride of superiority, jealousies, and personal ends, and pull together toward higher ideals of citizenship. Each race and nation should turn his thought to educa-

tional growth along the line of betterment of his own people to prepare them for equity and equality with the best standardized examples, and forget and forgive in forgetting. We get much from our watchfulness of the forecasting of the shadows. China’s unrest is, according to one of her honored sons, a sign of evolution, hundreds of her young men returnng from America, England, Japan, and other countries, have seen at first hand the working of modern thought and its administration, and are convinced thatvinced that it is high time that China should place herself where she belongs. We quote from one who says, “China’s troubles could be solved if a few of her distinguished men would deny themselves for the sake of unification.” When they consent in their minds to be led by those they respect as leaders—then the awakening will be general and the dissension will cease and the more intelligent will have the leadership.

Dr. Schurman said: “China is the only country since the dawn of history that has tried to enthrone wisdom. China has always held wisdom in high esteem.”

The underlying principle of getting a united thought force, so broad and comprehensive that it will not require compulsion, but that it will be accepted by all classes, is the remedy. It is not improbable that in the near future that they will settle upon a system which they find acceptable to all classes and conditions of men. Access to treaty ports, and to education in foreign countries, and other privileges sought and forced upon her have stimulated China’s active thought, resulting from these stimulations. There seems to be a lessening of the resistance for the past fifteen or twenty years. This situation points direct to the open door. The Chinaman is a very conservative man, but whenever he concedes a point he stands for his commitment.

Fair dealing and established confidence are required of American men and methods. An American business man in Shanghai once told me that the first question usually asked by a Chinese buyer was, “What side does cargo come?” When the answer was “Englishside,” the buyer decided at once, but if the answer was different, he hesitated. There was a reason. What was it?

Our friendly relations have grown stronger, and all that we ask is the open door through which we may enter to trade on equal terms with all the world to satisfy these wonderful people that we mean to hold their confidence and cherish good relations. Fortunately they now exist.

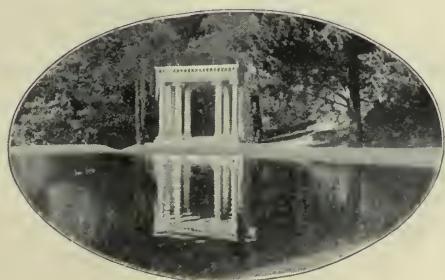
The important conclusions arrived at by Wu

Continued on Page 71



Beach and Cliff, San Francisco, Calif. While New Yorkers Enjoy Christmas at "Twenty Below," San Franciscans Spend Their Holiday as Shown Here
Courtesy of Pacific Mail S.S. Company

What gift is too precious, what sacrifice too dear, what obstacles too great for love? It scaleth loftly walls, it breaketh iron bars; it defieth the world's judgment; it setteth the human soul aflame. What wreckage, what ruin, strew thy altar, Love—what fortitude, heroism, martyrdom sublime!—The Calcutta Review.





EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

Each of us dreams the dream of life in his own way. I dream that dream in my library.—
—Anatole France.

CALIFORNIA is again fortunate in receiving as a future citizen a member of the eastern literati.

Mr. Alvon M. Robinson, whose interesting article on Horace Wade, the wonder boy novelist and lecturer, is now in Southern California with the intention of settling on the coast permanently.

As Contributing Editor on "Everyboy's Magazine," Cleveland, Ohio, and contributor to the "American Boy," Mr. Robinson met Horace Wade and a warm friendship sprang up between them, so in this article he knows "whereof he speaks." Mr. Robinson is also contributor to the Cleveland "Plain Dealer," Cleveland "Press," "Christian Science Monitor" (daily), "Holly Leaves," a community weekly published in Hollywood, Calif., and many other monthly and weekly periodicals.

It is interesting to note the comment of young Wade on Mr. Robinson's writing:

"Mr. Robinson's style is graceful and refreshing. He certainly understands boys and their dreams and hopes. I always enjoy reading anything from his talented pen."

Booth Tarkington says of Mr. Robinson's work: "I find it of great interest."

And so we find Mr. Robinson's article in this issue most interesting and shall expect to see more of his work in future issues.

* * *

Of the many books published, and data compiled in an effort to give a clear and comprehensive idea of the early vigilance days, the most satisfactory is the "History of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance of 1851," by Mary Floyd Williams, and "Papers of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance of 1851," by the same author.

In preceding the report of the Vigilance Committee particular attention has been given as to why the existence of this committee was necessary. To understand the problems of the pioneers, the life of the people during the gold rush and the general conditions then existing gives the student of this particular history a comprehension of the situation requiring a vigilance committee that most historians have failed to do.

That the gathering together and arranging of the enormous amount of data for these volumes was a stupendous task is easily realized, but one would judge from the author's "introduction" that much pleasure was also gleaned in the editing, in spite of the tremendous undertaking that was involved in arranging and editing the mass of documents and varying subjects.

The report is contained in two volumes, history and papers, and is published by the University of California Press, Berkeley, Calif. \$5 each copy.

* * *

Ten times the perfect seven gives a mystery of perfection to the resulting number—seventy, according to the note which prefaces Brookes More's poem, "The Land of Light"—a poem of rare and mystic beauty which is unfolded in seventy stanzas.

Just in part:

"The blessed angel, Israfil,
On Alicon's engolden'd hill,
Heard by the saints when night is still—
Ten thousand, thousand joyous notes,
Sweet as when through the forest floats
The silvery joys of feathered throats."

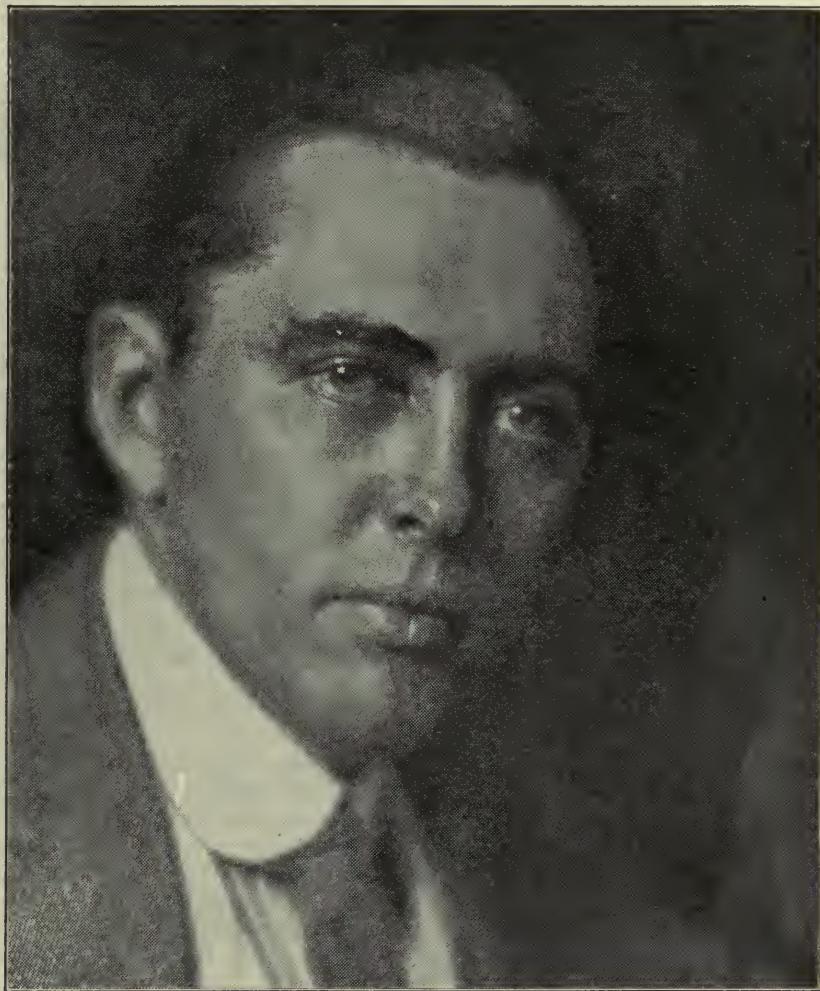
The poem is one of seven which make up Mr. More's book of verse: "The Beggar's Vision," and which takes us through many creeds disclosing to us the symbolical unity of life, love and religion.

As is stated by the publishers, a book likely to have a permanent place in the literature of

our race must have the beauty and the substance that is not of any particular generation, but of all time. And, in that, we believe that "The Beggar's Vision" will belong to the permanent

circle of true lovers of literature.

"The Beggar's Vision," published by the Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Price \$2.00.



Julian Street

With the Japanese question so much to the fore, Julian Street's new book, "Mysterious Japan," gives some interesting side lights of their customs and mannerisms.

One peculiar way of reckoning time, or age, is that with a child, for instance, it is considered one year old on the day that it is born and two years old on the following New Year's Day.

In fact, Mr. Street gives an astonishing number of "inversions" of the Japanese people, some of which are: "Boats are beached stern foremost; horses are backed into their stalls; keys turn in their locks in a reverse direction from that customary with us. At the door of a theater, or restaurant, shoes instead of hats are checked, and never are sweets served at the end of a meal but rather at the beginning."



WHEN does one wish for a home more than any other time, Spring or Winter? In the hearts of most of us there isn't a day in the year that we do not wish we owned a home of our own.

But winter-time—when the wind is howling around and the constant drip, drip, drip of the little rain-drops make you long for the big open fireplace, a good library, a cosy little—well, don't you just long for your own bungalow? Then why not build? Don't know just what you want, nor how to plan it out? Then get a copy of "The Home Designer."

Is it in the spring-time that you most long for that little home and a garden n'everything? Then turn to "The Home Designer." There you will find how to take care of your garden. It's all in a nutshell—what style of a house best meets your needs; selection of your interior furnishings; care of your garden; practical articles on lighting, heating, building methods, and in a recent issue there was a most interesting article on Oriental rugs. From it you can gain a splendid knowledge of this always desired furnishing.

"The Home Designer" is a Pacific Coast magazine and is, therefore, more valuable to the Western builder than others of its kind, as the publishers are local men and can suggest, and follow out, designs most practical, also most beautiful, for the Californian. However, this does not mean that "The Home Designer" does not apply elsewhere, for Messrs. Dixon & Hillen, the publishers, are receiving constant demands from all parts of the country for their magazine.

The general style of the "Designer" is most attractive. The illustrations of interior and exterior designs immediately convey to you suggestions that often printed matter can not do. In fact when you pick up "The Home Designer" the fever for building just engulfs you. It is like when you sniff Spring coming—you rush immediately for those very pretty, and oft times misleading seed catalogs. But you know how often you select an especially enticing picture of a flower, or a succulent vegetable, buy the seed, tear madly away from business first to plant it and then to watch it grow, only to wake up some morning and find that instead of an especially delectable food for your table you have some of that "common or garden variety" for which you can get a half dozen bunches for a nickel.

Not so with "The Home Designer." You may choose your plan with the happy expectation of future comfort and beauty of surroundings and be sure that your well laid plans will not go awry.

"The Home Designer," published by Dixon & of Southern California atmosphere.

Hillen, 1844 Fifth avenue, Oakland, Calif. 25c
a copy, \$2.50 a year.

* * *

William Darwin Crabb, a classmate and friend of some of our most notable men, statesmen, literary men and churchmen, has gathered together some of his best, of his many fine bits of verse and published them under the heading, "Poems of the Golden West." Not only is Mr. Crabb a writer of poetry but he published and made a splendid success of a law volume on the rules of all the courts practicing in San Francisco at that time.

He was formerly a contributor to the "Overland Monthly," as well as many other local and eastern magazines and dailies.

His poem on Shasta and the one of our own Golden Gate contain some very beautiful lines. In fact, one can find in this collection a verse to suit about every mood and to pacify one when they wish to be lost from strenuous cares.

"Poems of the Golden West," by William Darwin Crabb. Harr Wagner Publishing Co., San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

The Cat as Critic

A friend recently asked Sarah Comstock, the novelist, who was her most helpful critic. "I really believe," she answered, "that the most inspiring one is Zoe Beckley's black cat. That cat knows how literature is made and when she purrs at my work I feel that it is a good omen. This apartment house has always seemed to attract pen-pushers and has many literary traditions. It now harbors in its east tier Zoe Beckley and her husband Joe Gollomb, the special writer of the New York 'Evening Post'; Anna Cogswell Tyler, whose last book is just cut, and Arthur Ruhl, who has just written a book based on his experience as a war correspondent. And that cat is the helpful critic and friend of each one of us. While I was working on 'The Daughter of Helen Kent' she often sat on the window-sill and read the typed sheets over my shoulder. Once or twice she even attempted a little editing, but I had to discourage that. She confided to me that her sympathies are all for the flappers and that she really couldn't understand the attitude of Helen's mother at all."

* * *

Gene Stratton Porter, after a visit to her beloved Limberlost country, is again settled in her home at Santa Barbara, California, from where the many lovers of her books hope to see one

THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO

Continued from Page 28

tle slope on the outskirts of the pueblo when we were overtaken by the secretary's servant who charged down upon us, his donkey nearly upsetting mine in the collision.

Like a wizard in a show, he drew from under his jacket an incredibly bright and brand-new barber's basin.

"The secretary," he said, "remembered, just after you had gone, that the old Duchess of Molino had deposited with him, as security for a large loan, this basin which is proved to have been the authentic and only one from which Cervantes was shaved every day while prisoner at Argamosillo. The secretary knew that you would like to see this valued relic, and to touch it with your own hand. The duchess, señor, (lowering his eyes and face), is in gloria. For ten duros you can have this undoubted memento, and full documents shall follow you to Madrid or Lima by the next mail."

"Hombre!" I replied, "do me the favor to present to the secretary my most respectful compliments, and say that the supposed death of the duchess is a curious mistake. The old lady is living in great luxury in Seville, and her steward is already on the way to redeem her favorite relic."

The man, who saw the force of my pleasantry, laughed explosively, and shamelessly offered me the basin for two duros and a half. We shook our heads and rode away. Having gone a hundred yards, we heard a voice, and looking back beheld the servant, who brandished aloft the basin and shouted: "One duro?" I answered, "Never," and we rode out upon the brown and sunburnt plain.

Some sheep lay dozing, huddled in the shadow of a few stunted cork-trees. Brown and dim as if clad in dusty leather, the Sierra Morena lay sleeping in the warm light. Away up among the hazy summits were pencilings of soft, cool color; but we were too far away to discern the rocks and groves where Don Quixote did his amorous penance.

After riding long and silently, Salazar addressed me:

"Señor, this friend of yours, this Don Horacio, will he ever come to La Mancha?"

"Quien sabe?" I replied; "but if he comes you will certainly know him and love him as he is known and loved by his friend."

To the Bachelor of San Francisco. K.

MAETERLINCK AND SCHOPENHAUER INVADE THE CABIN

Continued from Page 37

she called. She paused before entering a thicket of willow. "Come over to dinner tomorrow I just love to cook."

"Whatever I read about 'em this mornin' I takes back," spluttered Ebri, as Jud neared him. "Justice!"

"Didn't she invite us to dinner tomorrow night?"

"Sense! She showed sense!" ignoring the dinner invitation, Ebri scowled.

Jud sighed. "I ain't exactly takin' stock in enny book, however it's nice to have one on 'em around."

"Nice!" If she'd a stayed here another five minutes, she'd a burned down the shack to entertain us by!"

CHRISTMAS GHOST OF SAN FRANCISCO

Continued from Page 50

and their excesses had put one in an insane asylum, and the other in an early grave. There was left only one descendant—a grandson, and he was so poor that he was forced to earn his living as a common laborer. And it had been told of him that sometimes he took refuge in drugs to ease his distress of body and mind.

A thrill went through me as I pondered—a thrill of pity for the poor ghost who had to go forth at Christmas-time and set straight all the ways he had made crooked in his lifetime.

All at once I saw a dim light faintly illumine the lower part of the tomb where the steps led down to the mortuary cell where was the opening.

Drawn by a power that was irresistible, I went nearer. In between the bars of the aperture I saw the form of the ghost, and he was going through strange evolutions. I watched him, fascinated, as I saw the process by means of which he laid aside his uncanny pallor and gruesome appearance. Then shrinking down in the bushes, which were close at hand, as I heard the door open, I hid, and there came forth the figure of a young man. His face was very pale, it is true, and he was very thin, but he was no longer bent, nor mouldy-looking. I glanced at him as he passed and by the light of the moon I saw it was the grandson who greatly resembled the evil old man whose name was on the monument.

Several times since that awful night have I seen him upon his rounds at Christmas-time—upon his atoning pilgrimage—but I will follow him no more.

CHRISTMAS ENCHANTMENT

Continued from Page 53

Mary's bed in the warm log house. When every guest had received in addition to a present, some funny trifle, the tuning of violins and the soft roll of a drum began. There were hot chocolate and cakes. Father and Mr. Bixby discovered to their mutual satisfaction that they had both lived in Canada as boys. The mother of the twins took great fancy to Mother, and Bob and Mary danced as they had not for six years.

It was in the small hours of the morning before the sleds whined out on the snowy road, and Boy and Mary, father and mother stood in the barn door and heard with delight the Christmas blessings of their neighbors.

That man Bixby, now Bob, who is he, anyway?" inquired father when they reached the warm house after the last guest was gone.

"Oh, just a neighbor," Bob evaded.

"Queer fish, but more to him than you'd think at first. You know he was a charity boy. Lived on a poor farm until he got big enough to think, and ran away."

"Poor devil," Bob articulated feelingly.

"Acted so odd I couldn't get onto what he wanted till he grabbed my hand and squeezed this note in it. Said it was a Christmas present to Mary, and for me to read it to you all."

Father adjusted his nose glasses, cleared his throat and read:

"To Mr. and Mrs. Bob Emerson: Only real Christmas I ever had. Don't think I'll ever be the grasping man I've been. Nothing in it. To show my appreciation of Mrs. Emerson's kind-

ness, I shall withdraw all claims I ever attempted to acquire of any lands in which she may be interested.

"SAMUEL BIXBY."

Astounded, Bob and Mary gazed at each other.

"It's Christmas Enchantment," Mary murmured, "Christmas Enchantment."

On the bed an animated bundle wriggled about and at length set up a lusty yell.

"Oh!" screamed Mary, "the new neighbor has gone off and forgotten one of the twins!"

She sat down and pressed its little rose of a face rapturously against her own.

Oh, Bob," she half wept, if—only—"

"Mary," interposed mother, "I had a long talk with your neighbor, Mrs. Tucker. She wants you and Bob to adopt this baby; says it is not hers, but as they were coming to a new place they thought it would be better for the child to pass as their own. Its parents are dead, and the Tuckers did not want to put it in a home."

"Bully for the Tuckers," said Bob fervently.

"If you and Bob will come down she will give you its full history; but if you do not want it, she will gladly keep it with her big family." Mother smiled faintly.

"Not WANT it? Not WANT it? Oh, mother, how could a Christmas on earth be so happy?" Mary rocked back and forth crooning softly.

Mother stepped to the window and drew the curtains aside. The white earth was tinged with the rose of a new dawn that fell about the humble log house in misty radiance.



"My Maiden Effort"

—Artist

IMPERIAL VALLEY, THE WONDERFUL

Continued from Page 56

party thereto breaks even. This is the grower. He furnishes the land and the labor of cultivating and irrigating same. A great majority of Imperial Valley growers are Japanese.

The packing and the shipping of the produce and all expense incident thereto, is manipulated by produce brokers supplying the eastern markets. These men, in local parlance, are called "Distributors." The Distributor furnishes the Grower with his seed before cultivating begins. The Distributor furnishes the crates and the labels for same. He it is who arranges for the freight cars to carry the commodity. He pays for icing the cars. He pays the freight to destination, and he furnishes his own men for the packing from field crates into freight cars.

In fact, the Distributor finances the growing game in the Imperial Valley. A new man upon the scene since the days of the Old C. D. Company, but a very important factor to Imperial Valley development!

The Grower with seed furnished him by the Distributor, simply supplies the land, the labor for cultivating and irrigating the same, and his own field crates.

The Distributor, again, guarantees the Grower a certain price per field crate, that is to say, per crate as it comes from the hands of the pickers. This percentage is pre-arranged according to the prevailing market value of the product.

This guaranteed or stipulated price per field crate is paid by the Distributor to the Grower whether the shipment proves a loss, or nets a fabulous profit! And not until the Grower is paid, are the expenses of the Distributor considered and HIS commission paid! All that is left, over and above the Distributor's expenses in the game, and after his commission has been paid, again reverts to the Grower!

The Distributor takes a gambler's chance, for the Grower is use of his pre-arranged and stipulated guarantee per field crate, whereas, as has sometimes been the case, after this is paid, nothing is left for the Distributor but a mere bagatelle with which to pay his own expenses!

Imperial Valley melon records for the 1921 season are fabulous in their figures. The statistics of the Valley grower shows that enough cantaloupes were raised in the "Valley" during the 1921 "growing" season, and shipped into eastern, western, southern and the northern markets, to allow one melon to each person in the entire United States, and millions left for a

second helping! Of such is the Imperial Valley melon crop!

The figures up to the middle of July read like fairy-tales! Like some Arabian Night tale reads the melon story of the Imperial Valley, where not more than fourteen years ago, sand dunes and the great desert waste stretched hoary arms that reaped wreckage in their trails, over the oases that today supplies the world, so to speak, with the dainty tid-bit of its acreage! Up to July 15th, 1921, statistics show that 10,500 carloads of cantaloupes had been shipped out of the "Valley" to the eastern housewife! This means, mind you, 156,000,-000 melons, for there are 330 crates to the 45 melons! Comparative records for the year 1920, shows 8,900 cars out of the Valley up to this period of the season's shipping!

Figures at once interesting and appaling in their numbers, estimate that it required 200 trains, of approximately 50 cars each, to handle this output—which if placed one behind the other would cover approximately one hundred miles!

When the melons are ready for packing, it goes without saying, that the work must necessarily be handled expeditiously and quickly—and the 156,000,000 melons above referred to, required approximately 500 hours for their picking and packing into crates! Each melon required two handlings, one as it is cut from the vine, and one for wrapping and packing into crates!

And this is not all! Official records at this writing advise that 250 more cars of melons have been shipped out of the Imperial Valley since July 15th, swelling the total number of melons shipped to the eastern markets, out of the "Valley," 3,712,500, and the total number of cars for the 1921 season, to 10,750!

The Imperial Valley is as busy as a bee-hive when the time is ripe for cutting and the packing of their golden products, and the shipping of same into the markets of the world!

And, it was a great desert waste FOURTEEN years ago!

It is, however, a fickle dame who regulates the eastern market! Weather conditions have much to do with it. Strawberries, for instance, will not "move" to advantage during a raw-cold, wet, eastern springtime! It is the same old story of demand regulating the market supply, and it is the demand in consequence that regulates the price of a commodity.

At all events, the Distributor is the pilot at the helm of the shipping season in the Imperial Valley! He as a rule knows every move of the

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eastern market consumer. Car after car leaves the Valley "rolling," with no established destination. The eastern market decides that destination. As the car nears Chicago or some other junction point, the prevailing market price in the east decides if it shall proceed any farther. New York offering a higher price, the car is at once ordered to New York, but if Chicago offers more, the car is stopped in Chicago. If a car is rolling into the New York market, upon the other hand, and Detroit, or Cleveland markets take a jump skyward, Mr. Distributor, well aware of that fact, orders a diversion!

The man who stays close to the game in the Valley for any length of time, however, always makes good and comes out of the game ahead of it, for nothing succeeds like success!

ACCESS TO THE VALLEY

As late as December, 1919, there were no other trains operating into the Valley than those via the Southern Pacific Railway and Los Angeles. The new scenic transcontinental line of the San Diego & Arizona Railway, however, via the San Diego gate-way, began operations into the Valley late in 1919, and these with the automobile highway now afford inlet and outlet to and from the Valley.

The automobile highway from San Diego into Imperial Valley, connecting with the ocean-to-ocean Dixie Highway at Yuma, Arizona, defies description, for the magnitude of the scenery through the Carrizo Gap surpasses the keenest imagination, and words fail! A paradox of changes! Every twenty feet the highway curves and the scene shifts from the peaceful pastoral beauty of mesa rancheros to rugged mountain peaks, jagged rocks and pinnacles, rising above and beyond the amethyst-hued spurs of the lower ranges!

For miles the roadway follows its serpentine trail across the ridge. Then suddenly, it drops into the lowland! Just as surprisingly sudden one's faithful car is quivering upon the ragged slippery edge of a steep granite gorged precipice thousands of feet deep!

Then, up, up, up, creeps the patient car to an altitude of 5,500 feet, only to dip once more down along a steep decline into the valley below!

It is the last drop, the one that carries the faithful car into the great granite gorge of the Devil's Canon, that defeats even the most fanciful imagination! Here great prehistoric rocks, seared and rugged, whose creviced, broken, seamy sides tell better than words, their prehistoric tales, hang boldly against the fair blue of the skies overhead! A veritable gallery

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In the purple haze of the distant horizon, between those giant, distant ragged crags, the great purple-hued desert is seen! And the car passes Mountain Springs into the last fearful drop in the road-way that now leads down to the Imperial Valley Bottom Land!

The contour of the entire Olympus of Greek and prehistoric gods in their granite counterparts are silhouetted against fair blue skies. Hercules, Jupiter, Pegasus and his winged tribesmen, may here be seen, with the historic fires of Prometheus illuminating the Great Desert beyond!

And the setting sun in the wondrous glow of the Desert twilight sets afame the lower spurs of the purple range, far beyond and across the Great Desert, with a wondrous glow of glorious splendor!

Far to the east stretches the Great Desert! Over sand dunes and sand hummocks, cacti-covered and brown! It is being reclaimed, this Desert wilderness, by the herculean efforts of the Imperial Valley farmer—! Yes! He earns all that he gets for his crops, this Imperial Valley Farmer!

EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

Analogous of the above article interesting data has been published in this week's Southern Pacific "Bureau of News," quoted as follows: "The United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Markets, has just issued a review of the past cantaloupe season. The following summary is quoted from the report:

"The largest cantaloupe deal in the history of the cantaloupe industry has passed into history. What ten years ago might have been considered as an impossibility—the marketing of over 10,000 cars of melons from the Imperial Valley—has been accomplished. A glance at the record of distribution of shipments will show that Imperial Valley cantaloupes were shipped to all sections of the United States. Every town capable of handling a car of cantaloupes received a car."

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A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR

Continued from Page 60

Ting Fang show him to be a great philosopher, as well as an honored diplomat—from an article dated, Canton, July 8, 1921, he points out the causes and the movements that have made dissension inevitable. He says that China is in a state of transition—a struggle between the old and the new. This is the forerunner of progress, and must give place to improved methods of government in which the common people themselves shall have a voice; further, he urges, that American students of foreign affairs should view the discordant state of China as being due more to the workings of these opposing schools of thought than to mere lawlessness. The same authority says: "Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen with whom I am collaborating, has established in Canton a government on democratic lines, and is seeking to forward the progressive movement by the power of example." China for centuries held the role of teacher. She now sees that she can be taught. She may preserve the best in the old while she welcomes the new. To that love of the past she may add wonderful achievements in the future. As I absorbed the lessons of a year's visit to that interesting country another phase may be added to the role of credits due her. The influence of China in settling the race purity question in which even America may reform, has suggested itself to my mind. Self-complacent England may in some things be taught by "heathen China."

Western ideas on any large scale in the XIXth Century were a great revelation to more forceful and powerful civilizations; by comparison with their own past history they could find the essence of Western greatness in its incipiency—they can rightly claim some of our new developments, centuries old—sleeping until taken up by Westerners and carried to a glorious fulfillment.

China does not recognize that pessimistic slogan, "The glory of the West is the humiliation of Asia," but, when fully awake will, with all great nations, recognize "The whole world as our Country."

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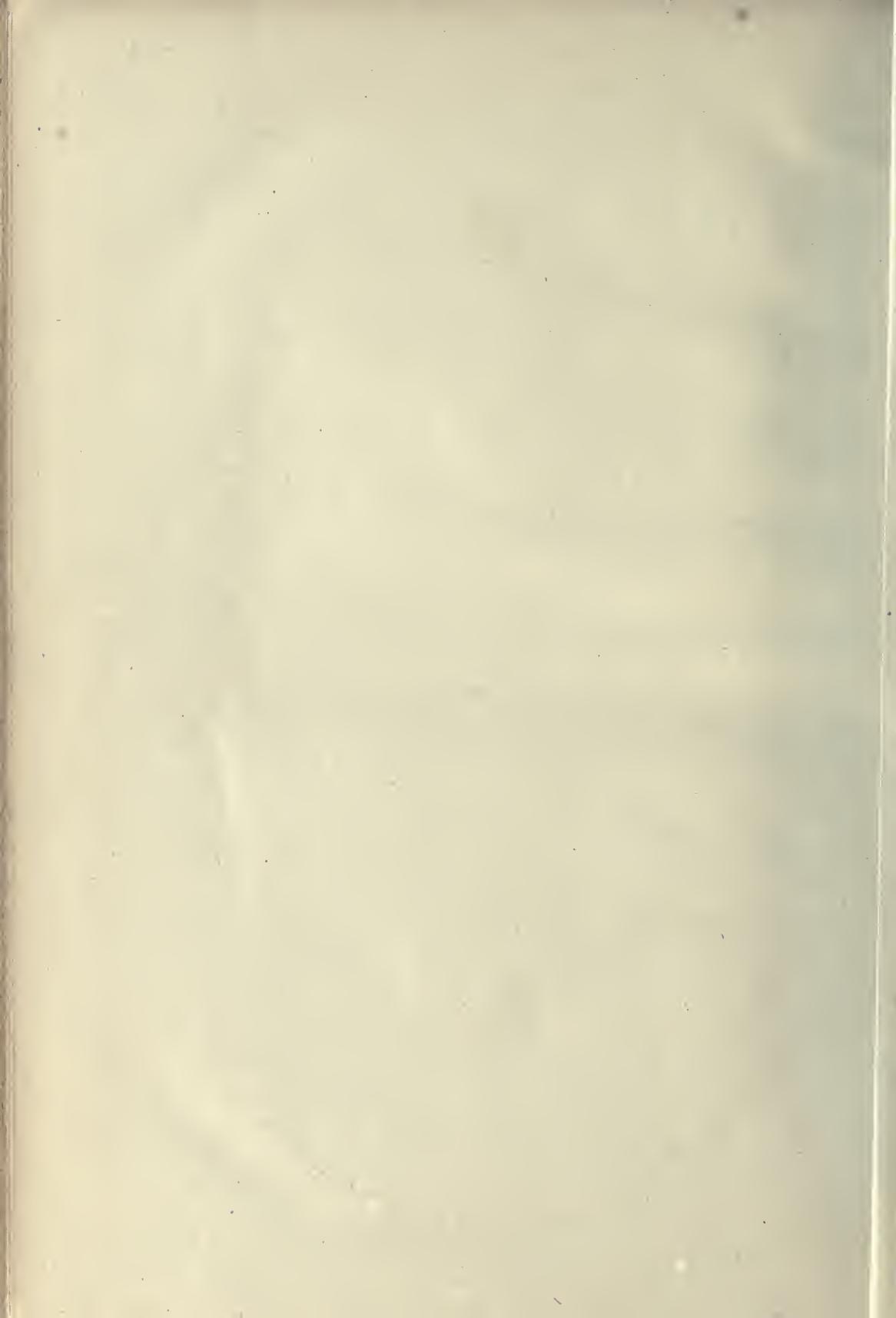
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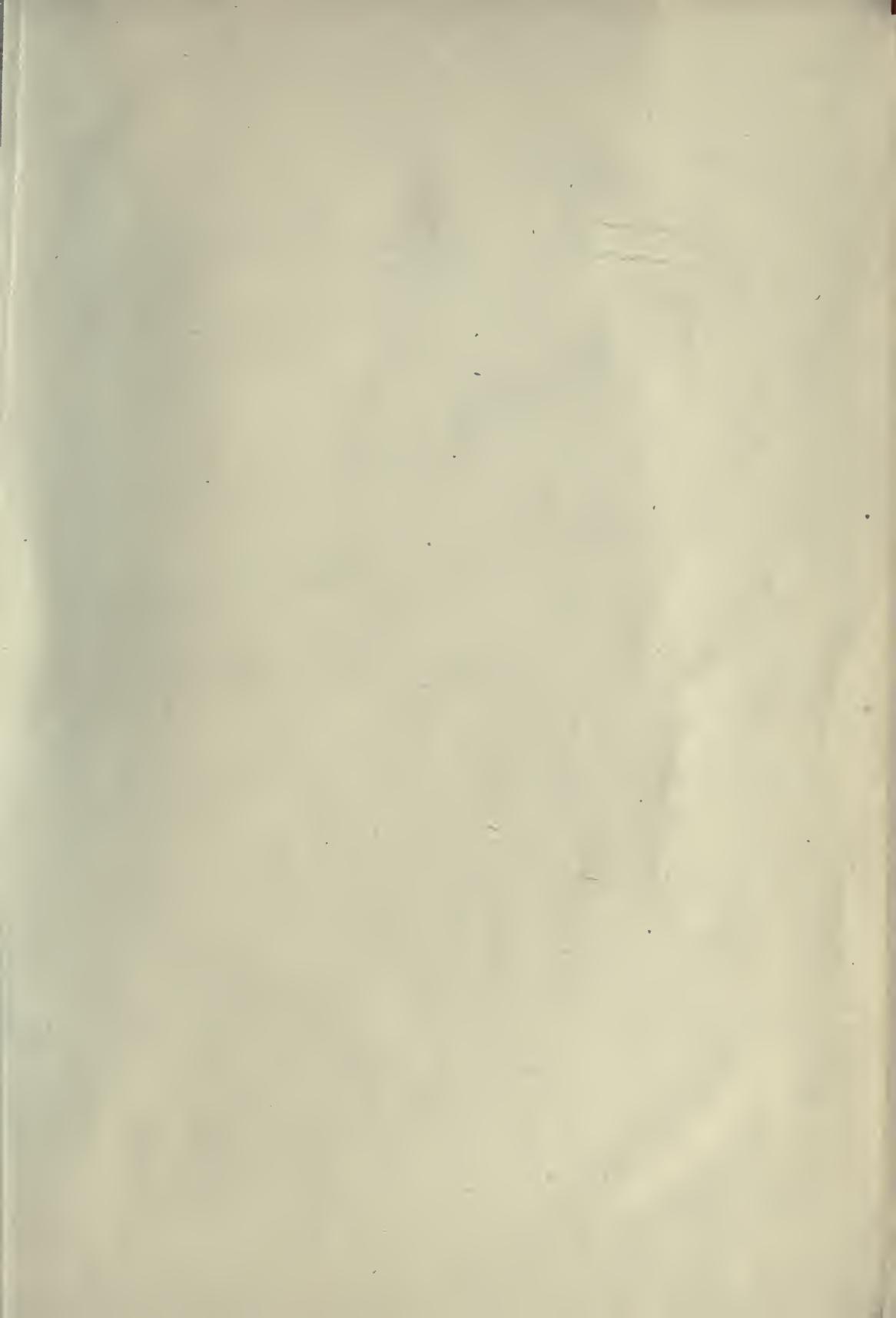
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